Sacred Tunes and Hymns

Containing a Special Collection of a Very High Order
of Standard Sacred Tunes and Hymns
Novel and Newly Arranged

Liberty Church January 27th 1935

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"Sacred Tunes and Hymns"

Containing a Special Collection of a Very High Order of Standard Sacred Tunes and Hymns

Novel and Newly Arranged

NOTHING LIKE IT ON THE MARKET

Copyrighted by J. S. JAMES, 1913

PREFACE.

There are many music books in existence in this country, which are claimed to contain sacred songs and hymns and suitable for the churches of the various denominations, but which are not such a collection as should be used in the churches or other worshipping assemblies. This volume, "Sacred Tunes and Hymns," is presented to the musical public and singing people of the country, with the hope and desire that it will prove meritorious and fill a long-desired needed place in our sacred song service of valuable music and hymns. It is specially arranged so its compositions can be easily played on instruments as will appear on each of the pages of the music. It will be easily understood in the arrangements of this song book, that it is suitable for church worship of all kinds, Sunday-schools, singing conventions, and all other musical assemblies or gatherings, which have for their purpose the promotion and installation of religious sentiment, character, and can be used and relied upon with an assurance that it contains a very valuable selection of sacred hymns and tunes. It is believed by the author, that it will be helpful to the religious people, not only in the worshipping gatherings, but in the music of the home. It certainly will aid when used, in keeping alive and in operation, the best sacred tunes and hymns.

We should not close this preface or partial explanation, without mention of the valuable service rendered in getting out this volume, by that distinguished musician and Christian gentleman, Prof. S. M. Denson, of Helicon, Ala. Not only does he deserve the statements above of his high standing, but as a lover of music and the teaching of sacred songs and hymns in Georgia and Alabama, within the last forty years, none have excelled him. As a composer of real sacred tunes and the training of the voice and instilling the development of sacred music, he stands at the top of the ladder. Thousands of people have been taught the principles of music and probably more of sacred songs than any teacher of his age in the Southern States. Much of the arrangements of this volume is due to him and his watchful care in presenting this song and tune book and upon which the religious people of the country can rely for religious services for all purposes.

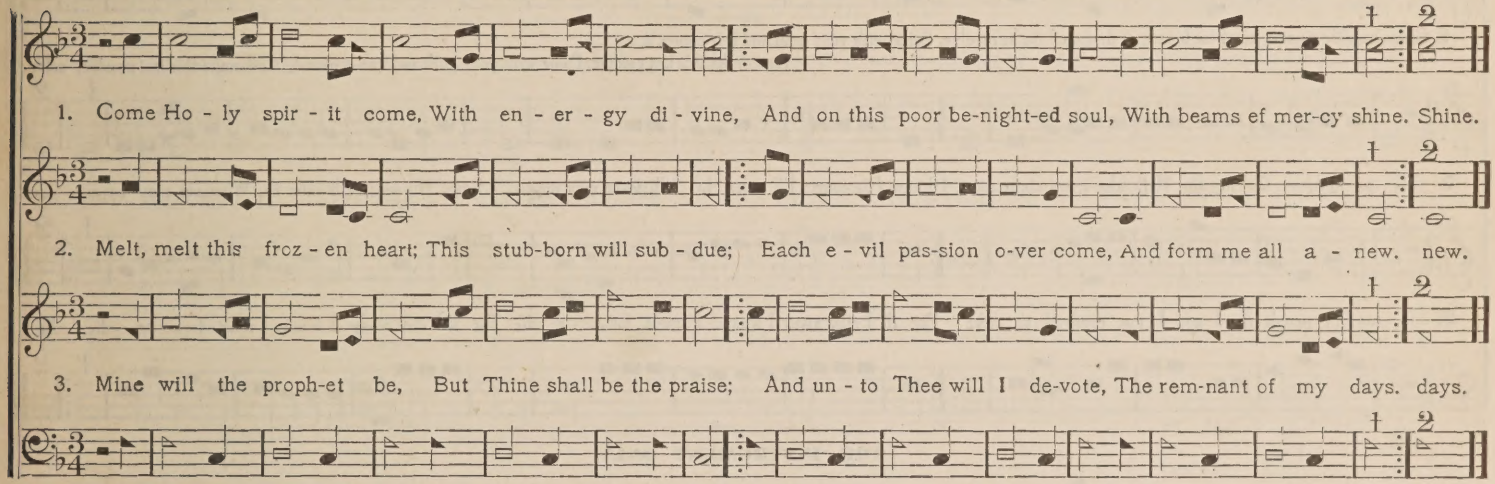
Atlanta, Ga., April 19th, 1913.

J. S. JAMES,
Author and Publisher.

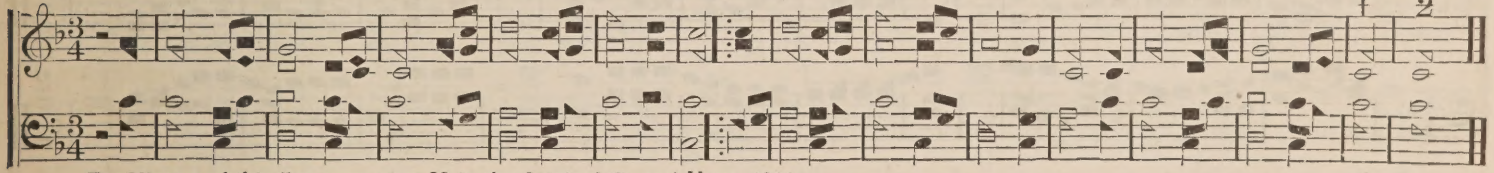
ABBEVILLE. S. M.

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 4: 31.

Rev. Benjaman Beddome, 1818. Key of F Major.


1. Come Ho - ly spir - it come, With en - er - gy di - vine, And on this poor be-night-ed soul, With beams of mer-cy shine. Shine.
2. Melt, melt this froz - en heart; This stub-born will sub - due; Each e - vil pas-sion o-ver come, And form me all a - new. new.
3. Mine will the proph-et be, But Thine shall be the praise; And un - to Thee will I de-vote, The rem-nant of my days. days.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

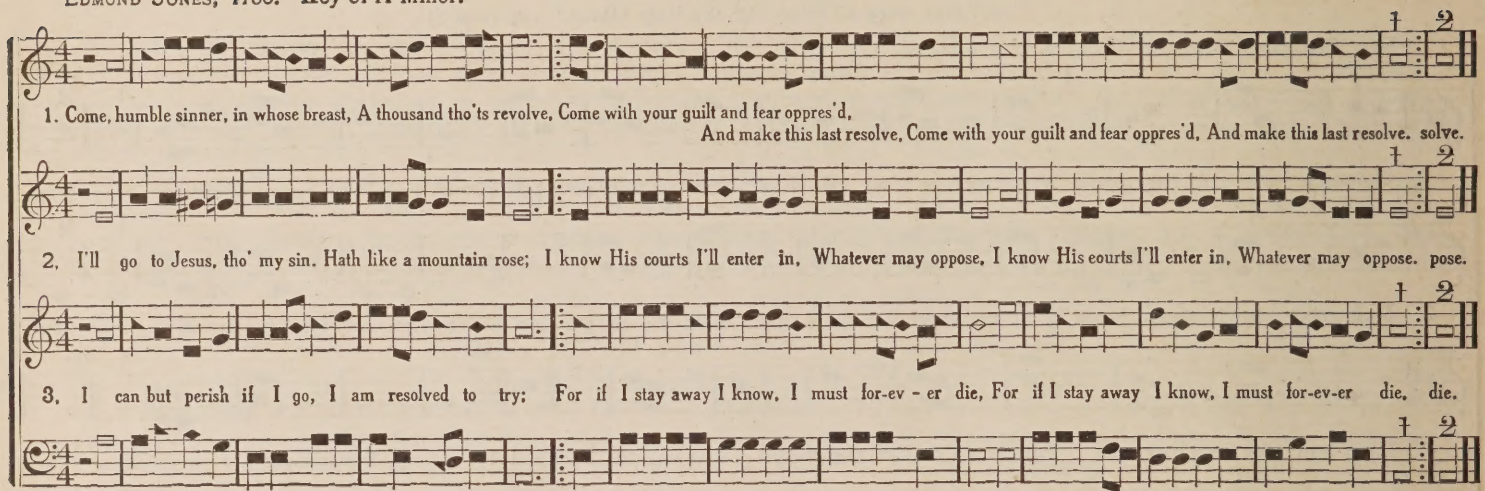


For History of this Song see page 33 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

FAIRFIELD. C. M.

"And so I will go in unto the King.....and if I perish, I perish.—ESTHER 4; 16.

EDMOND JONES, 1750. Key of A Minor.


1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast, A thousand tho'ts revolve, Come with your guilt and fear oppres'd,
And make this last resolve, Come with your guilt and fear oppres'd, And make this last resolve. solve.
2. I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin. Hath like a mountain rose; I know His courts I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose, I know His courts I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose. pose.
3. I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try; For if I stay away I know, I must for-ev - er die, For if I stay away I know, I must for-ev-er die. die.

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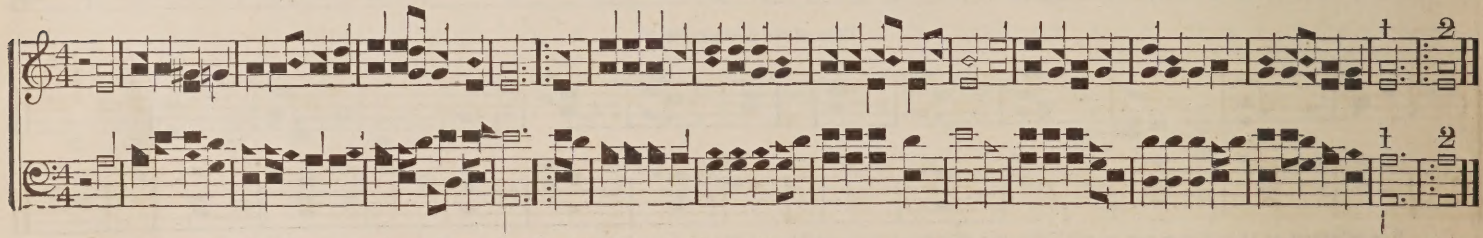
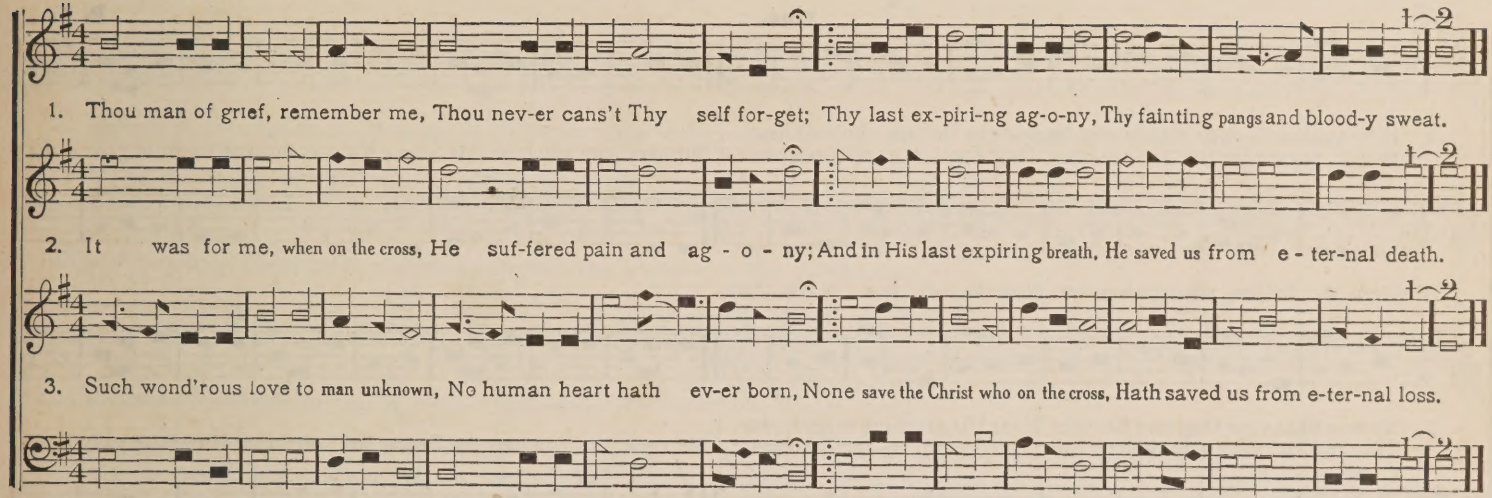

For History of this Song, see page 29 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

KEDRON. L. M.

"Lord remember me."—Luke 23: 42.

Key of E Major.

JOHN WYETH.


1. Thou man of grief, remember me, Thou nev-er cans't Thy self for-get; Thy last ex-piri-ng ag-o-ny, Thy fainting pangs and blood-y sweat.
2. It was for me, when on the cross, He suf-fered pain and ag - o - ny; And in His last expiring breath, He saved us from e - ter-nal death.
3. Such wond'rous love to man unknown, No human heart hath ev-er born, None save the Christ who on the cross, Hath saved us from e-ter-nal loss.

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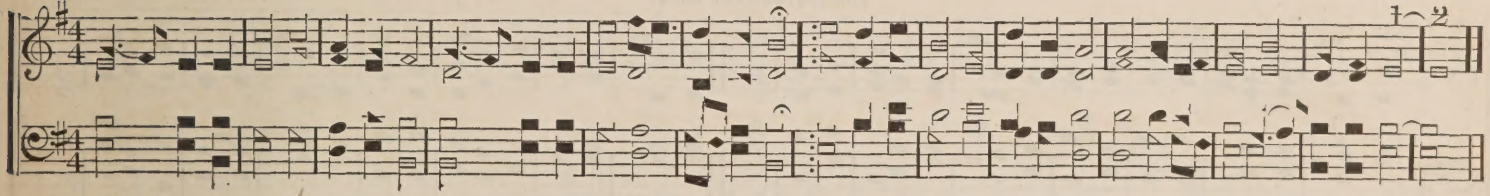

For History of this Song, see page 48 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

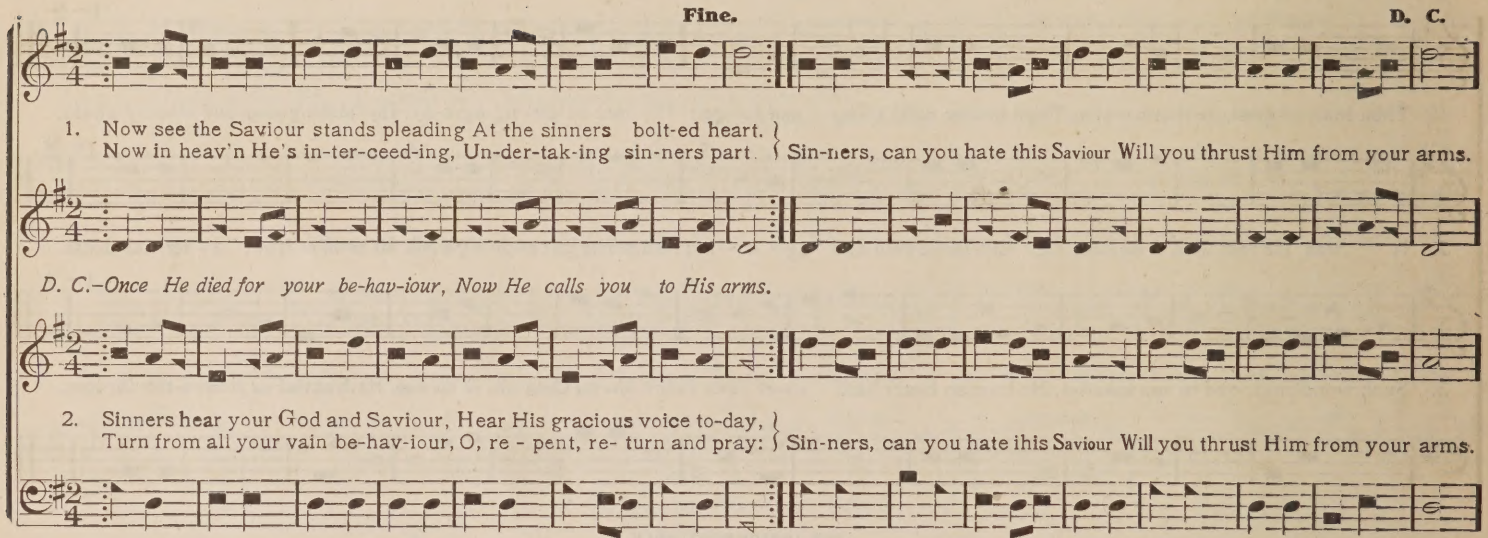
WILSON
NcU

PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8s, 7s.

"He shall save His people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

Key of G Major.

WILLIAM WALKER, 1866.


Fine.
D. C.
1. Now see the Saviour stands pleading At the sinners bolt-ed heart.
Now in heav'n He's in-ter-ceed-ing, Un-der-tak-ing sin-ners part.
Sin-ners, can you hate this Saviour Will you thrust Him from your arms.
D. C.–Once He died for your be-hav-iour, Now He calls you to His arms.
2. Sinners hear your God and Saviour, Hear His gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain be-hav-iour, O, re - pent, re- turn and pray:
Sin-ners, can you hate ihis Saviour Will you thrust Him from your arms.

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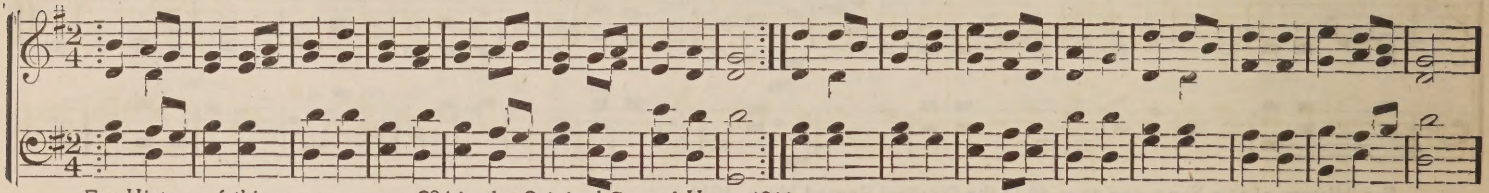


For History of this song see page 234 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

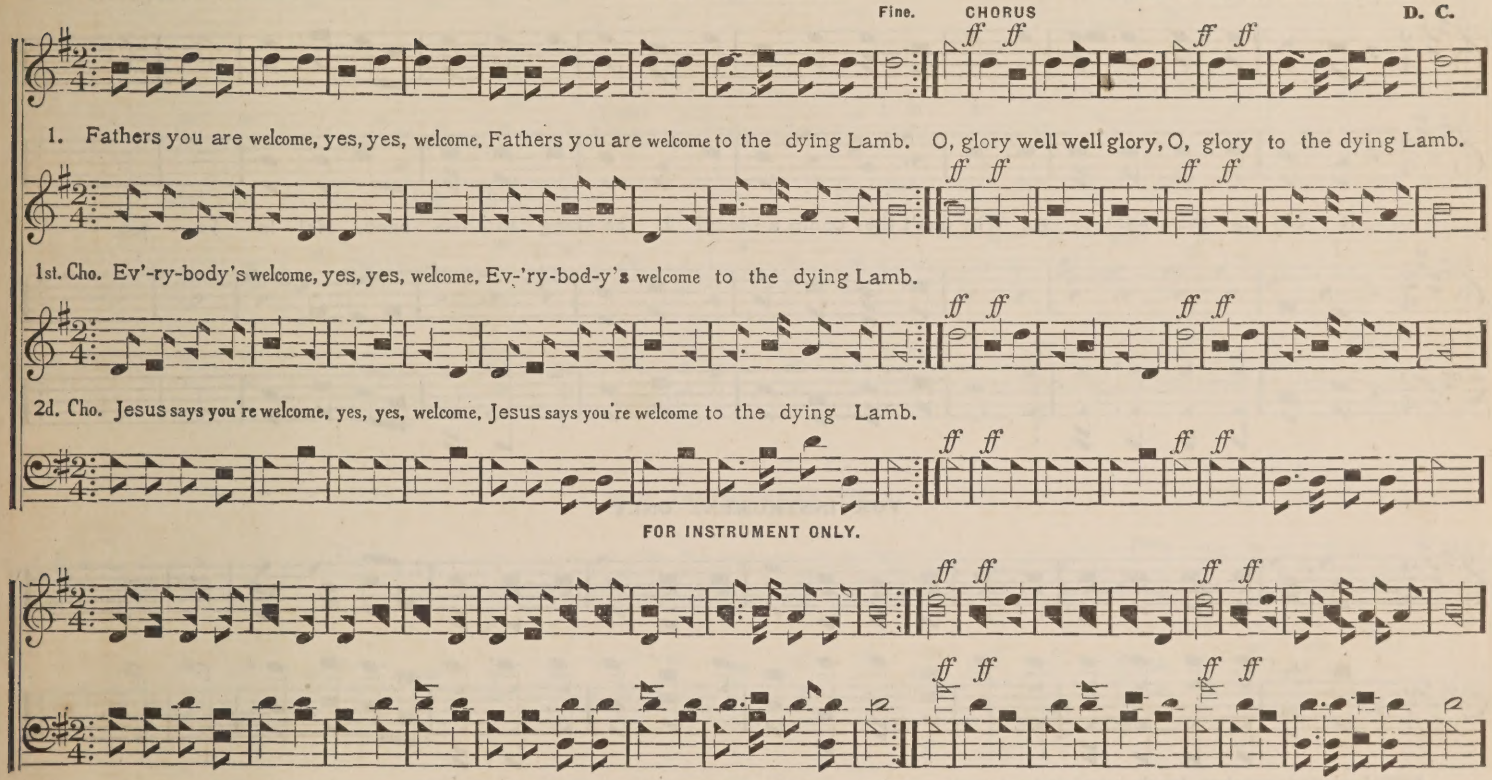
EVERYBODY'S WELCOME.

"According to His mercy He has saved us."—Titus 3: 5.

Key of G Major.

OLD REVIVAL SONG.

Arr. by S. M. Denson, 1912.


Fine.
CHORUS
D. C.
1. Fathers you are welcome, yes, yes, welcome, Fathers you are welcome to the dying Lamb. O, glory well well glory, O, glory to the dying Lamb.
1st. Cho. Ev'-ry-body's welcome, yes, yes, welcome, Ev-'ry-bod-y's welcome to the dying Lamb.
2d. Cho. Jesus says you're welcome, yes, yes, welcome, Jesus says you're welcome to the dying Lamb.
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

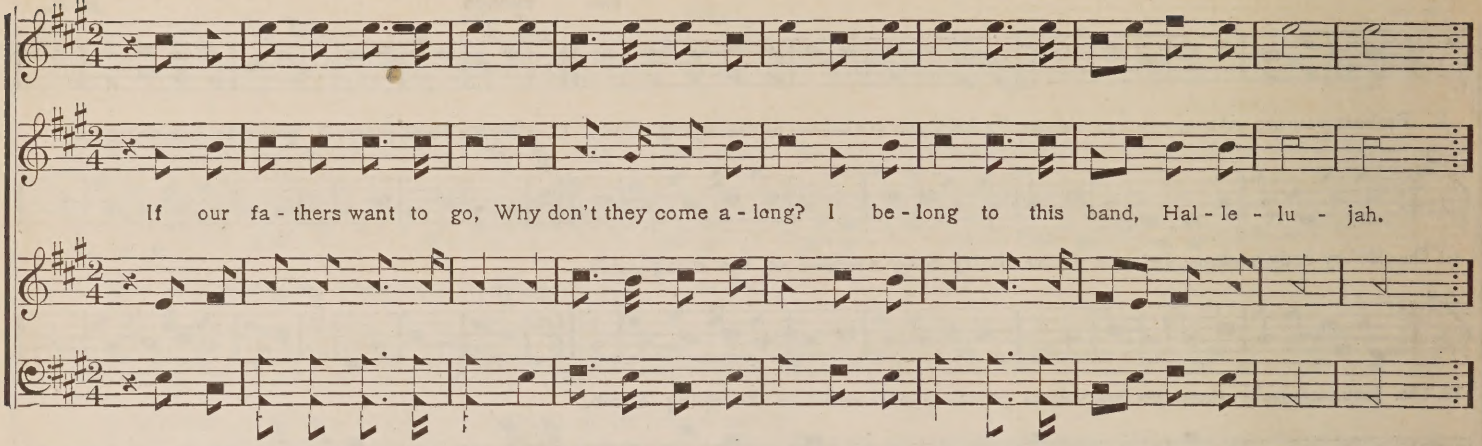
☞Use words mother, brother, sister, loved ones, etc., for additional verses.

JESTER. 7, 6, 6, 4.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?—Heb. 2: 3.

S. M. D., 1908. Key of A Major.

S. M. Denson, 1909.



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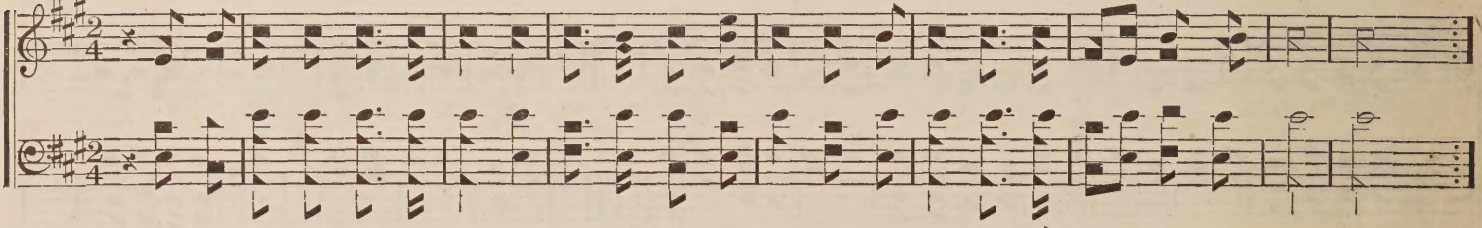
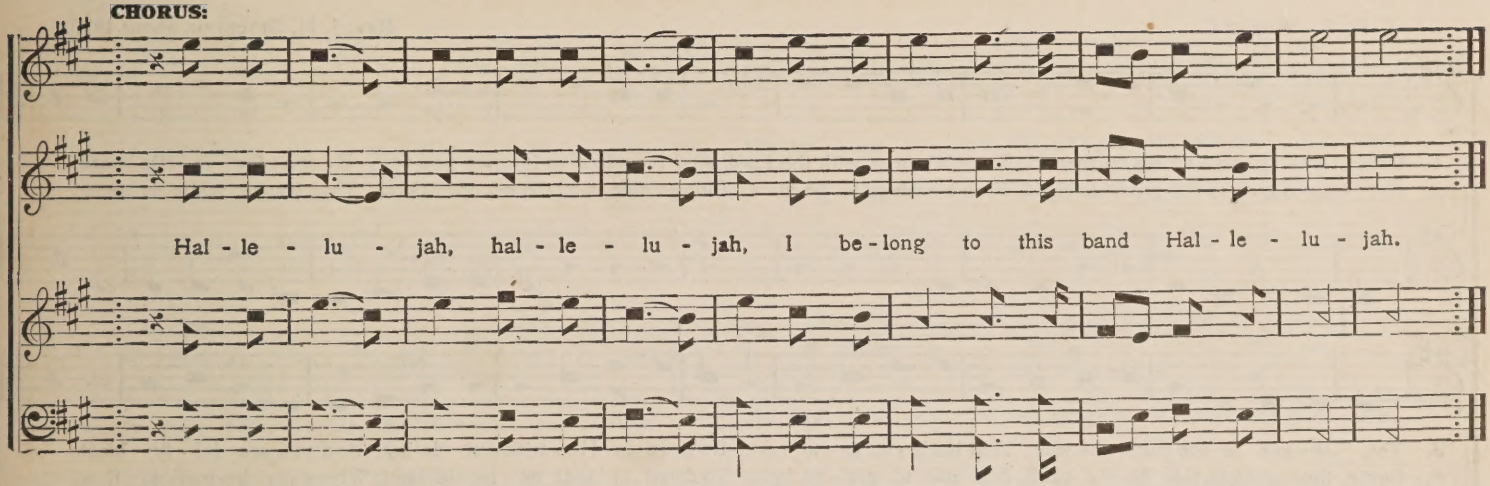


☞Use words mother, brother and sister for other verses.

CHORUS:



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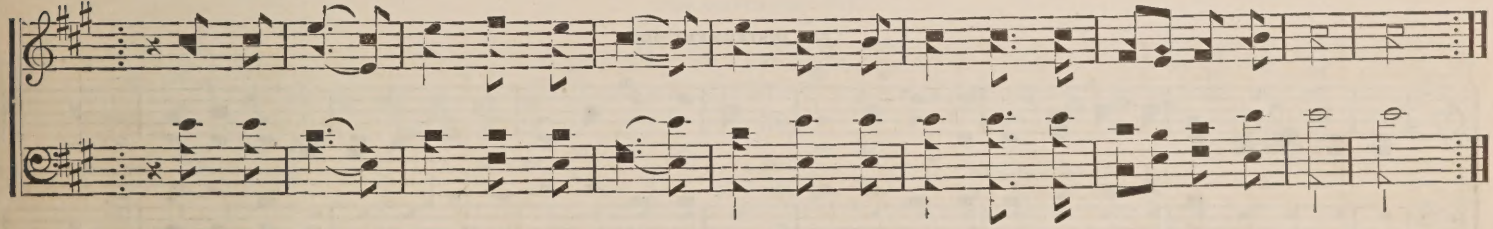


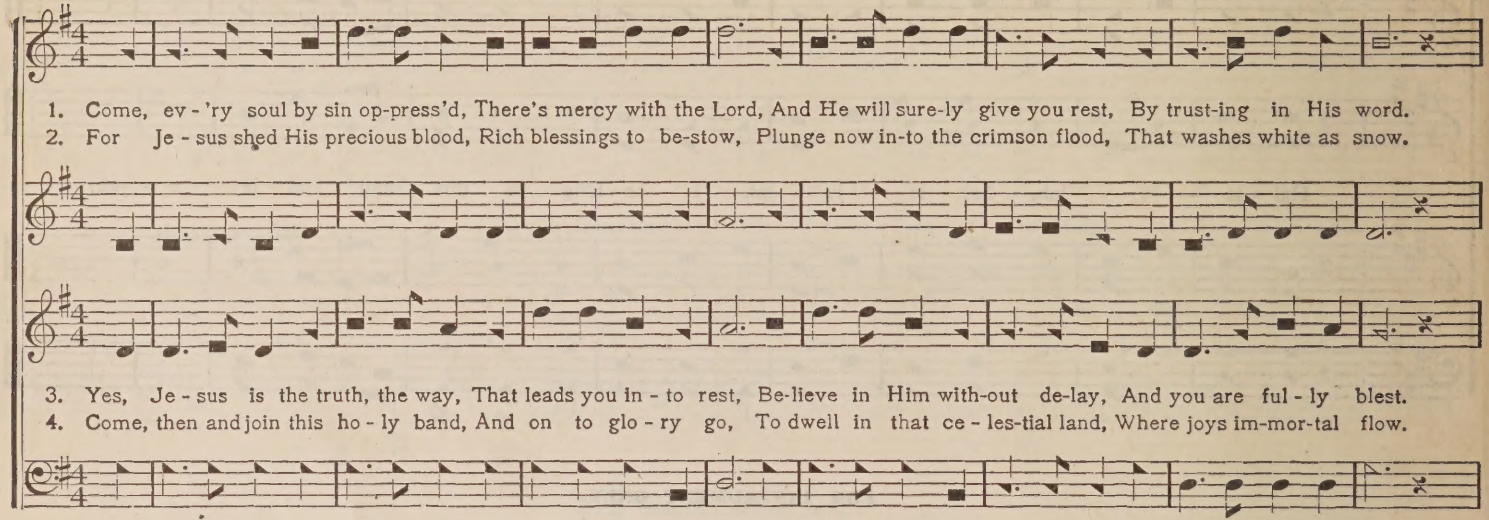
For History of this Song, see page 531 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

ONLY TRUST HIM. C. M.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me."—MATT. 11: 29.

J. H. S. Key of G.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON, about 1870.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-press'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to be-stow, Plunge now in-to the crimson flood, That washes white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the truth, the way, That leads you in - to rest, Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce - les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

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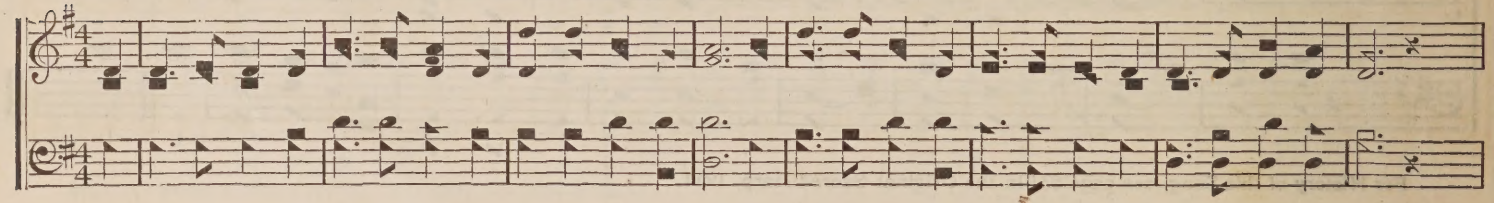
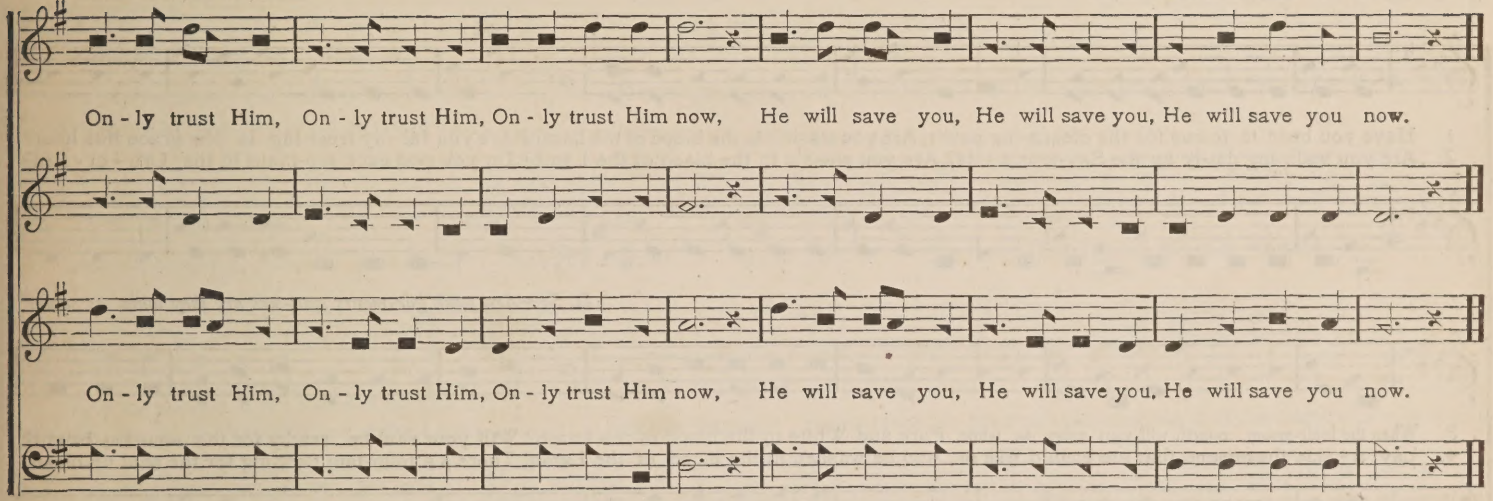


ONLY TRUST HIM. Concluded.

CHORUS:


On - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now, He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
On - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now, He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

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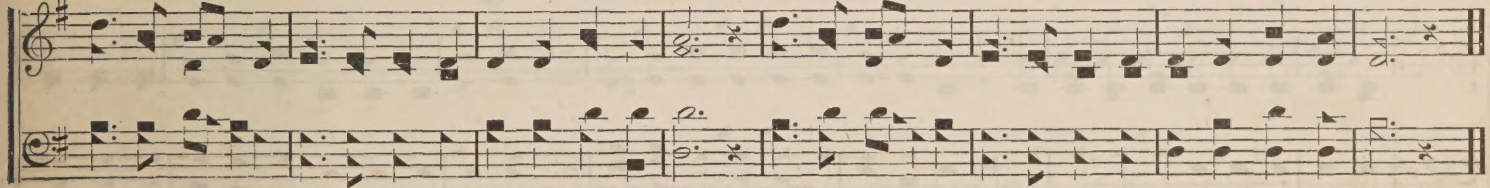
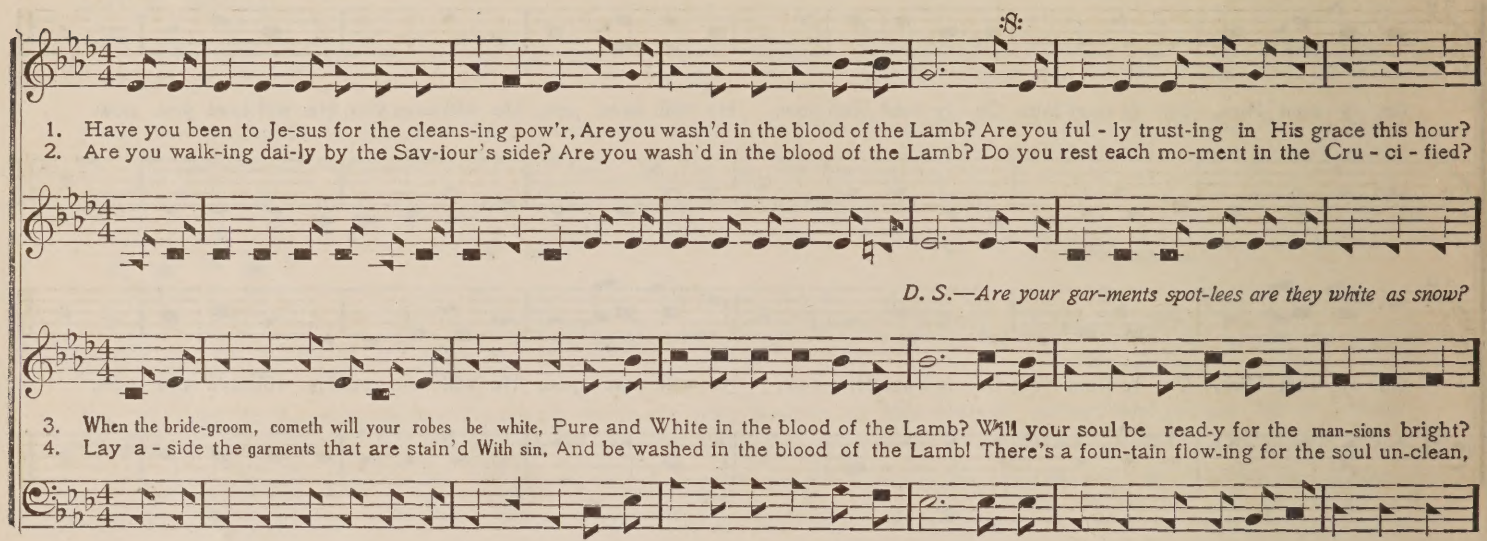


For History of this Song see page 150 in the Union Harp, 1909.

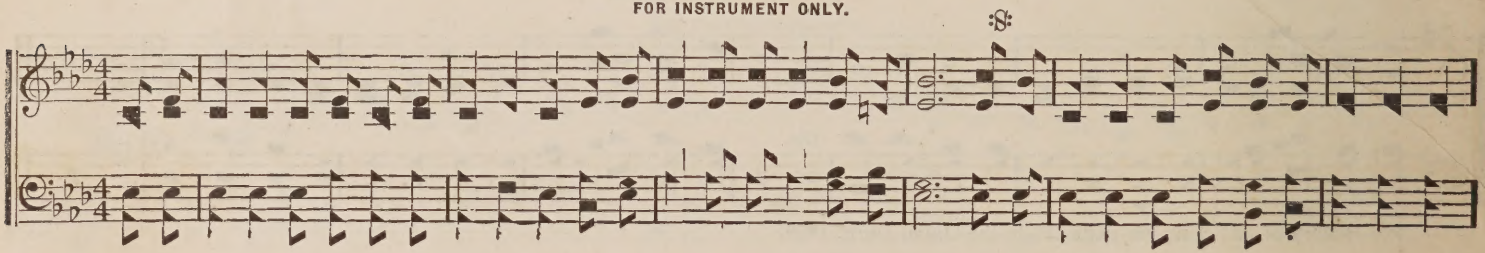
ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

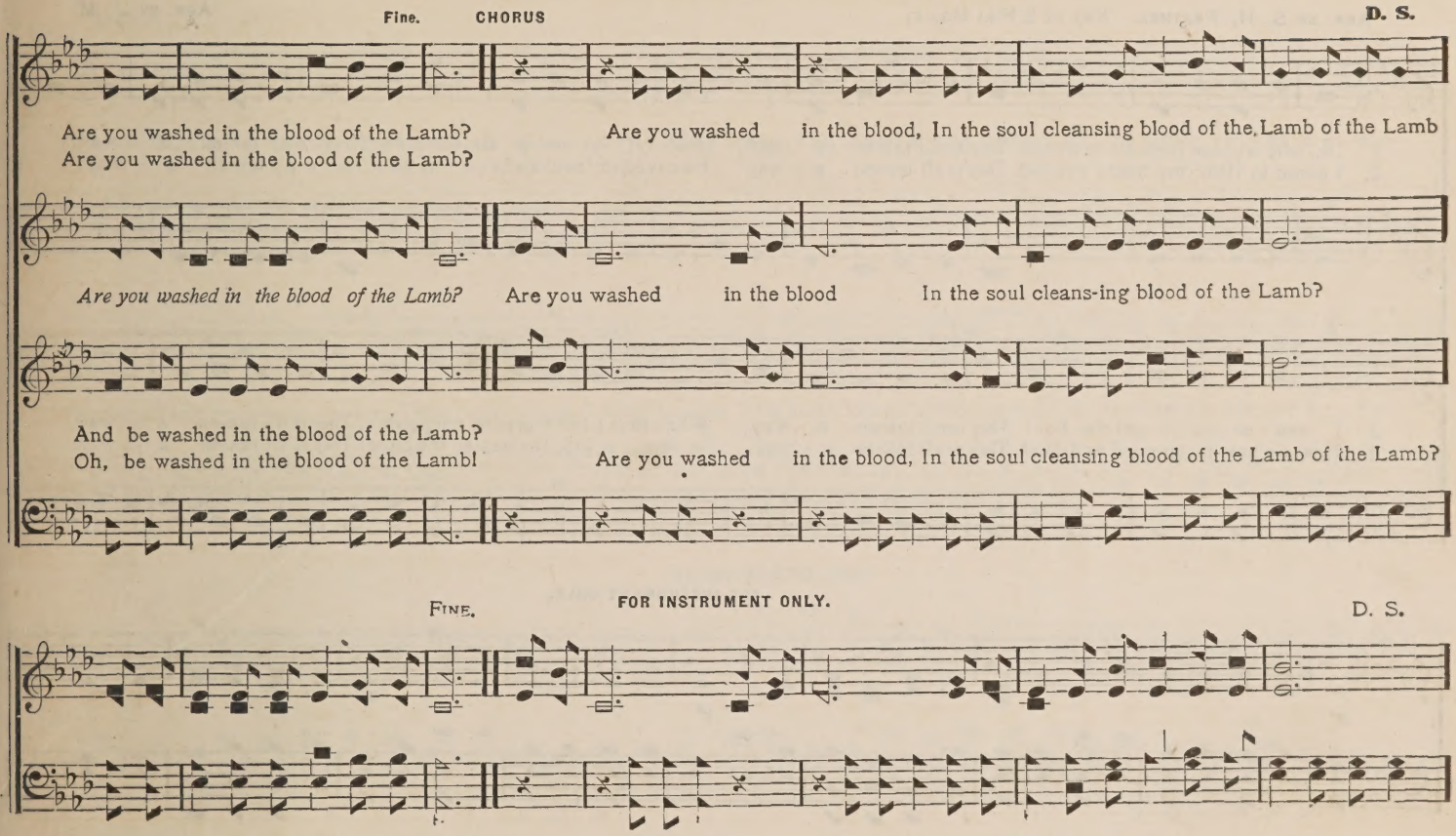
"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps, 51: 7.

E. A. H. Key of A Flat Major. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN-


1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleans-ing pow'r, Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His grace this hour?
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied?
D. S.—Are your gar-ments spot-lees are they white as snow?
3. When the bride-groom, cometh will your robes be white, Pure and White in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the man-sions bright?
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd With sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb! There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the soul un-clean,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

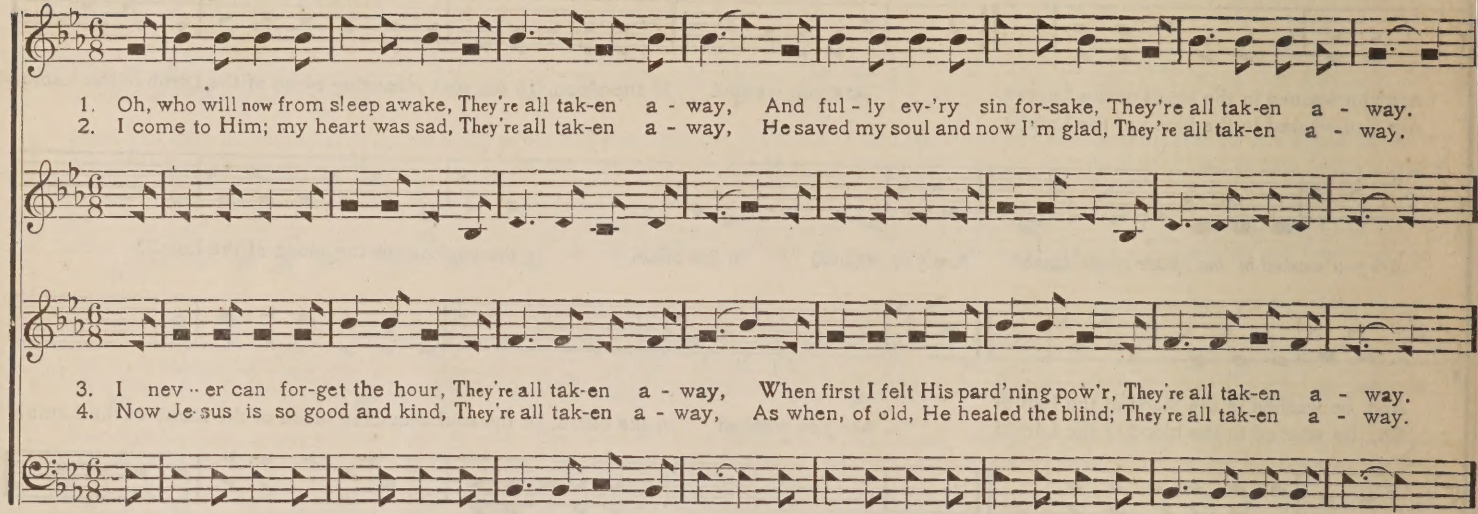



Fine.
CHORUS
D. S.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood, In the soul cleansing blood of the Lamb of the Lamb
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood
In the soul cleans-ing blood of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
Are you washed in the blood, In the soul cleansing blood of the Lamb of the Lamb?
FINE.
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
D. S.

ALL TAKEN AWAY.

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions."—Isa. 44: 22.

ARR. BY S. H. PRATHER. Key of E Flat Major, ARR. BY J. M.


1. Oh, who will now from sleep awake, They're all tak-en a - way, And ful - ly ev-'ry sin for-sake, They're all tak-en a - way.
2. I come to Him; my heart was sad, They're all tak-en a - way, He saved my soul and now I'm glad, They're all tak-en a - way.
3. I nev - er can for-get the hour, They're all tak-en a - way, When first I felt His pard'ning pow'r, They're all tak-en a - way.
4. Now Je-sus is so good and kind, They're all tak-en a - way, As when, of old, He healed the blind; They're all tak-en a - way.

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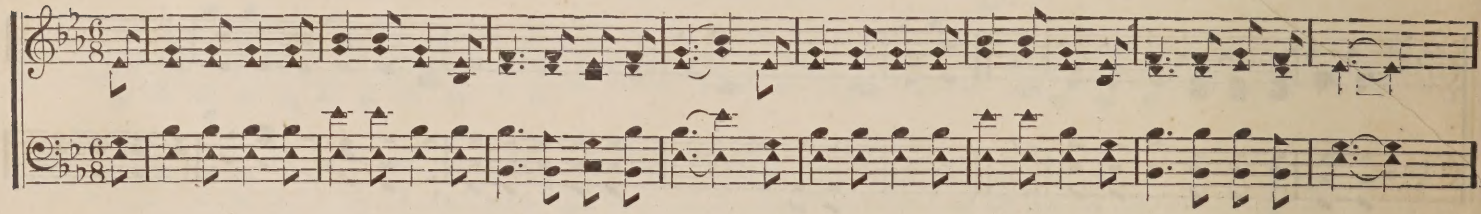
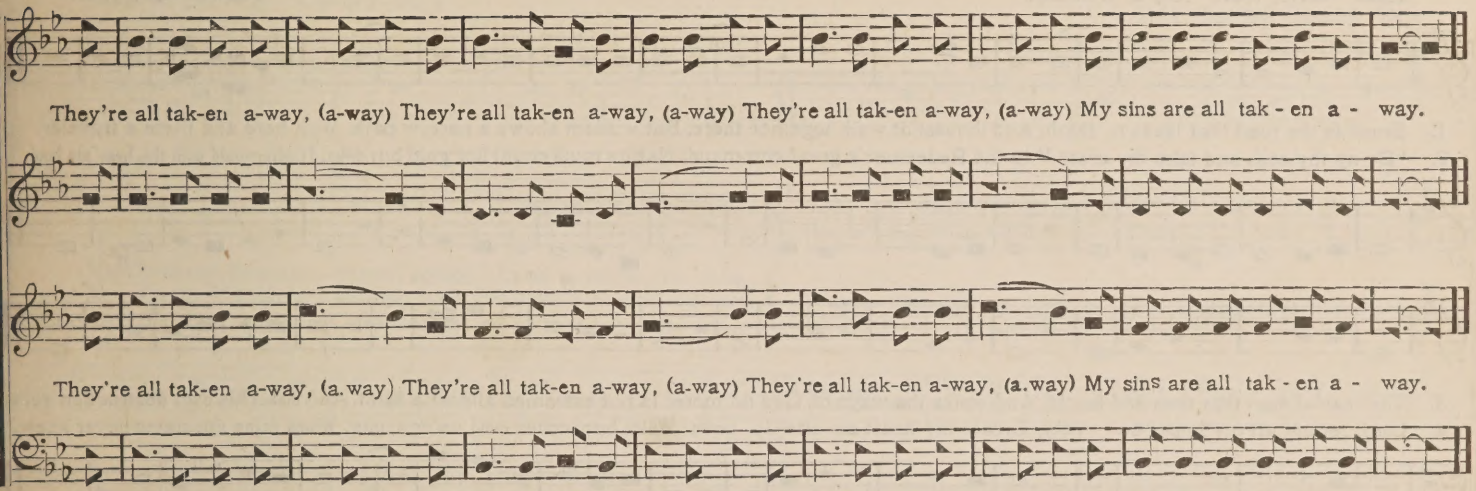


CHORUS


They're all tak-en a-way, (a-way) They're all tak-en a-way, (a-way) They're all tak-en a-way, (a-way) My sins are all tak - en a - way.
They're all tak-en a-way, (a.way) They're all tak-en a-way, (a-way) They're all tak-en a-way, (a.way) My sins are all tak - en a - way.

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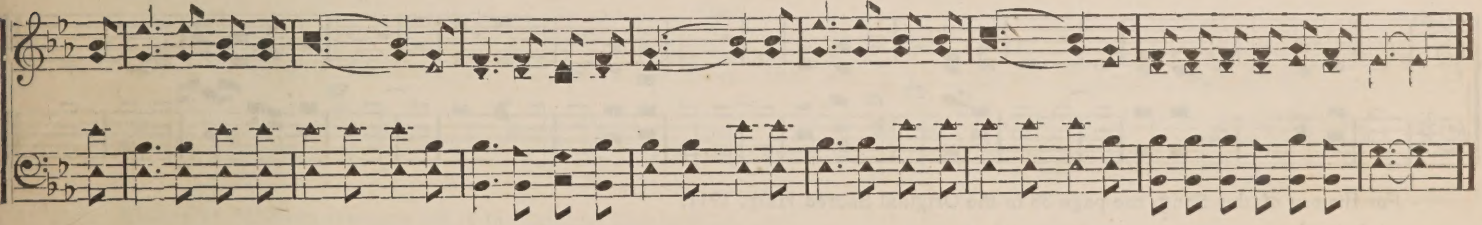
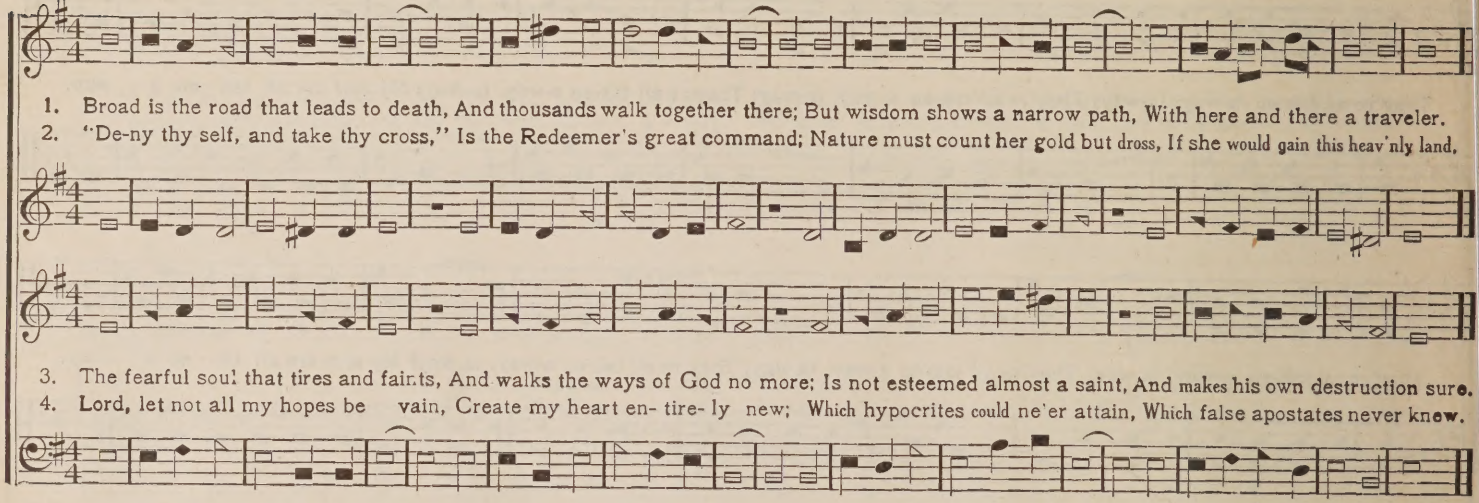


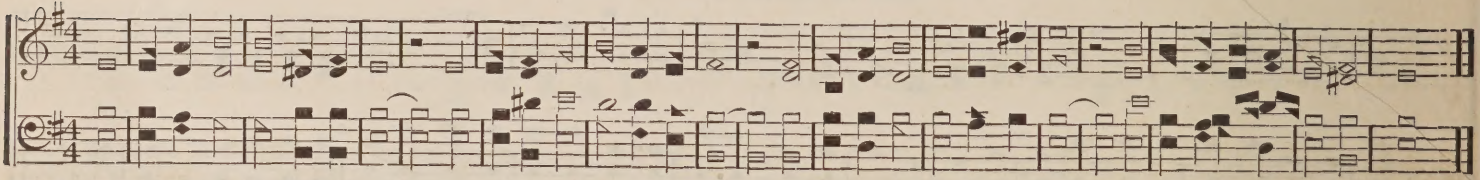
WINDHAM. L. M.

"Wide is the gate, broad is the way that leadeth to destruction."—MAT, 7: 13, 14.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Key of E Minor. DANIEL REID, 1785.


1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveler.
2. "De-ny thy self, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more; Is not esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Create my heart en- tire- ly new; Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false apostates never knew.

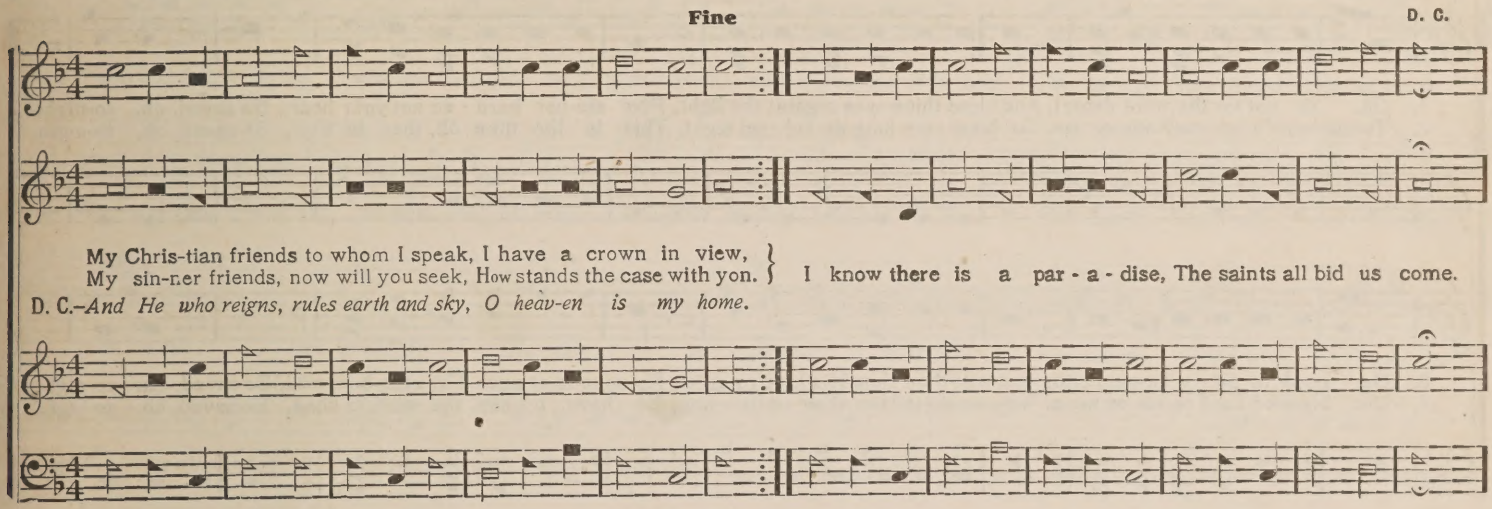
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



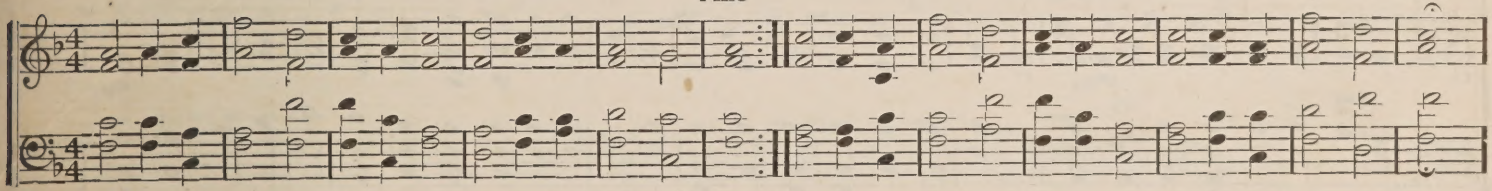
For History of this Song, see page 38 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

KELLY. C. M. D.

"For ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another,"—1 THES. 4: 9.

MRS. A. D., 1908. Key of F Major. MRS. AMANDA DENSON, 1908.

Fine
D. C.
My Chris-tian friends to whom I speak, I have a crown in view,
My sin-ner friends, now will you seek, How stands the case with yon.
I know there is a par - a - dise, The saints all bid us come.
D. C.–And He who reigns, rules earth and sky, O heav-en is my home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



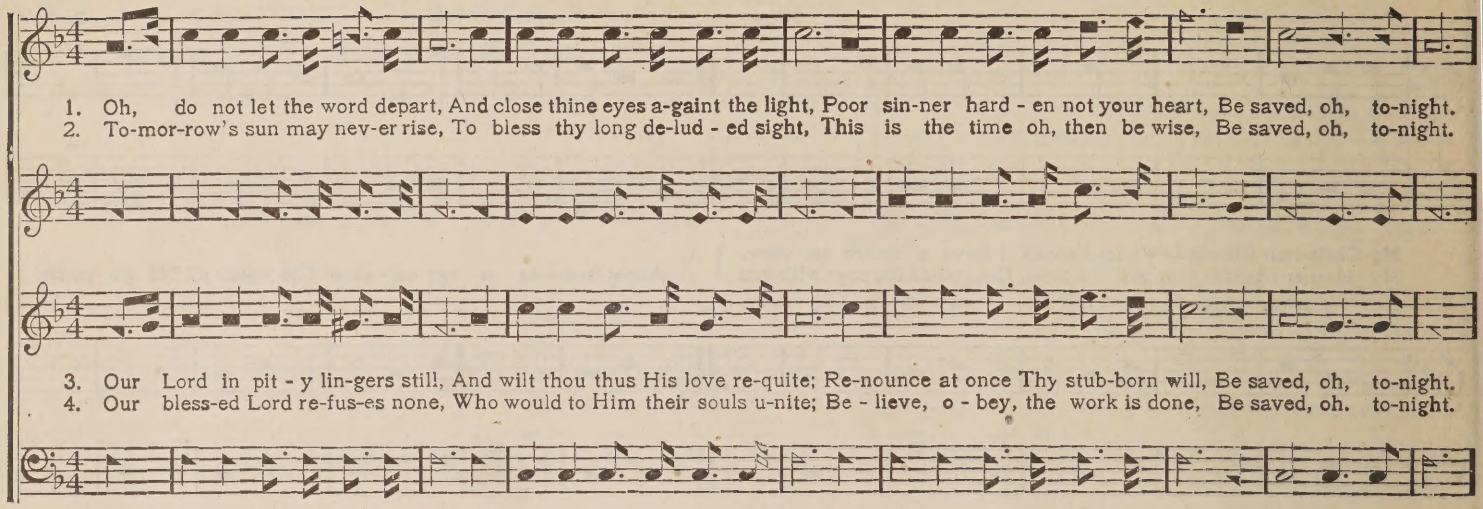
For History of this Song see page 526 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

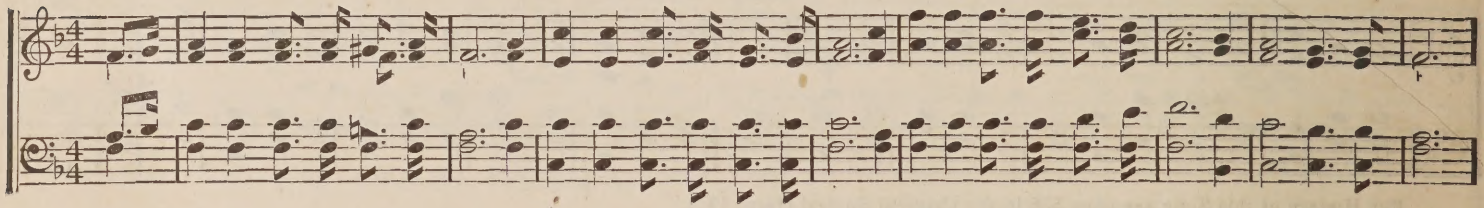
"Repent ye, and believe the gospel."—MARK 1: 15.

Key of F Major.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

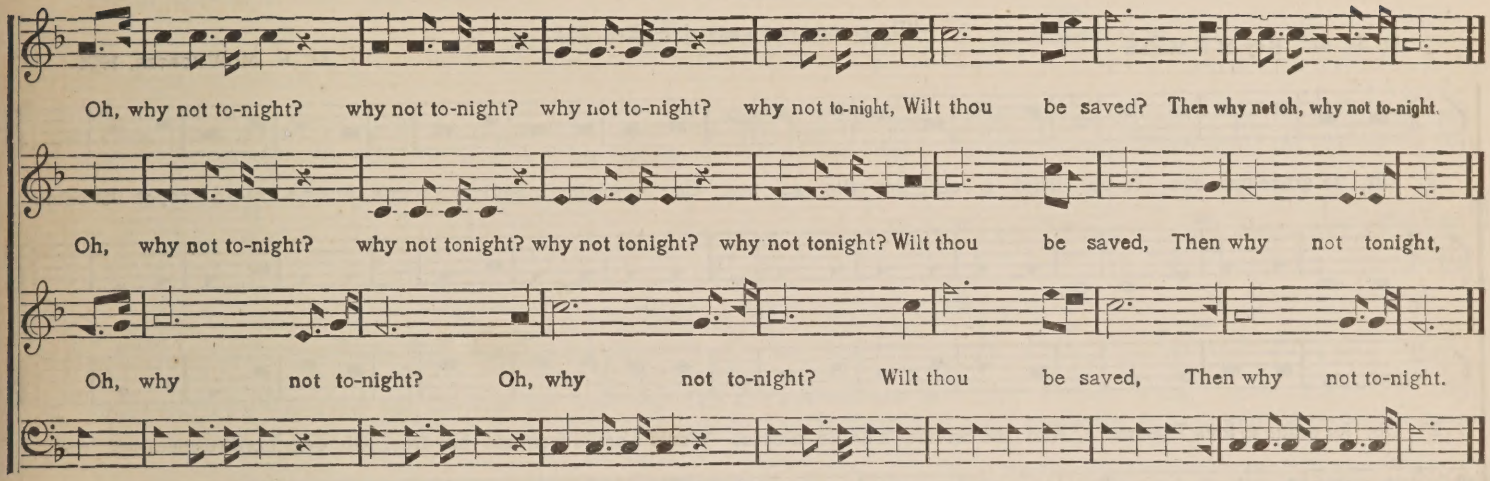

1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes a-gaint the light, Poor sin-ner hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud - ed sight, This is the time oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite; Re-nounce at once Thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none, Who would to Him their souls u-nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh. to-night.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

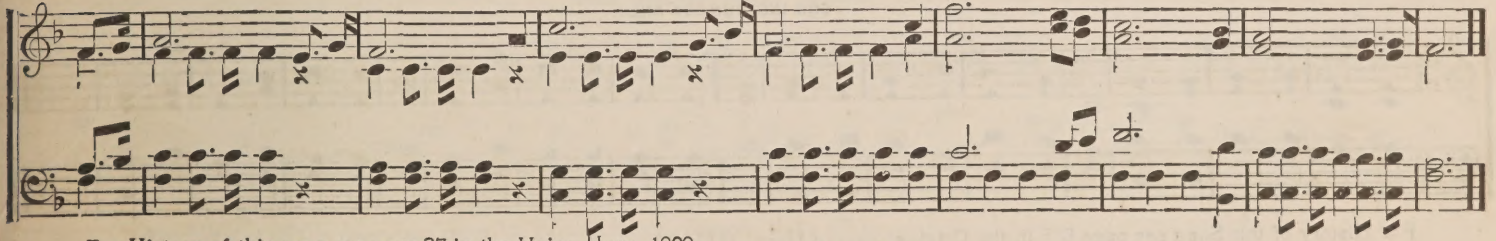


OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT. Concluded.

CHORUS


Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night, Wilt thou be saved? Then why not oh, why not to-night.
Oh, why not to-night? why not tonight? why not tonight? why not tonight? Wilt thou be saved, Then why not tonight,
Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, Then why not to-night.
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved, Then why not, oh, why not to-night.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



For History of this song see page 37 in the Union Harp, 1909.

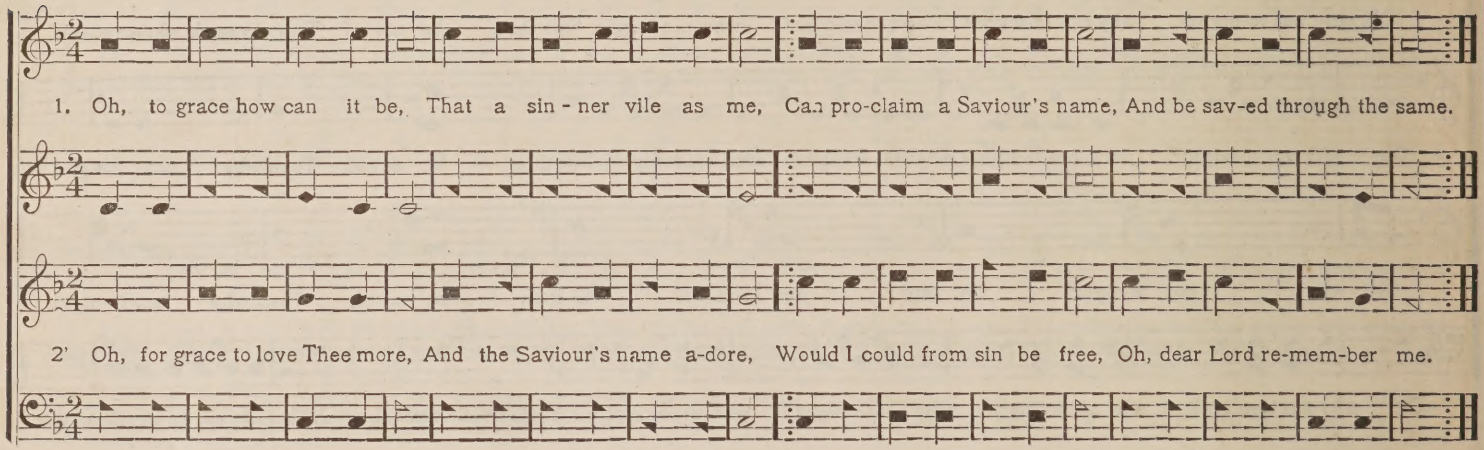
GRACE AND ITS GLORY TO MAN.

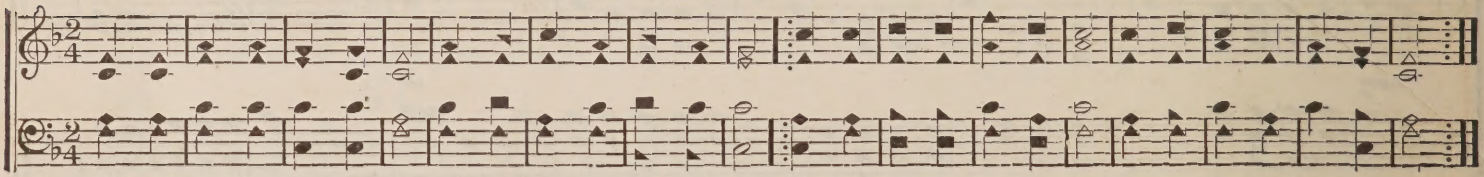
DENSON. 7s.

"By grace are ye saved."—EPH. 2: 5.

M. F. M. Key of F Major.

M. F. McWHORTER, 1906.

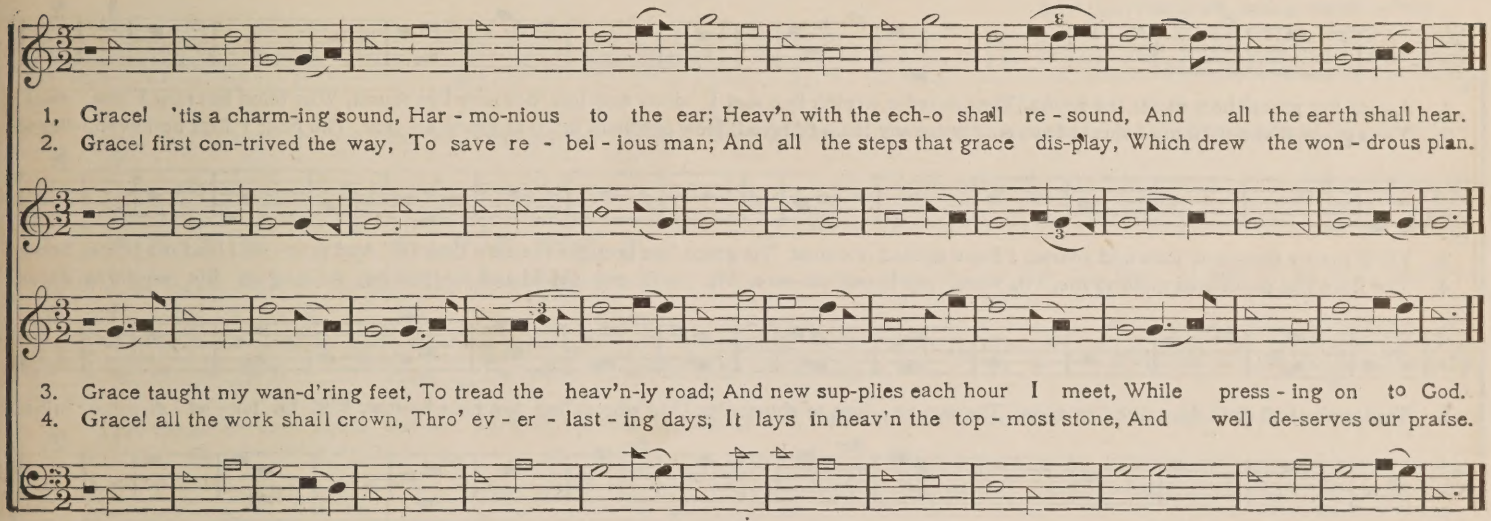

1. Oh, to grace how can it be, That a sin - ner vile as me, Can pro-claim a Saviour's name, And be sav-ed through the same.
2' Oh, for grace to love Thee more, And the Saviour's name a-dore, Would I could from sin be free, Oh, dear Lord re-mem-ber me.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 515 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

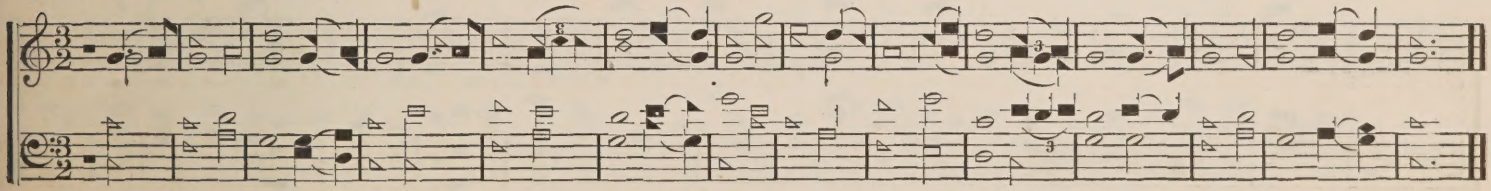
NINETY-THIRD PSALM. S. M.

"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. 2: 5.

Phillip Doddridge, 1735. Key C Major. Jerimiah Ingalls, 1805.


1, Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n with the ech-o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace! first con-trived the way, To save re - bel - lious man; And all the steps that grace dis-play, Which drew the won - drous plan.
3. Grace taught my wan-d'ring feet, To tread the heav'n-ly road; And new sup-plies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.
4. Grace! all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days, It lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well de-serves our praise.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

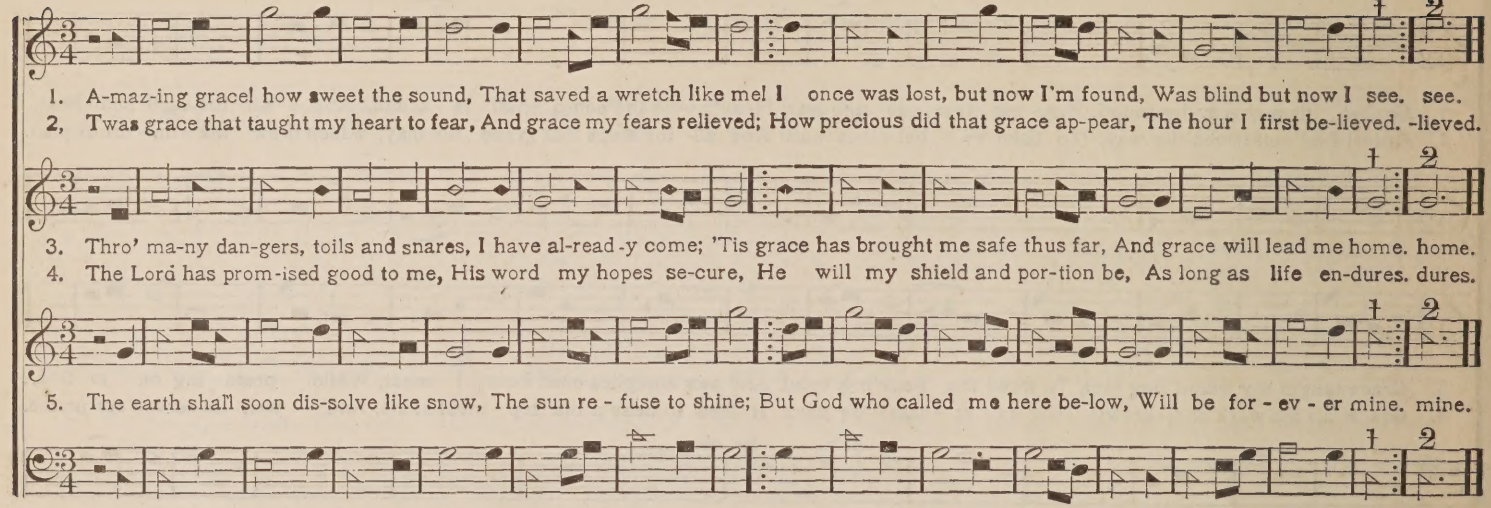


For History of this Song, see page 31, in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

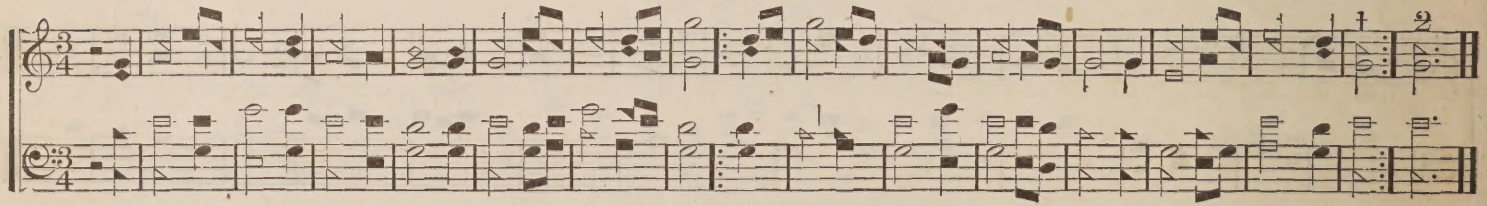
NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

"And David the King came and sat before the Lord, and said, who am I, O Lord."—1 CHRON. 17: 16.

JOHN NEWTON, 1789. Key of C Major.


1. A-maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind but now I see. see.
2, Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved. -lieved.
3. Thro' ma-ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-read-y come; 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home. home.
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hopes se-cure, He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life en-dures. dures.
5. The earth shall soon dis-solve like snow, The sun re - fuse to shine; But God who called me here be-low, Will be for - ev - er mine. mine.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



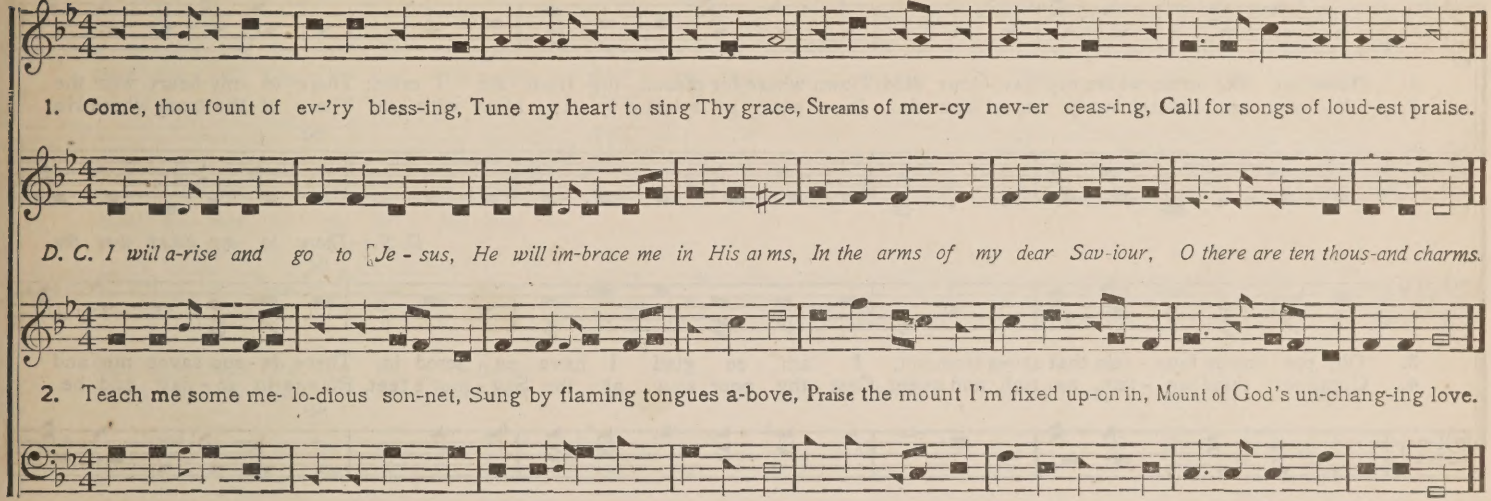
For History of this Song see page 45 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

RESTORATION. 8s, 7s.

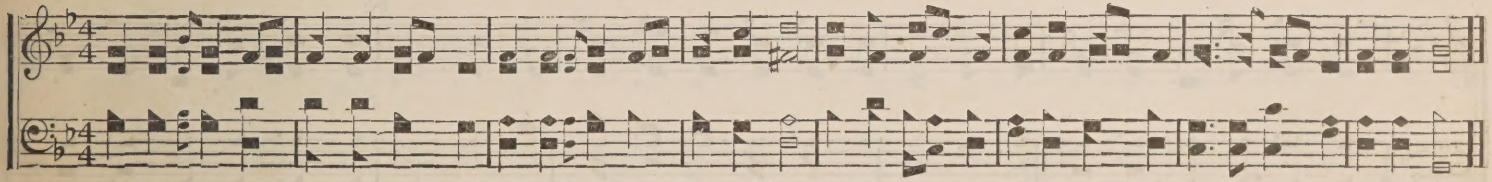
"We shall receive the blessing from the Lord."—Ps, 24; 5,

REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, 1758. Key of G Minor, Re-arranged by T. B. NEWTON AND S, W, EVERETT, 1908;

D. C. for CHORUS, using small notes.


1. Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
D. C. I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will im-brace me in His arms, In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O there are ten thous-and charms.
2. Teach me some me- lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove, Praise the mount I'm fixed up-on in, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

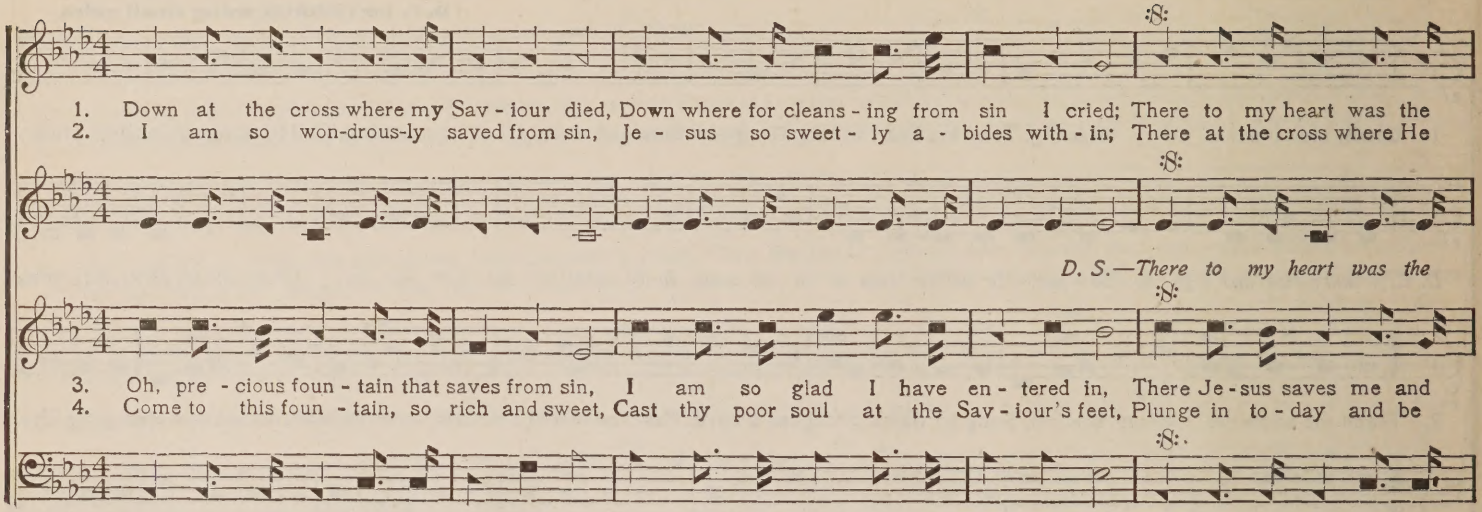


For History of this Song, see page 312 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.

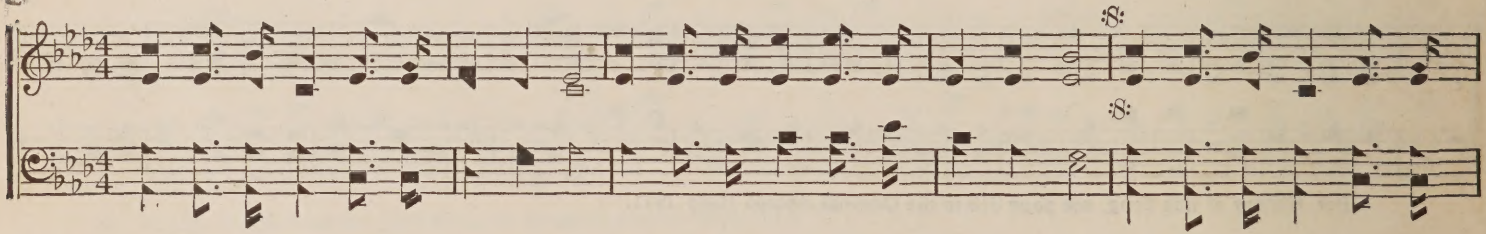
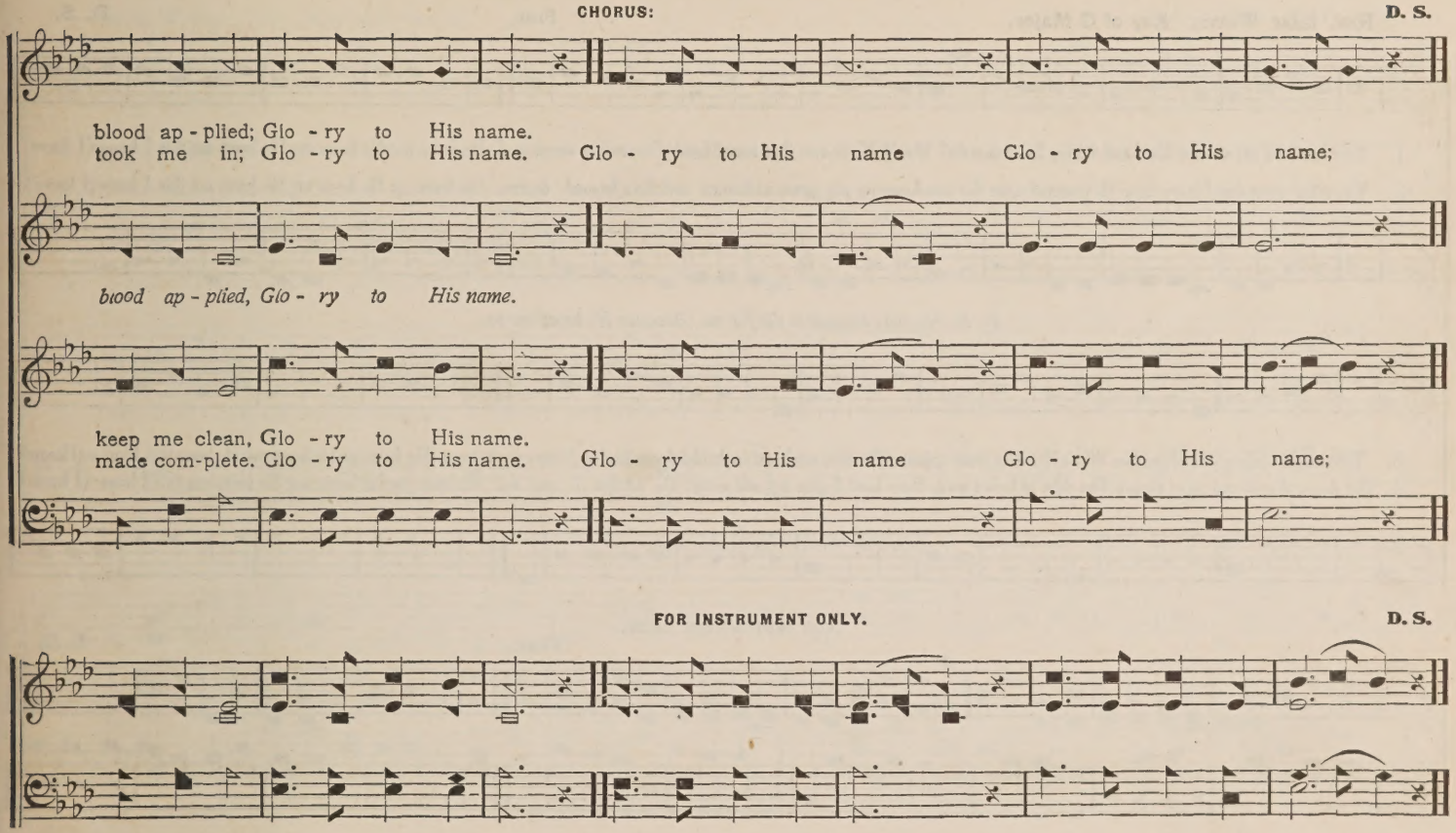
GLORY TO HIS NAME. 9s & 5s

"Then shall ye also appear with him in glory"—Col. 3: 4.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Key of A Flat Major. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleans - ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He
D. S.—There to my heart was the
3. Oh, pre - cious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - tered in, There Je - sus saves me and
4. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Sav - iour's feet, Plunge in to - day and be

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

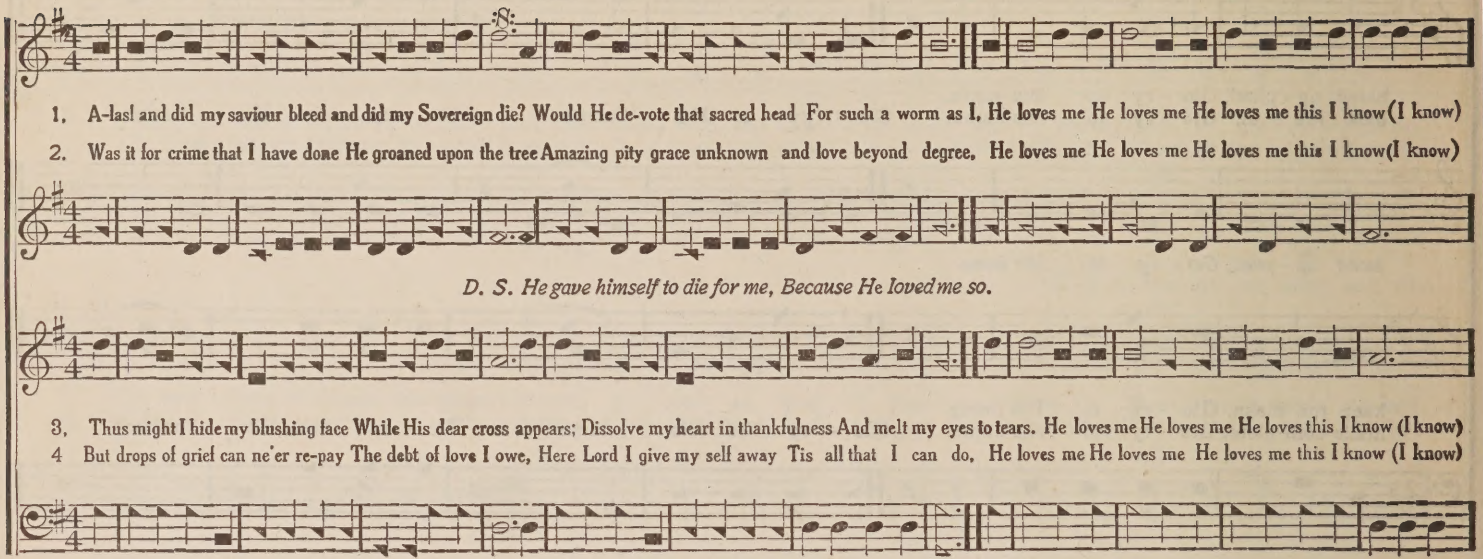


CHORUS:
D. S.
blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His name.
took me in; Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name Glo - ry to His name;
blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name.
keep me clean, Glo - ry to His name.
made com-plete. Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name Glo - ry to His name;
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
D. S.

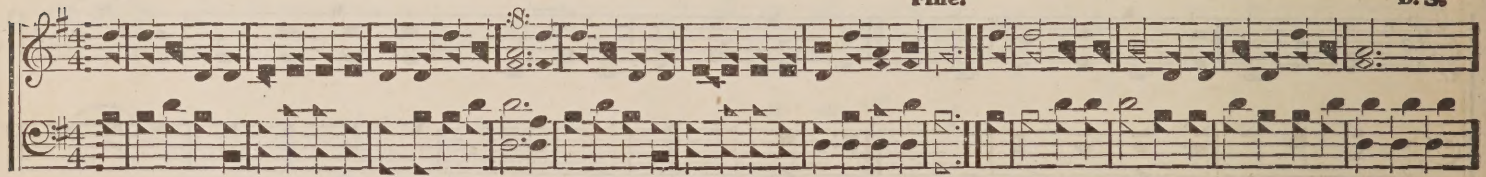
HE LOVES ME. C. M.

"We love Him, because He first loved us."—1 JOHN 4: 19,

REV. ISAAC WATTS. Key of G Major. FINE, D. S.

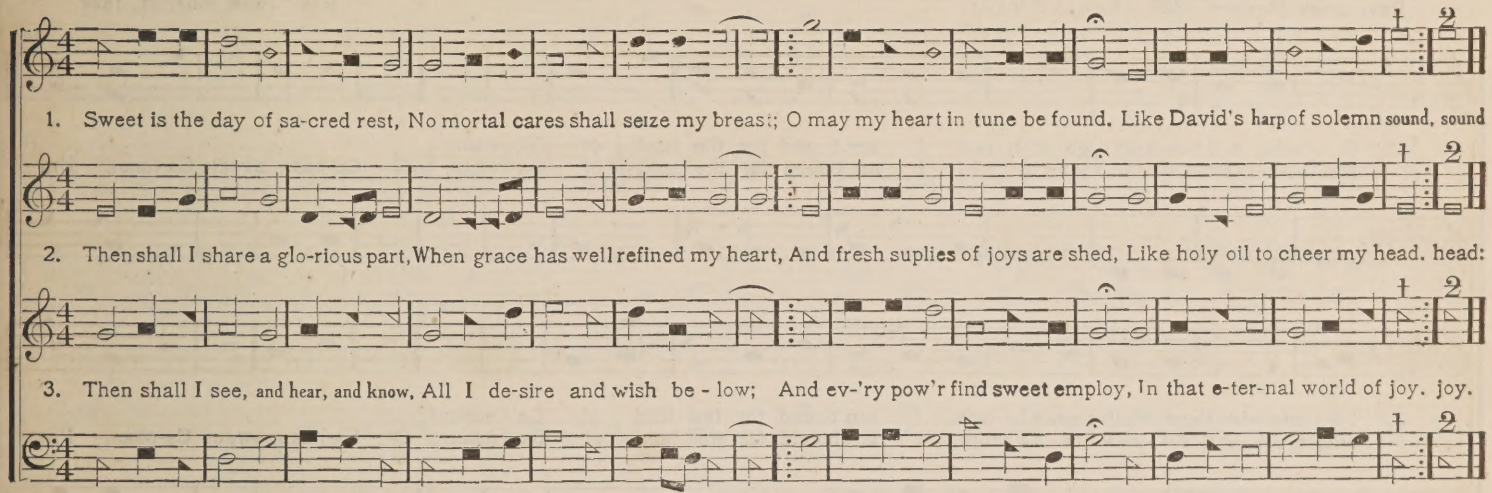

1. A-las! and did my saviour bleed and did my Sovereign die? Would He de-vote that sacred head For such a worm as I, He loves me He loves me He loves me this I know (I know)
2. Was it for crime that I have done He groaned upon the tree Amazing pity grace unknown and love beyond degree, He loves me He loves me He loves me this I know (I know)
D. S. He gave himself to die for me, Because He loved me so.
3. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness And melt my eyes to tears. He loves me He loves me He loves this I know (I know)
4 But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe, Here Lord I give my self away Tis all that I can do, He loves me He loves me He loves me this I know (I know)

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

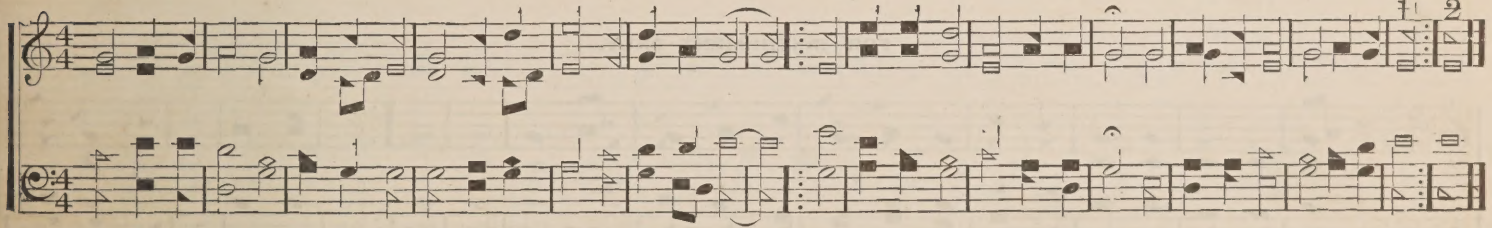


DEVOTION. L. M.

"To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and with faithfulness every night."—Ps. 92; 2, 3.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Key of C Major. AMARICK HALL, about 1811.

1. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found. Like David's harp of solemn sound, sound
2. Then shall I share a glo-rious part, When grace has well refined my heart, And fresh supplies of joys are shed, Like holy oil to cheer my head. head:
3. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I de-sire and wish be - low; And ev-'ry pow'r find sweet employ, In that e-ter-nal world of joy. joy.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



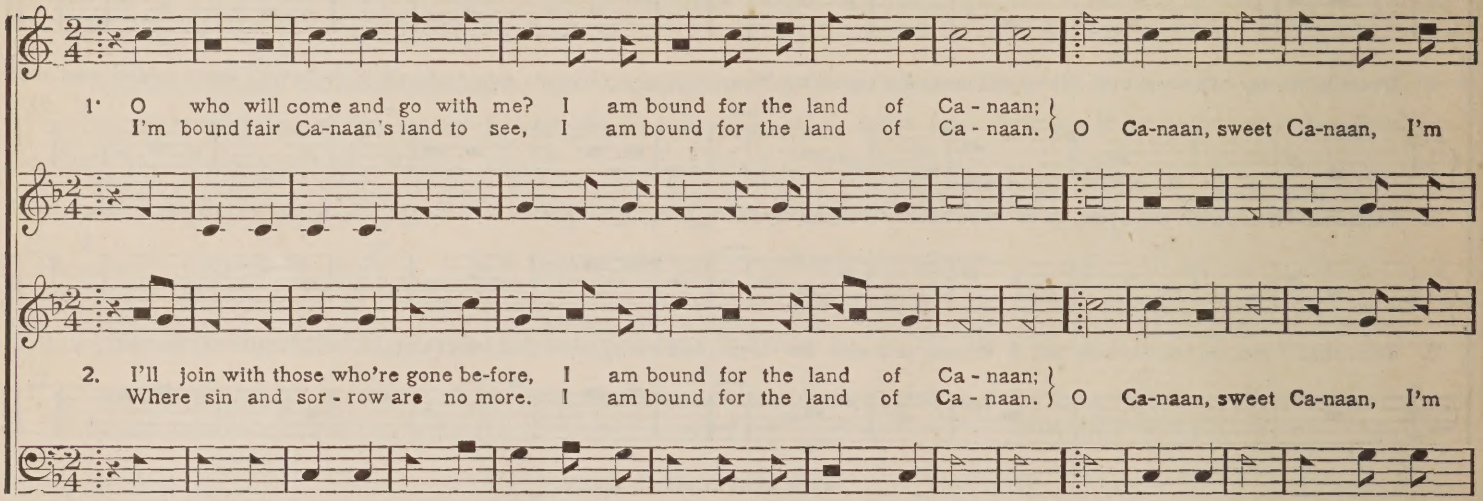
For History of this Song, see page 48 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

SWEET CANAAN. 8s & 9s.

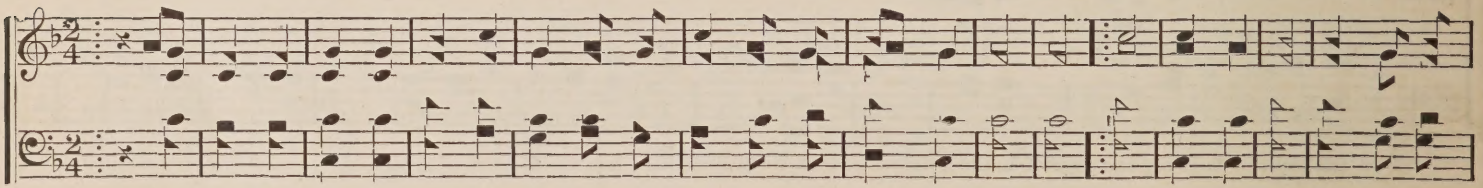
"I will give unto you to possess it, a land that floweth with milk and honey."—Lev. 20: 24.

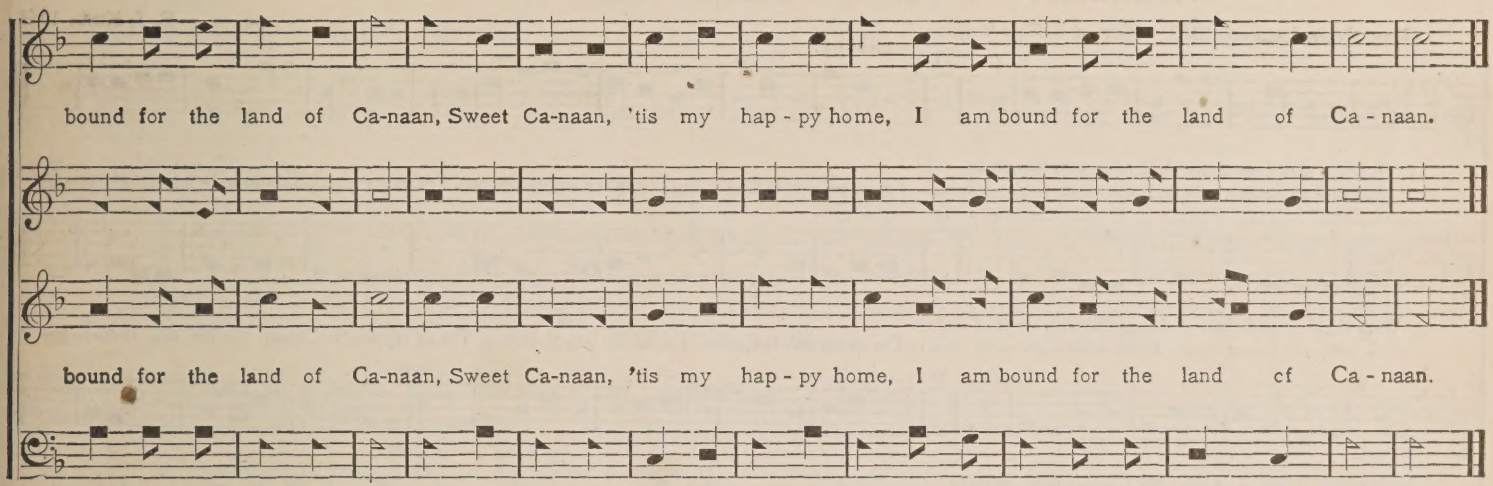
Rev. John Moffitt, 1829. Key of F Major.

Rev. John Moffitt, 1829.

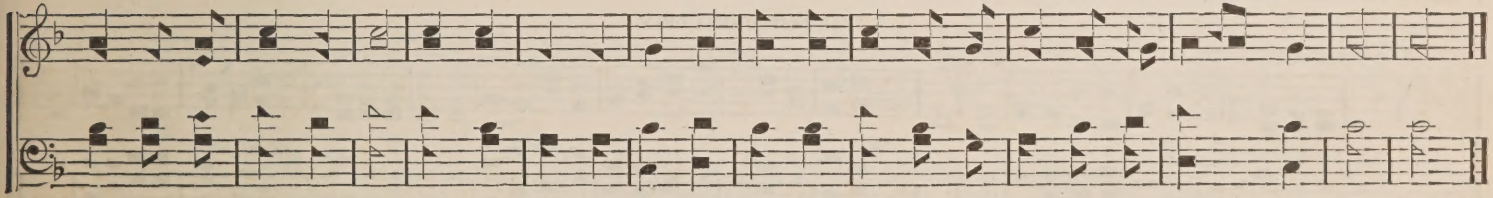

1. O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the land of Ca - naan;
I'm bound fair Ca-naan's land to see, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan. O Ca-naan, sweet Ca-naan, I'm
2. I'll join with those who're gone be-fore, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan;
Where sin and sor - row are no more. I am bound for the land of Ca - naan. O Ca-naan, sweet Ca-naan, I'm

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.




bound for the land of Ca-naan, Sweet Ca-naan, 'tis my hap - py home, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
bound for the land of Ca-naan, Sweet Ca-naan, 'tis my hap - py home, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

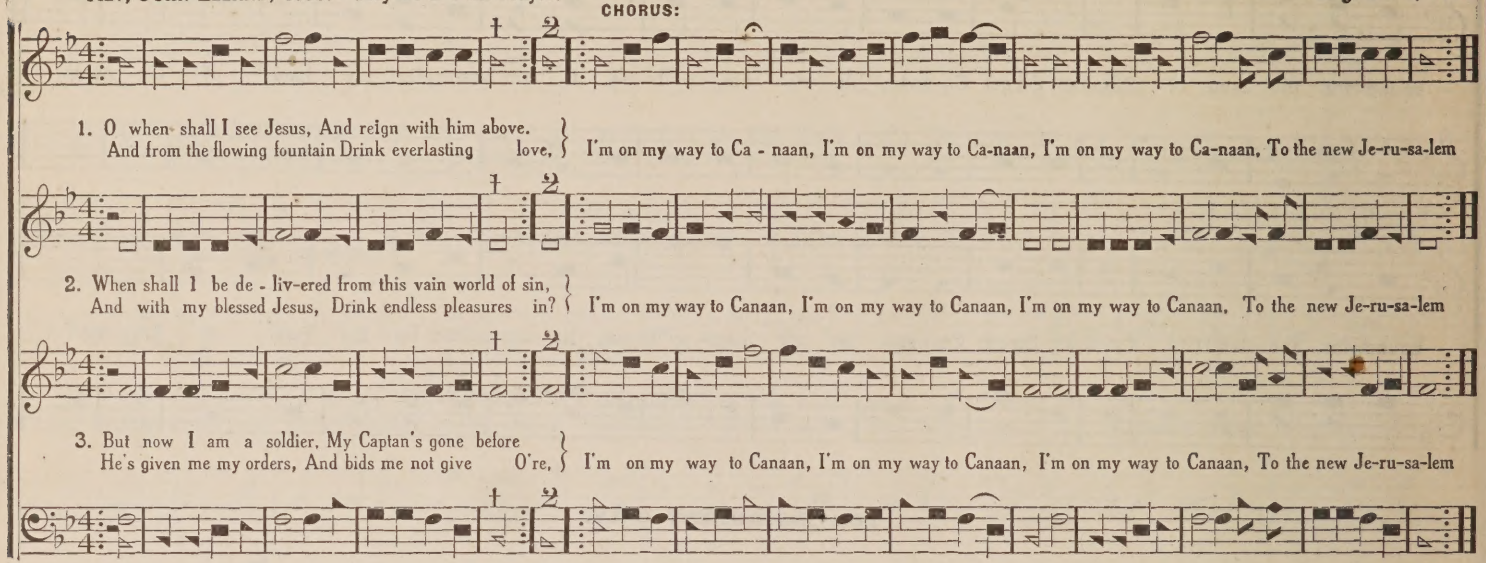


For History of this Song see page 87 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

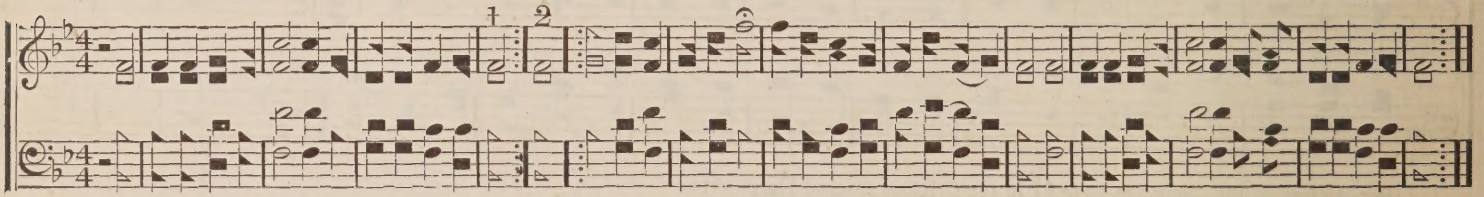
BOUND FOR CANAAN. 7s. 6s.

"Ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 Pet. 1: 8.

REV, JOHN LELAND, 1833. Key of B Flat Major. E. J. KING, 1844.


CHORUS:
1. O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above.
And from the flowing fountain Drink everlasting love,
I'm on my way to Ca - naan, I'm on my way to Ca-naan, I'm on my way to Ca-naan, To the new Je-ru-sa-lem
2. When shall I be de - liv-ered from this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in?
I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, To the new Je-ru-sa-lem
3. But now I am a soldier, My Captan's gone before
He's given me my orders, And bids me not give O're,
I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, To the new Je-ru-sa-lem

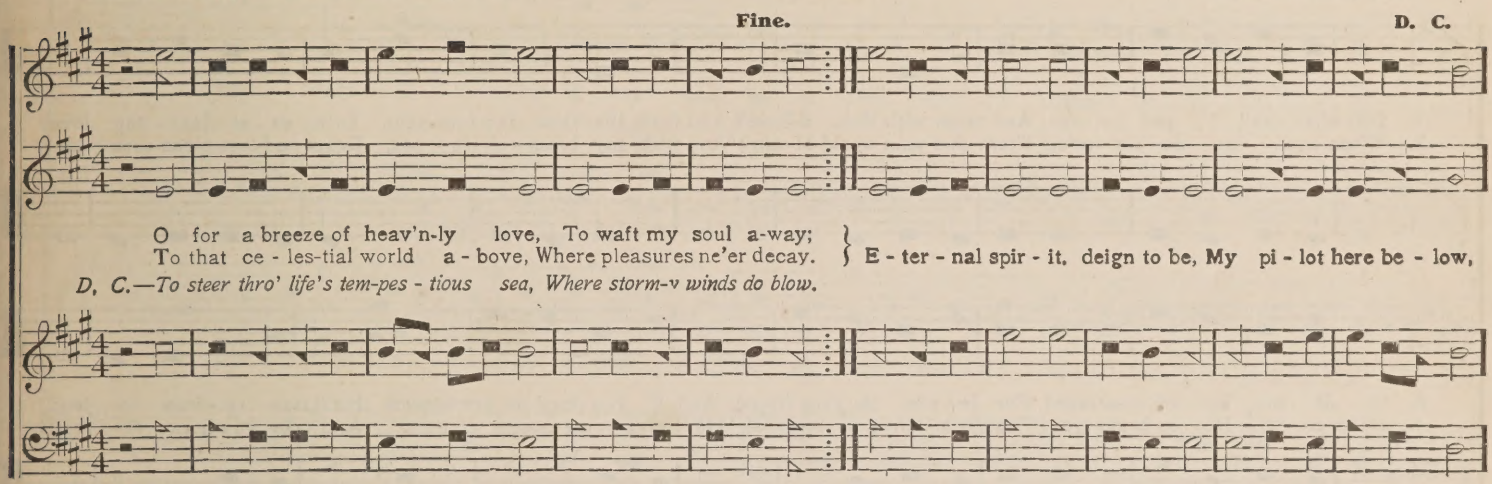
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

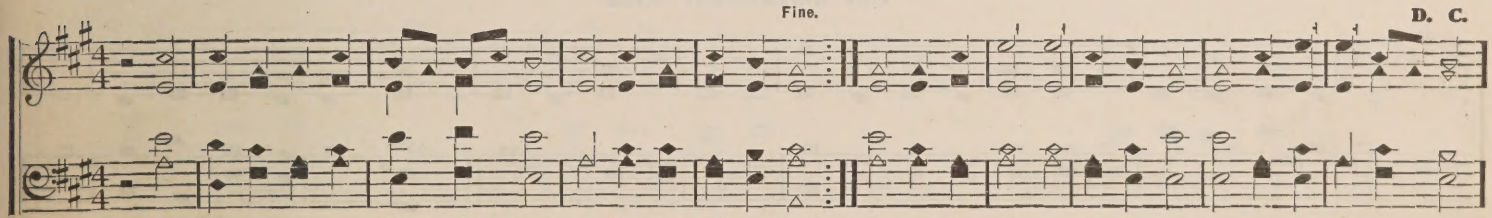


For History of this Song, see page 82 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

CANAAN'S LAND. C. M. D.

"Heaven is my home."—Isa. 66: 1.

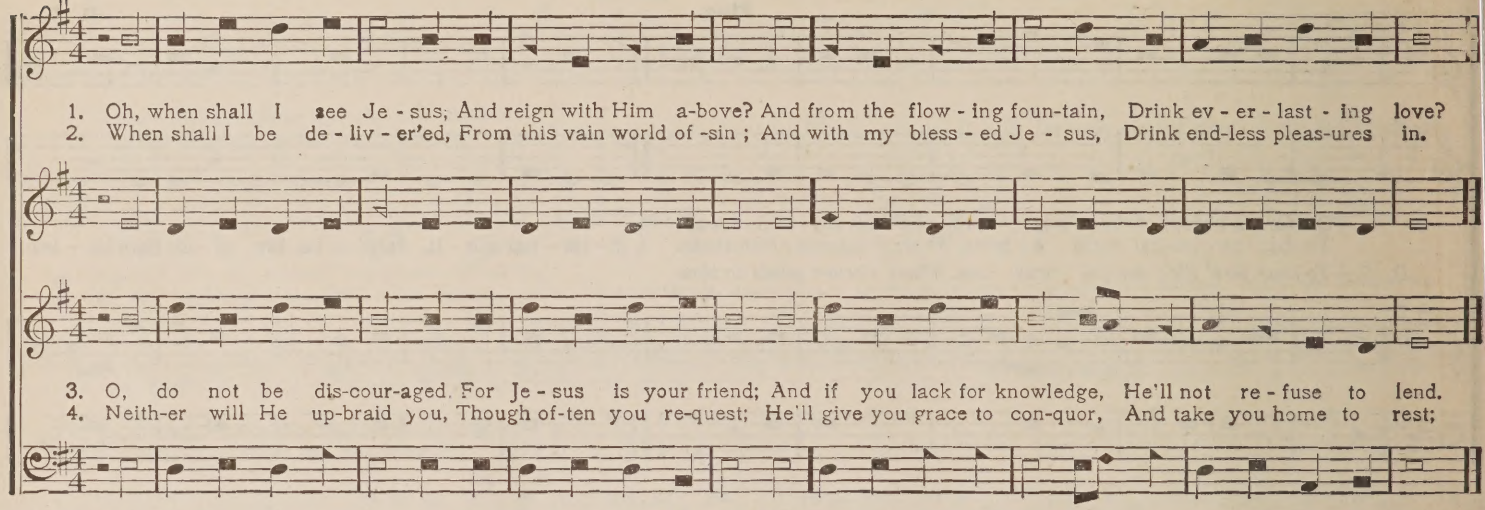
E. J. King applied words, 1859, Key of A. Amariah Hall, 1810.

Fine.
D. C.
O for a breeze of heav'n-ly love, To waft my soul a-way;
To that ce - les-tial world a - bove, Where pleasures ne'er decay.
E - ter - nal spir - it, deign to be, My pi - lot here be - low,
D, C.—To steer thro' life's tem-pes - tious sea, Where storm-y winds do blow.

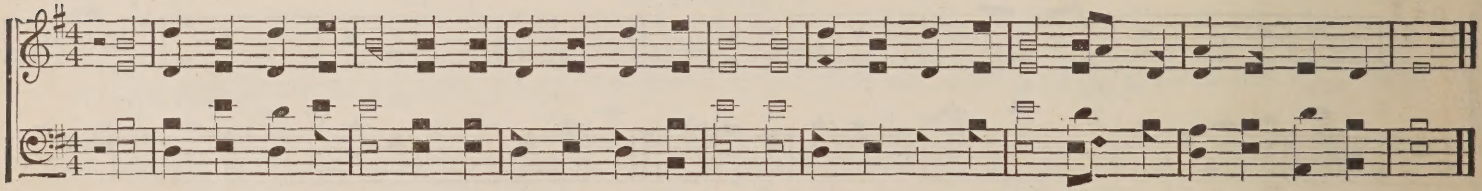
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 101 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.

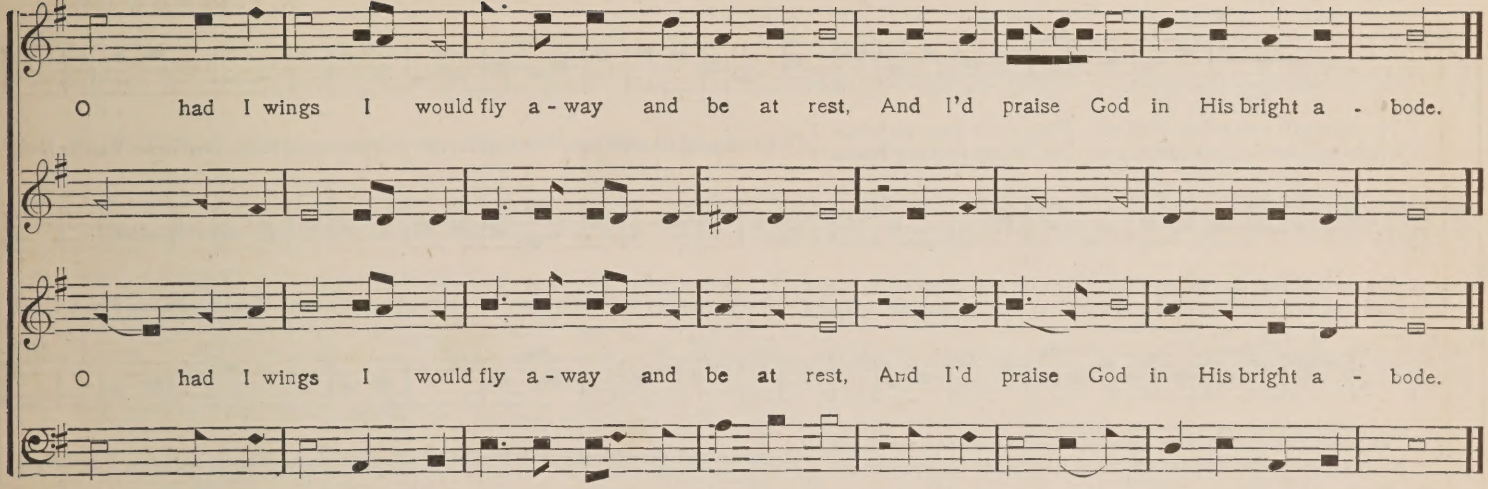
ECSTACY. 7s & 6s,

"And I said, Oh, that I had wings like a dove! *for then* would I fly away, and be at rest."—Ps. 55: 6.

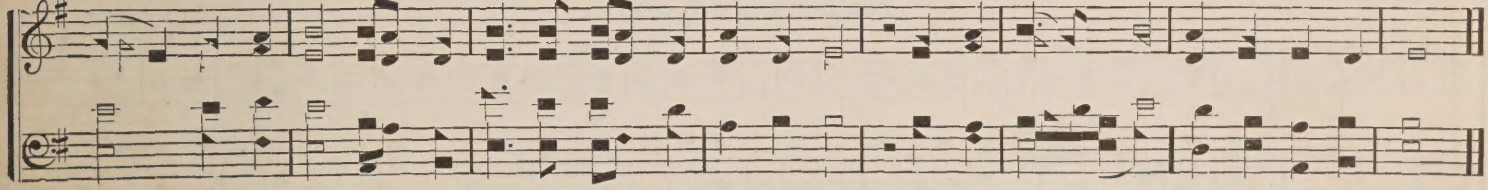
JOHN LELAND. Key of E Minor. T, W. CARTER, about 1844.


1. Oh, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with Him a-bove? And from the flow - ing foun-tain, Drink ev - er - last - ing love?
2. When shall I be de - liv - er'ed, From this vain world of -sin ; And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end-less pleas-ures in.
3. O, do not be dis-cour-aged. For Je - sus is your friend; And if you lack for knowledge, He'll not re - fuse to lend.
4. Neith-er will He up-braid you, Though of-ten you re-quest; He'll give you grace to con-quor, And take you home to rest;

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 106 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.


O had I wings I would fly a - way and be at rest, And I'd praise God in His bright a - bode.
O had I wings I would fly a - way and be at rest, And I'd praise God in His bright a - bode.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

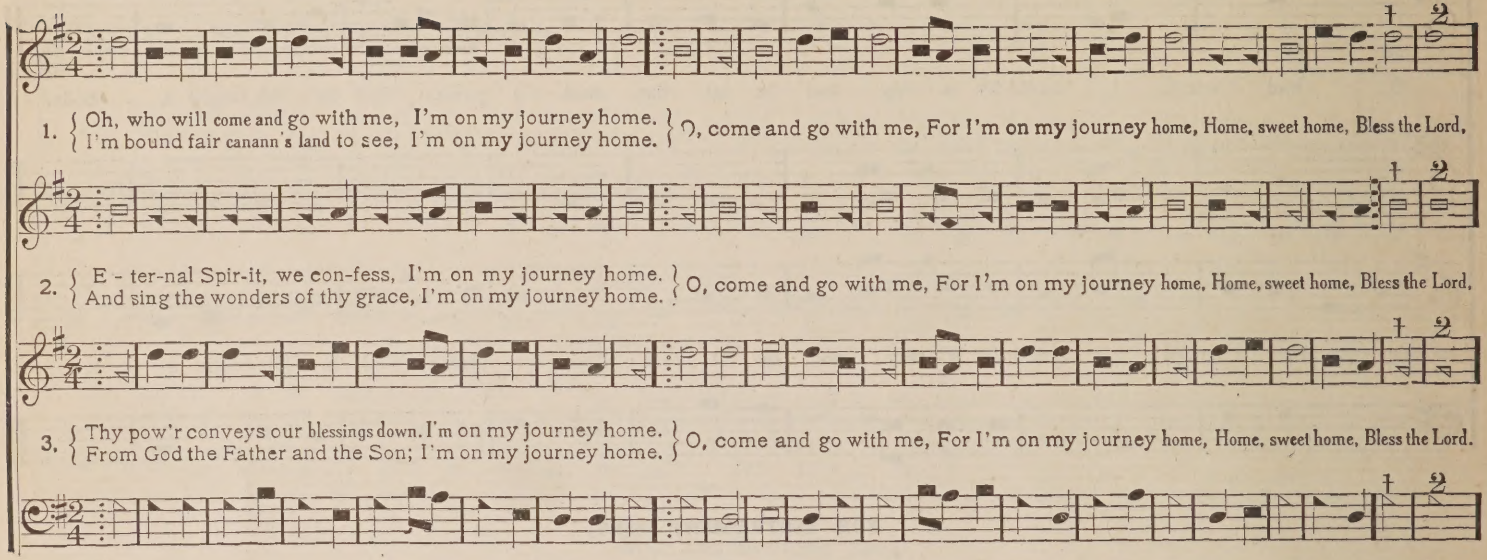


For History of this Song, see page 106 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

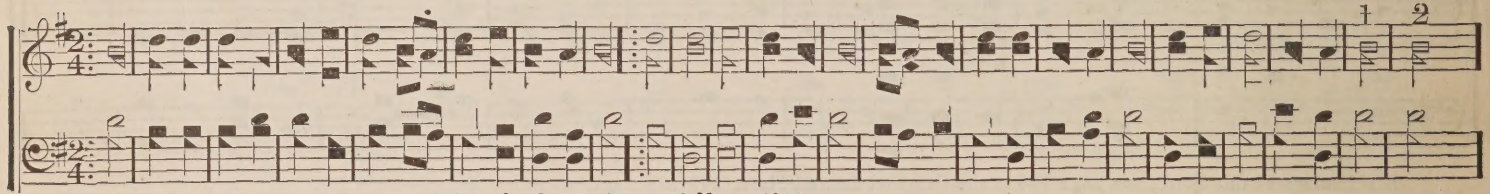
JOURNEY HOME. L. M. (Original.)

"I am filled with comfort. I am exceeding joyful."—2 Cor. 7; 4.

Key of G Major.

R. F. M. Mann, 1868.

1. Oh, who will come and go with me, I'm on my journey home.
I'm bound fair canann's land to see, I'm on my journey home.
O, come and go with me, For I'm on my journey home, Home, sweet home, Bless the Lord,
2. E - ter-nal Spir-it, we con-fess, I'm on my journey home.
And sing the wonders of thy grace, I'm on my journey home.
O, come and go with me, For I'm on my journey home, Home, sweet home, Bless the Lord,
3. Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down. I'm on my journey home.
From God the Father and the Son; I'm on my journey home.
O, come and go with me, For I'm on my journey home, Home, sweet home, Bless the Lord.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

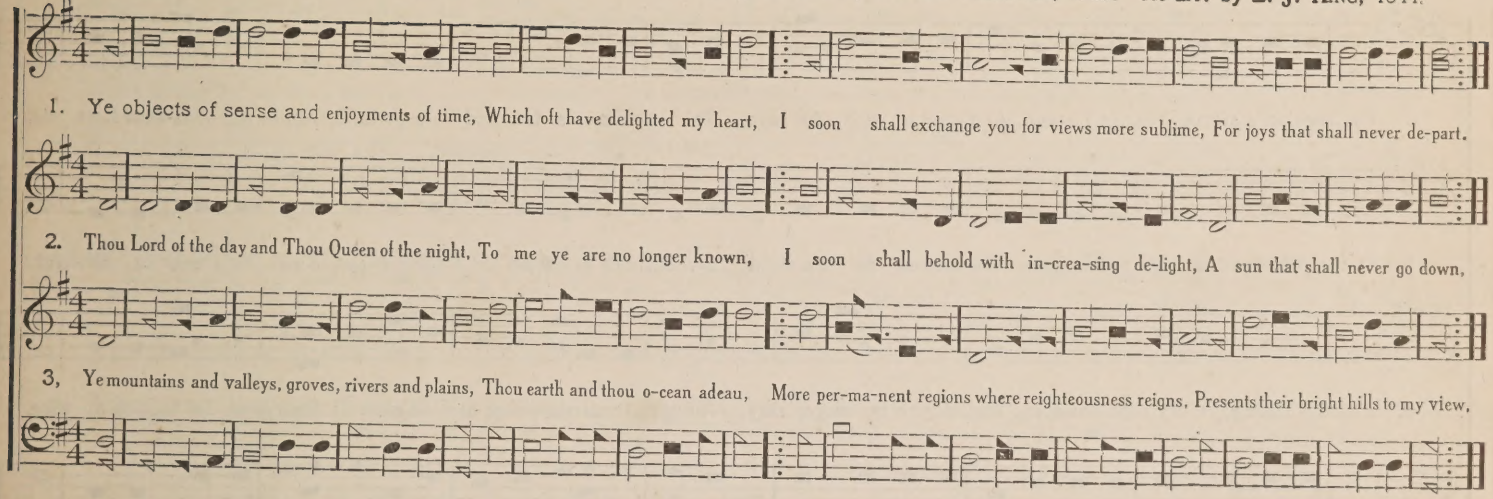


For History of this Song, see page 111 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,

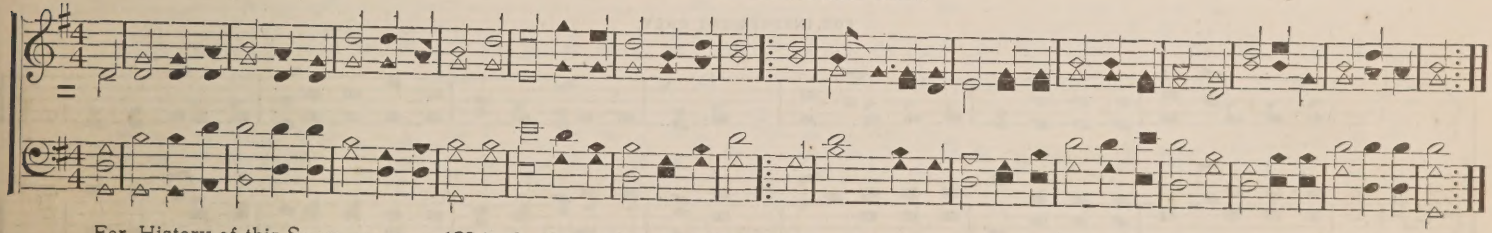
THE DYING CHRISTIAN. 11s, 8s.

"Dying, and behold, we live,"—2 Cor. 6: 9.

Key of G Major.

Original tune by Edward Harwood, 1760. Re-arr. by E. J. King, 1844.

1. Ye objects of sense and enjoyments of time, Which oft have delighted my heart, I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime, For joys that shall never de-part.
2. Thou Lord of the day and Thou Queen of the night, To me ye are no longer known, I soon shall behold with in-crea-sing de-light, A sun that shall never go down,
3, Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers and plains, Thou earth and thou o-cean adeau, More per-ma-nent regions where reighteousness reigns, Presents their bright hills to my view,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

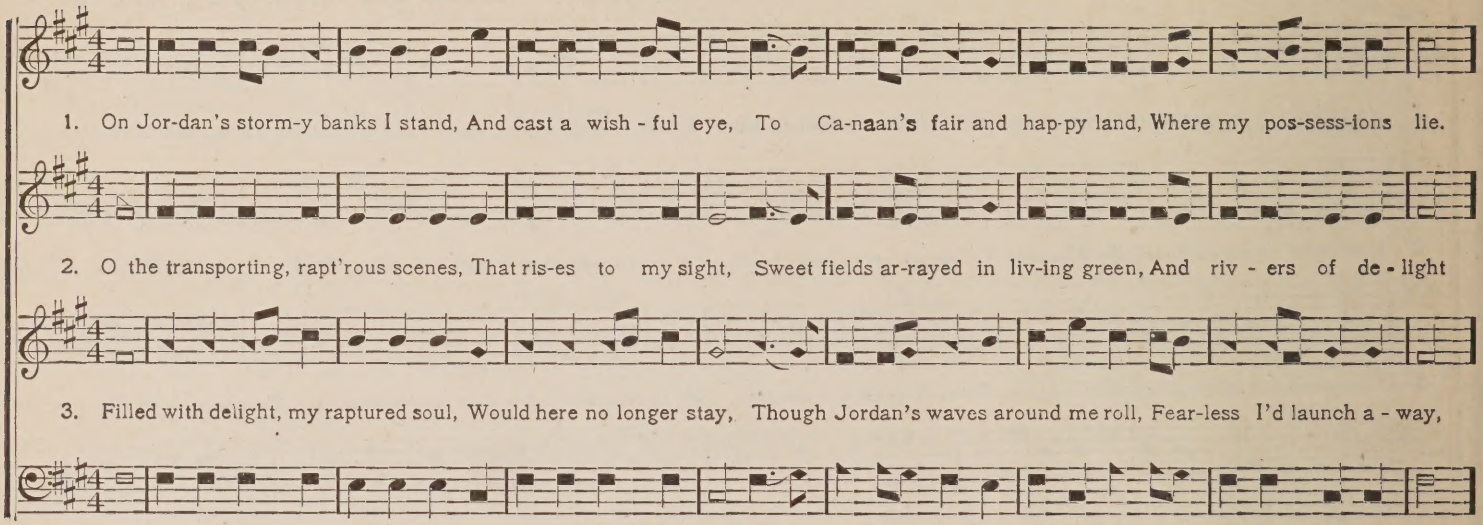


For History of this Song, see page 123 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.

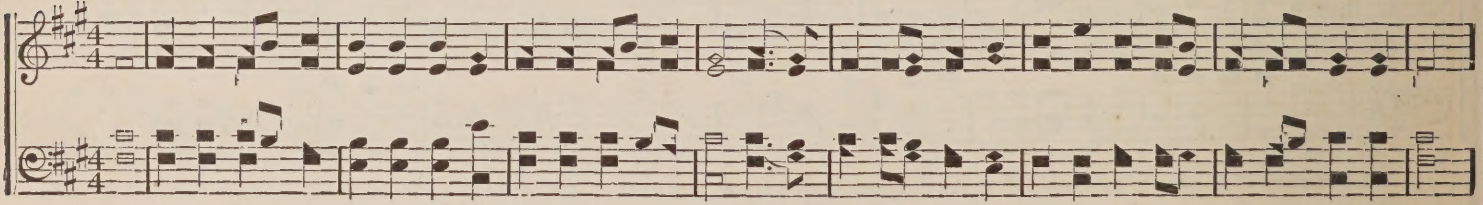
THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.

"Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty."—Isa. 33: 17.

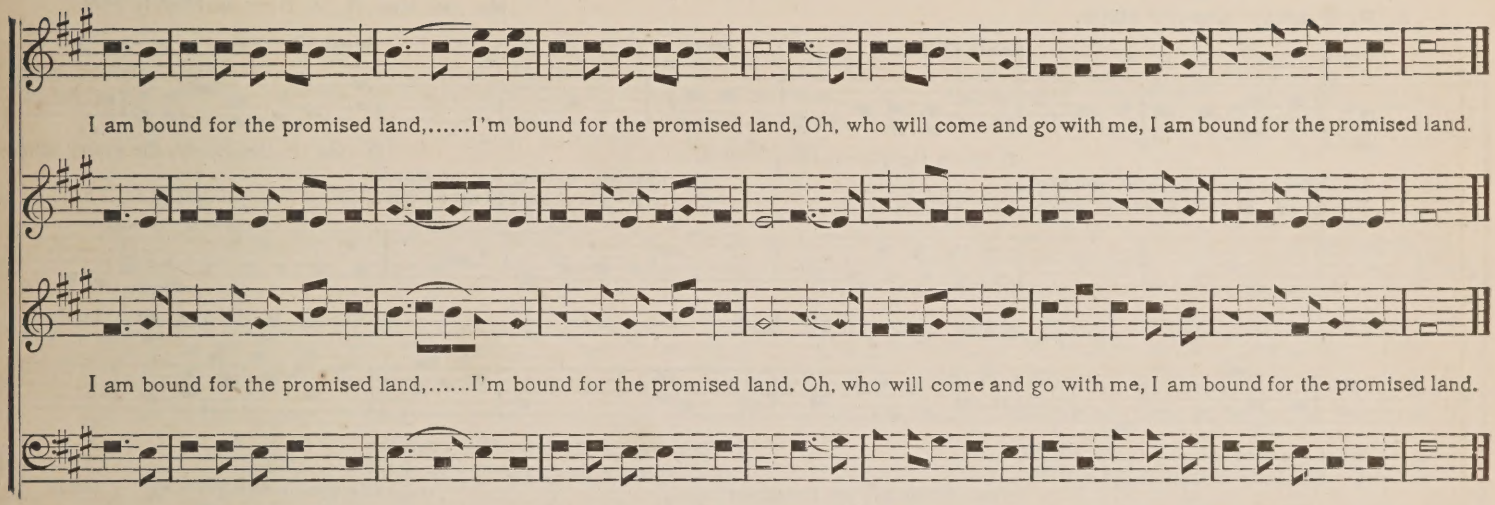
Samuell Stennett, 1787. Key of F Sharp Major. Arr. by Miss M. Durham, about 1840.

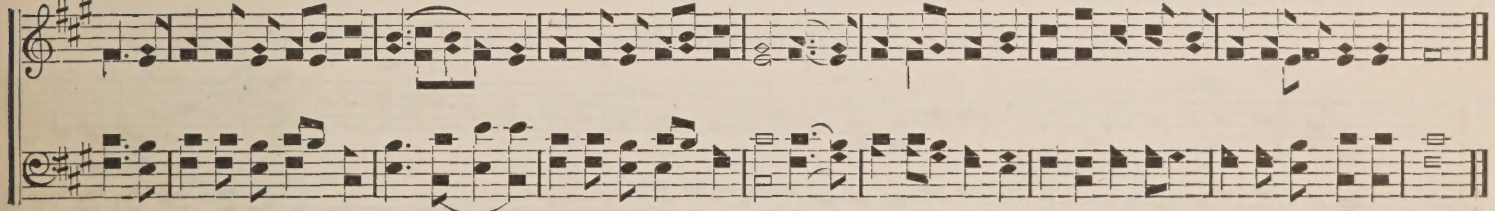

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-sess-ions lie.
2. O the transporting, rapt'rous scenes, That ris-es to my sight, Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv - ers of de - light
3. Filled with delight, my raptured soul, Would here no longer stay, Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a - way,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



CHORUS:


I am bound for the promised land,.....I'm bound for the promised land, Oh, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.
I am bound for the promised land,.....I'm bound for the promised land. Oh, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

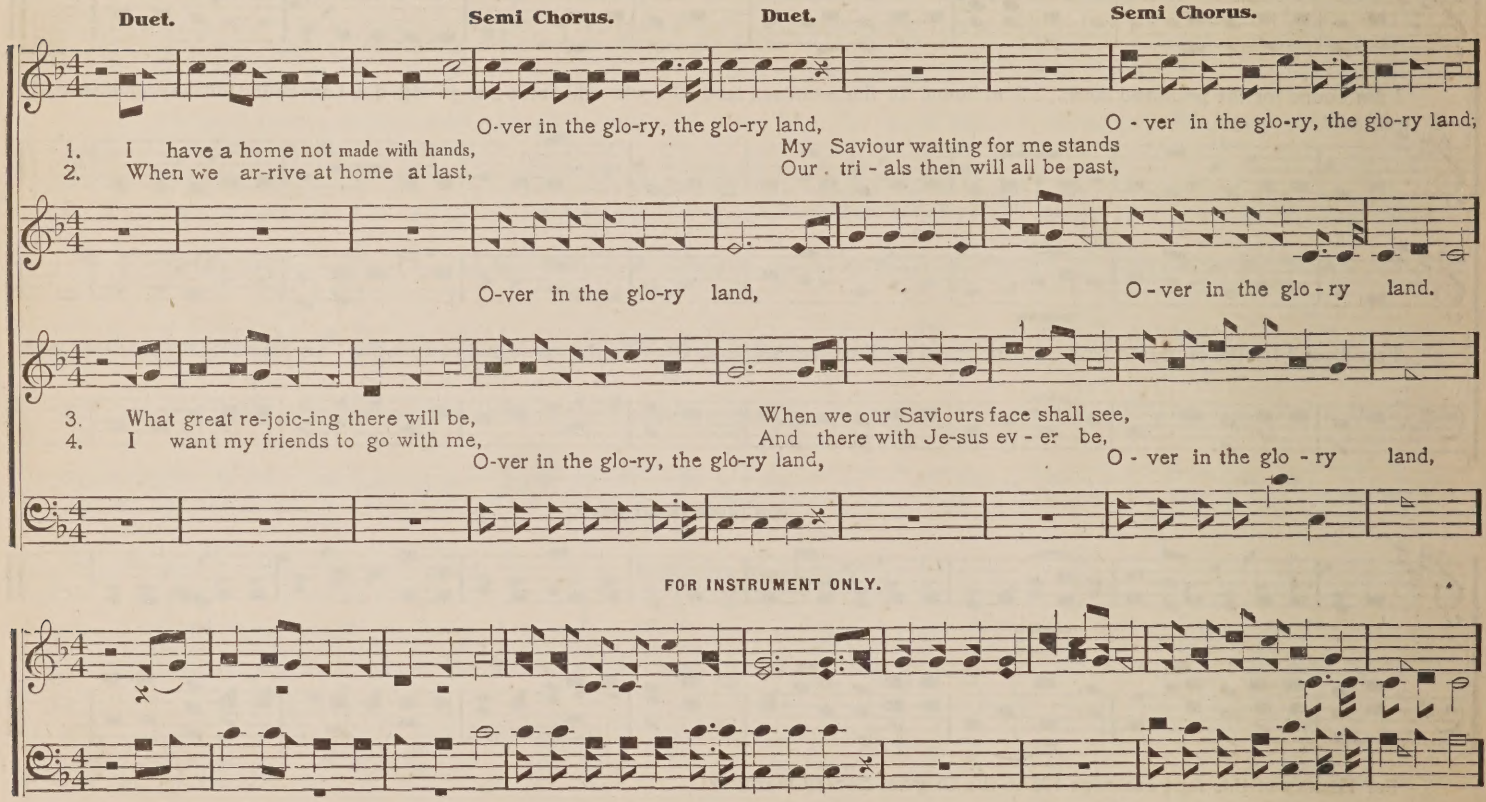
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this song see page 128 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

GLORY LAND. L. M.

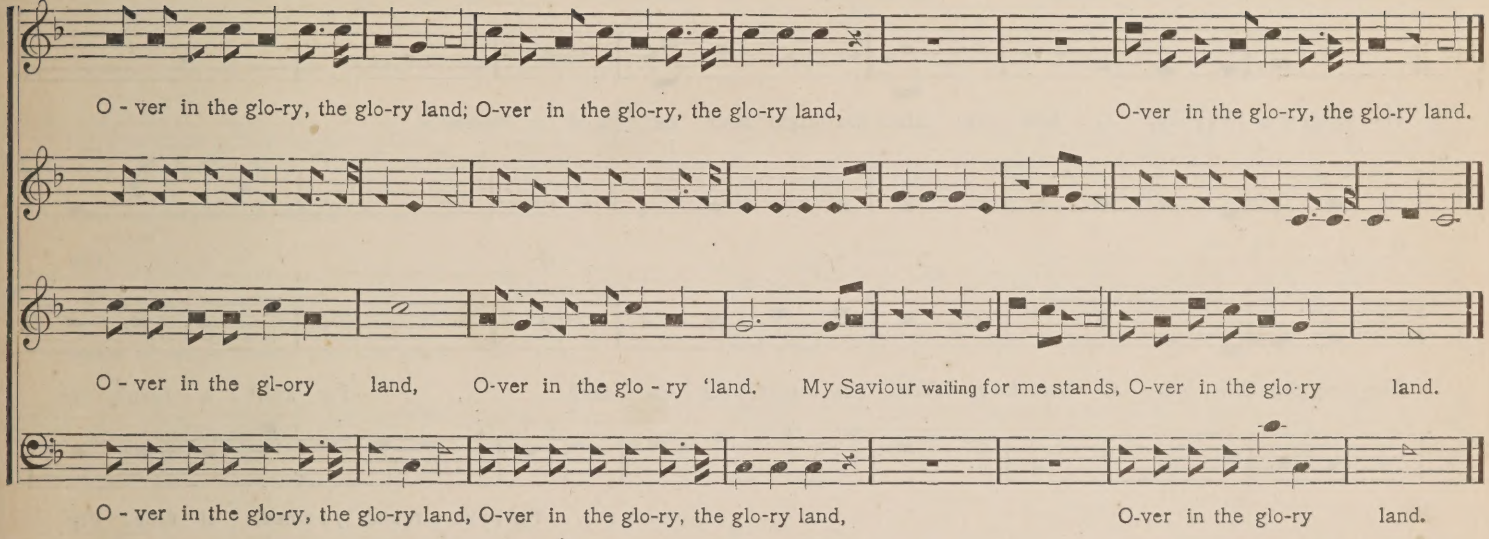
"Then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. 3: 4.

A. R. Walton. Key of F Major.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Denson, May 1, 1909.


Duet.
Semi Chorus.
Duet.
Semi Chorus.
O-ver in the glo-ry, the glo-ry land,
O - ver in the glo-ry, the glo-ry land;
1. I have a home not made with hands,
My Saviour waiting for me stands
2. When we ar-rive at home at last,
Our tri - als then will all be past,
O-ver in the glo-ry land,
O - ver in the glo - ry land.
3. What great re-joic-ing there will be,
When we our Saviours face shall see,
4. I want my friends to go with me,
And there with Je-sus ev - er be,
O-ver in the glo-ry, the glo-ry land,
O - ver in the glo - ry land,
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

CHORUS


O - ver in the glo-ry, the glo-ry land; O-ver in the glo-ry, the glo-ry land, O-ver in the glo-ry, the glo-ry land.
O - ver in the gl-ory land, O-ver in the glo - ry 'land. My Saviour waiting for me stands, O-ver in the glo-ry land.
O - ver in the glo-ry, the glo-ry land, O-ver in the glo-ry, the glo-ry land, O-ver in the glo-ry land.

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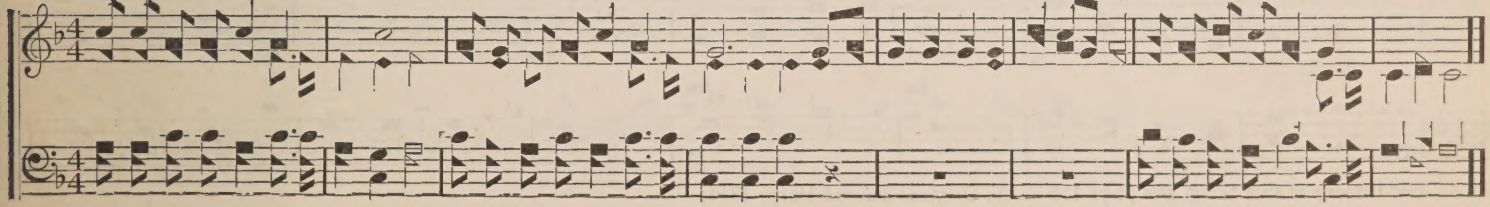
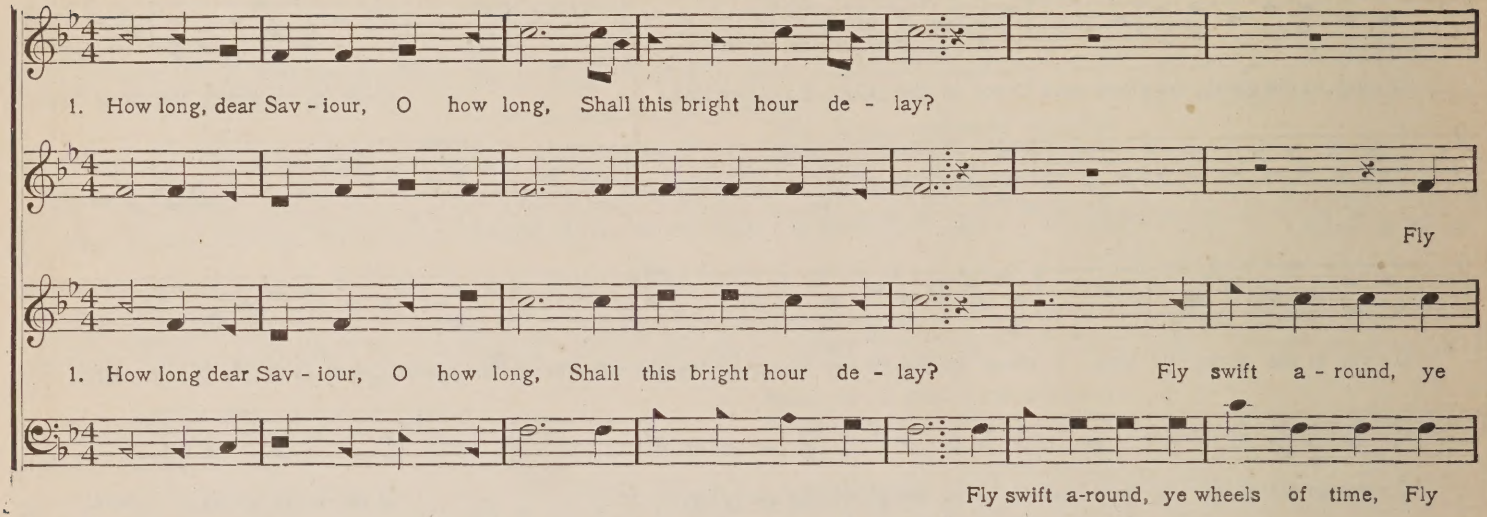


NORTHFIELD. C. M.

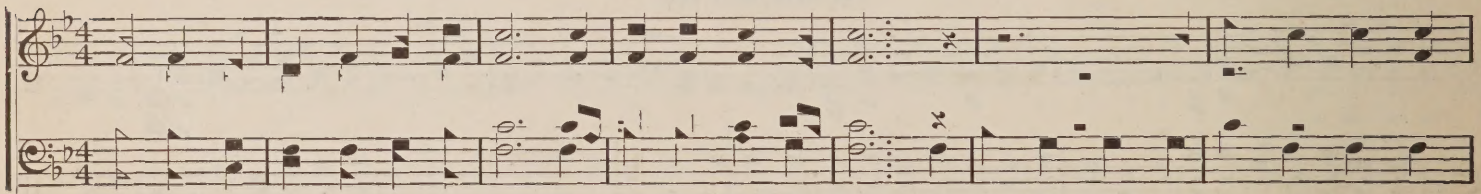
"I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open."—John 1: 51.

Isaac Watts, 1701. Key of B Flat.

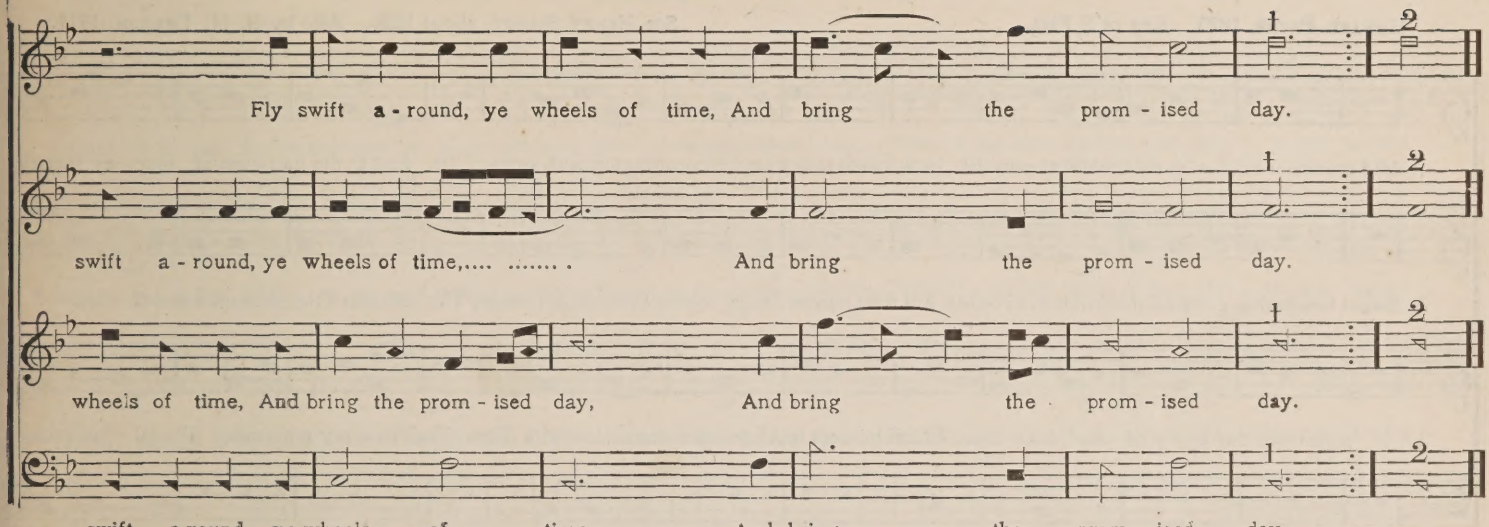
Jeremiah Ingalls, 1804.


1. How long, dear Sav - iour, O how long, Shall this bright hour de - lay?
Fly
1. How long dear Sav - iour, O how long, Shall this bright hour de - lay? Fly swift a - round, ye
Fly swift a-round, ye wheels of time, Fly

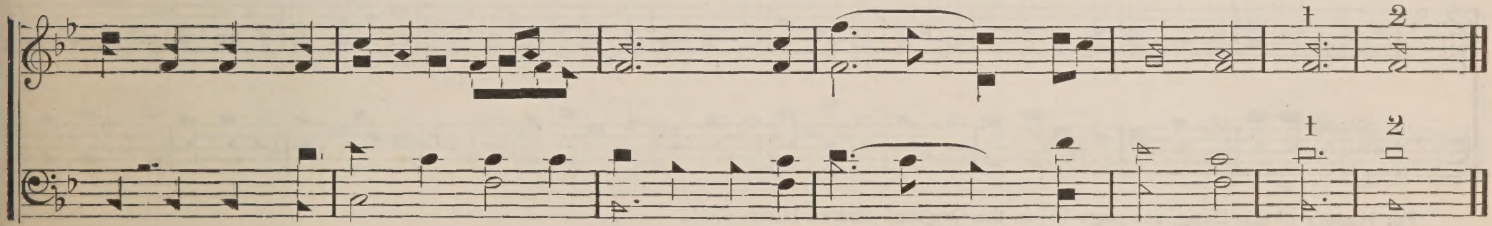
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



For History of this Song, see page 155 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,


Fly swift a - round, ye wheels of time, And bring the prom - ised day.
swift a - round, ye wheels of time,..... ..... . And bring the prom - ised day.
wheels of time, And bring the prom - ised day, And bring the prom - ised day.
swift a-round ye wheels of time, And bring the prom - ised day.

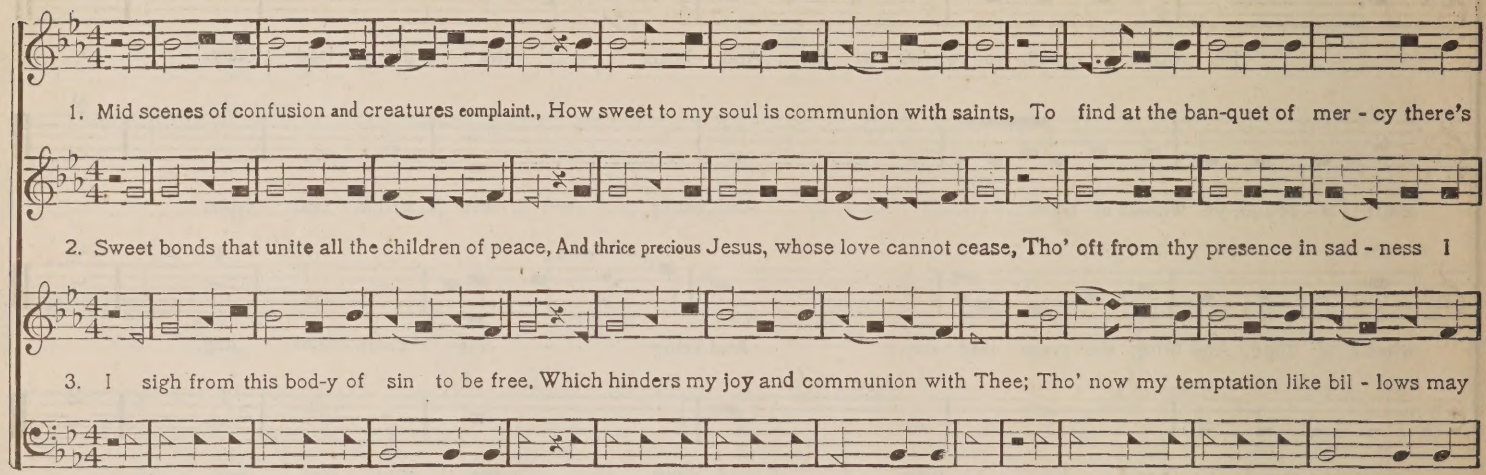
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



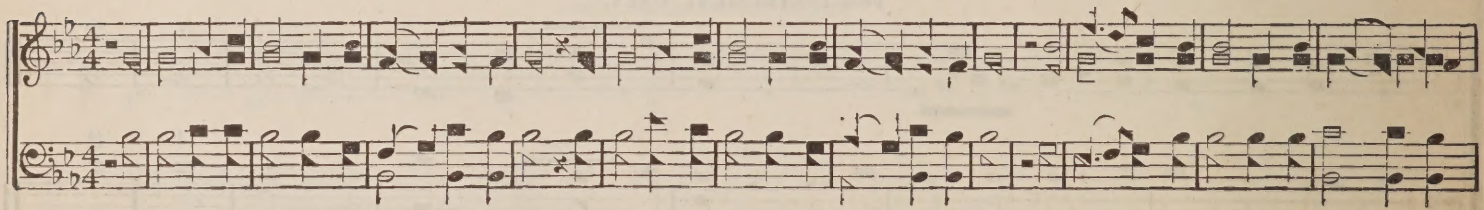
SWEET HOME. 11, 11, 11, 11, 5, 11.

"We rejoice by faith in hope of the glory of God."—Rom. 5: 2.

Howard Payne, 1823. Key of E Flat. Sir Henry Bishop, about 1826. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.


1. Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaint., How sweet to my soul is communion with saints, To find at the ban-quet of mer - cy there's
2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease, Tho' oft from thy presence in sad - ness I
3. I sigh from this bod-y of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee; Tho' now my temptation like bil - lows may

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

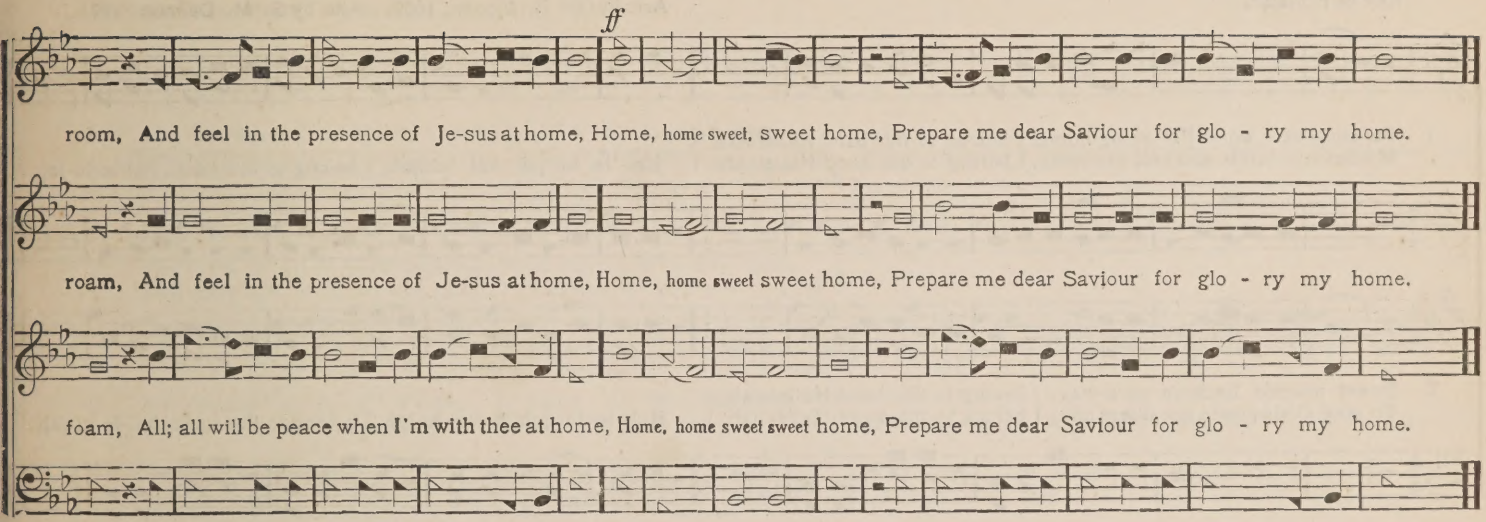


For History of this Song, see page 161 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

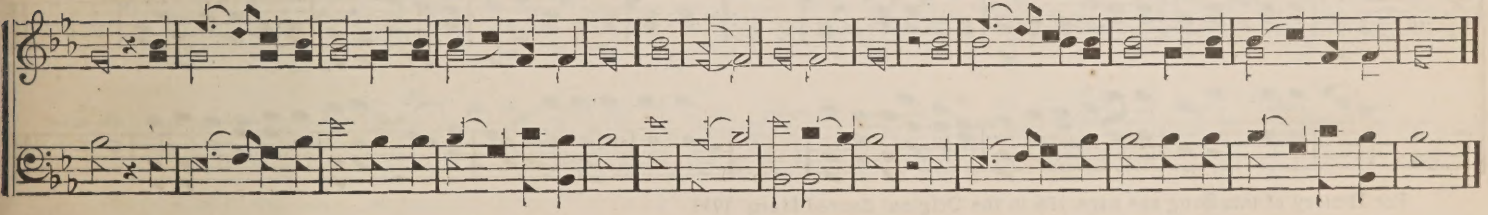
SWEET HOME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

ff


room, And feel in the presence of Je-sus at home, Home, home sweet, sweet home, Prepare me dear Saviour for glo - ry my home.
roam, And feel in the presence of Je-sus at home, Home, home sweet sweet home, Prepare me dear Saviour for glo - ry my home.
foam, All; all will be peace when I'm with thee at home, Home, home sweet sweet home, Prepare me dear Saviour for glo - ry my home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

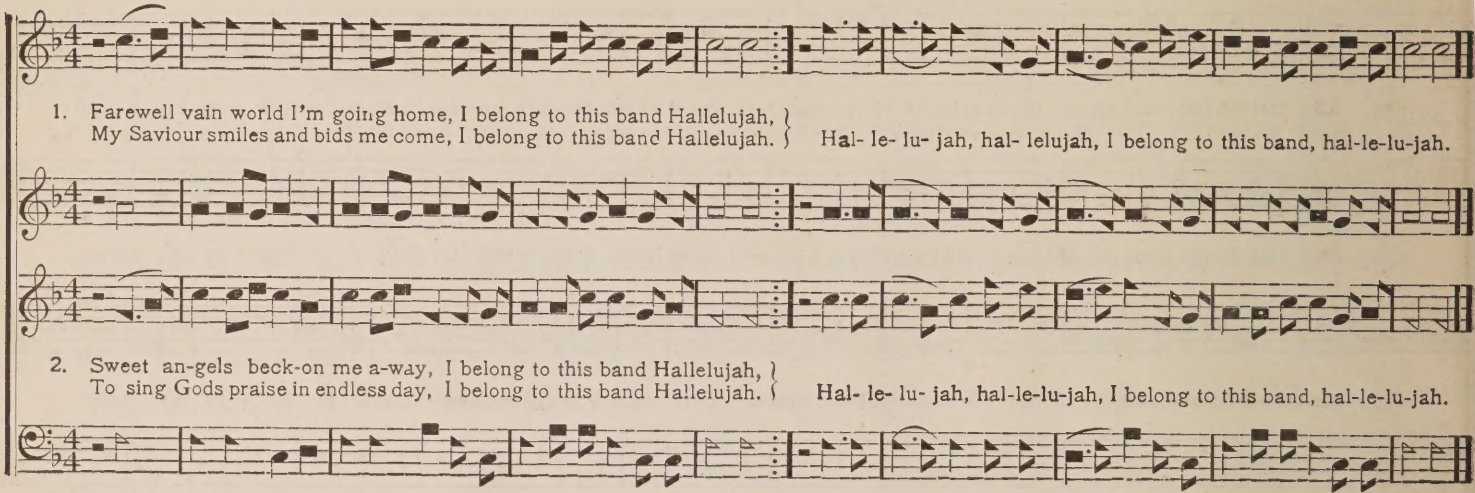


RAGAN. L. M.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints."— Ps. 116: 15.

Key of F Major.

Arr. by W. F, Moore, 1869. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.


1. Farewell vain world I'm going home, I belong to this band Hallelujah,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come, I belong to this band Hallelujah.
Hal- le- lu- jah, hal- lelujah, I belong to this band, hal-le-lu-jah.
2. Sweet an-gels beck-on me a-way, I belong to this band Hallelujah,
To sing Gods praise in endless day, I belong to this band Hallelujah.
Hal- le- lu- jah, hal-le-lu-jah, I belong to this band, hal-le-lu-jah.

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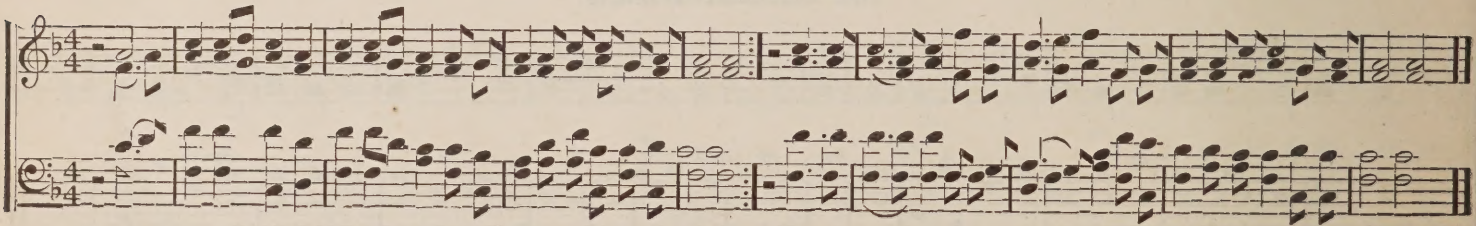
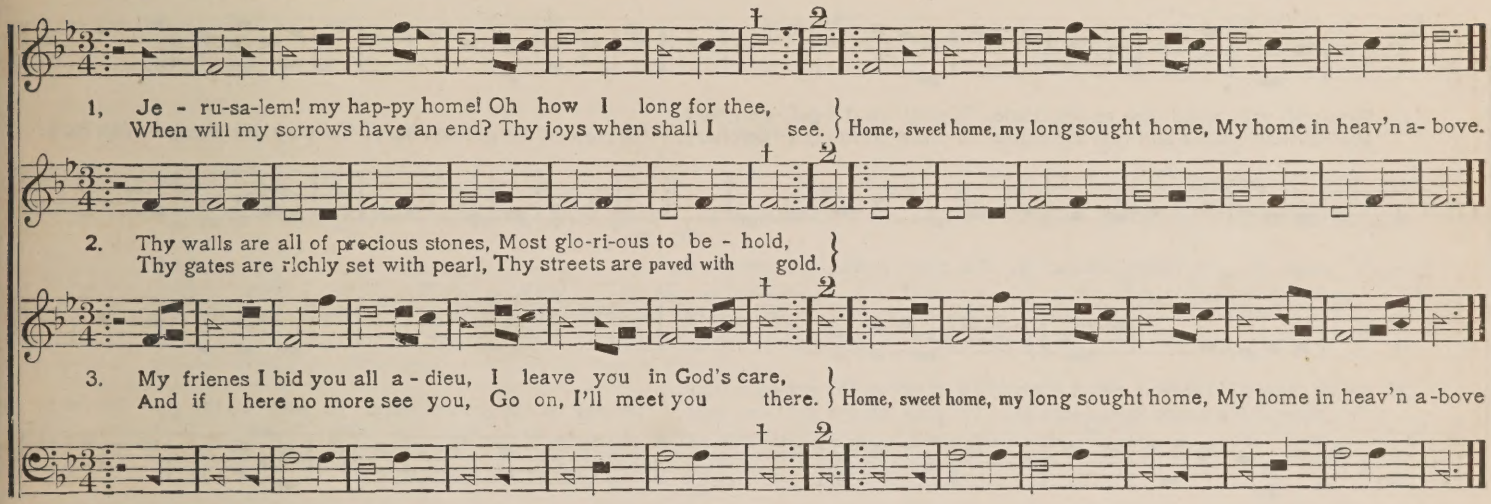
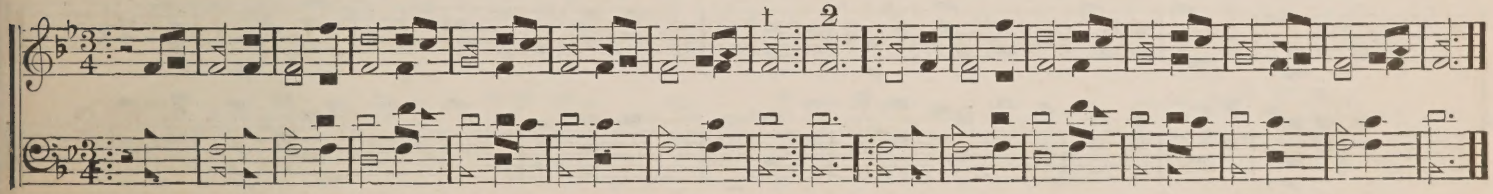

For History of this Song see page 176 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911

LONG SOUGHT HOME. C. M.

"In my father's house are many mansions."—St. John 14: 2.

Fransis Baker Priest, about 1750. Key of B Flat Major. William Bobo, 1865.

1, Je - ru-sa-lem! my hap-py home! Oh how I long for thee,
When will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see.
Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heav'n a- bove.
2. Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glo-ri-ous to be - hold,
Thy gates are richly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
3. My frienes I bid you all a - dieu, I leave you in God's care,
And if I here no more see you, Go on, I'll meet you there.
Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heav'n a-bove

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



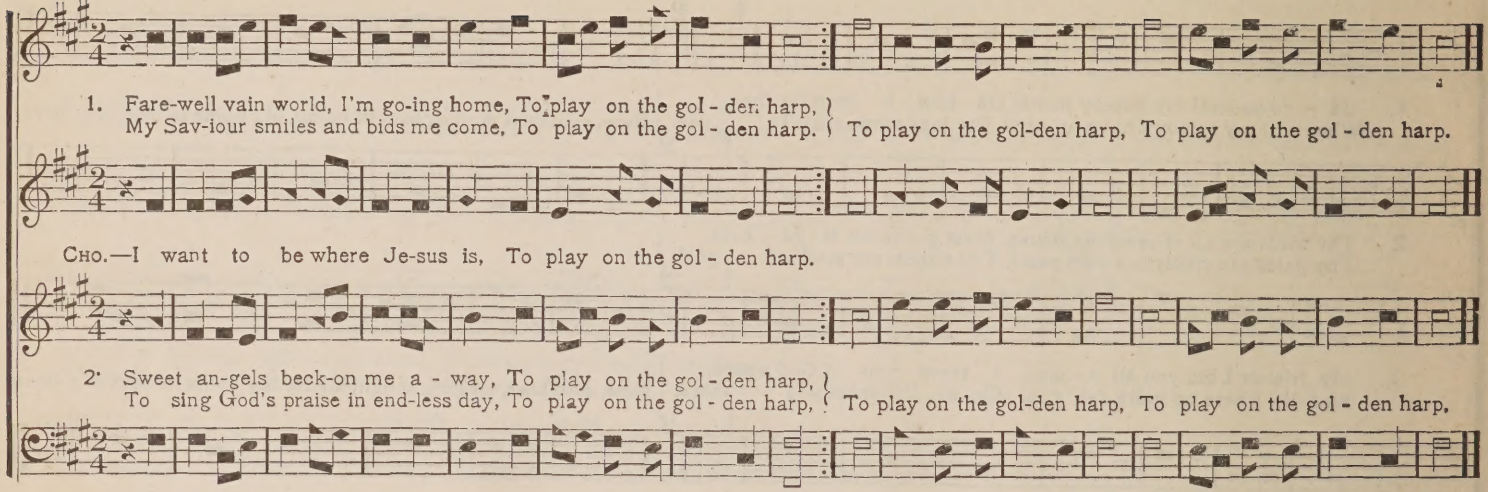
For History of this Song, see page 253 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

THE GOLDEN HARP. L. M.

"Yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee.—Ps. 43: 4.

Key of F Sharp Minor.

By J. P. Reese; 1869. D. C


1. Fare-well vain world, I'm go-ing home, To play on the gol - den harp,
My Sav-iour smiles and bids me come, To play on the gol - den harp.
To play on the gol-den harp, To play on the gol - den harp.
Cho.—I want to be where Je-sus is, To play on the gol - den harp.
2. Sweet an-gels beck-on me a - way, To play on the gol - den harp,
To sing God's praise in end-less day, To play on the gol - den harp,
To play on the gol-den harp, To play on the gol - den harp.

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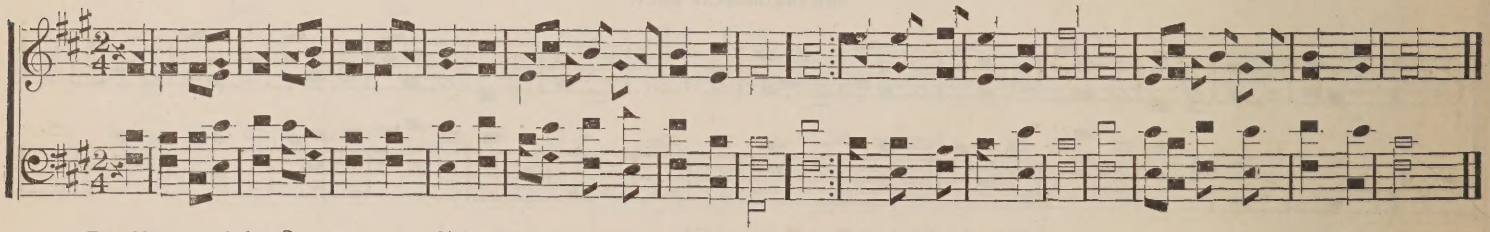
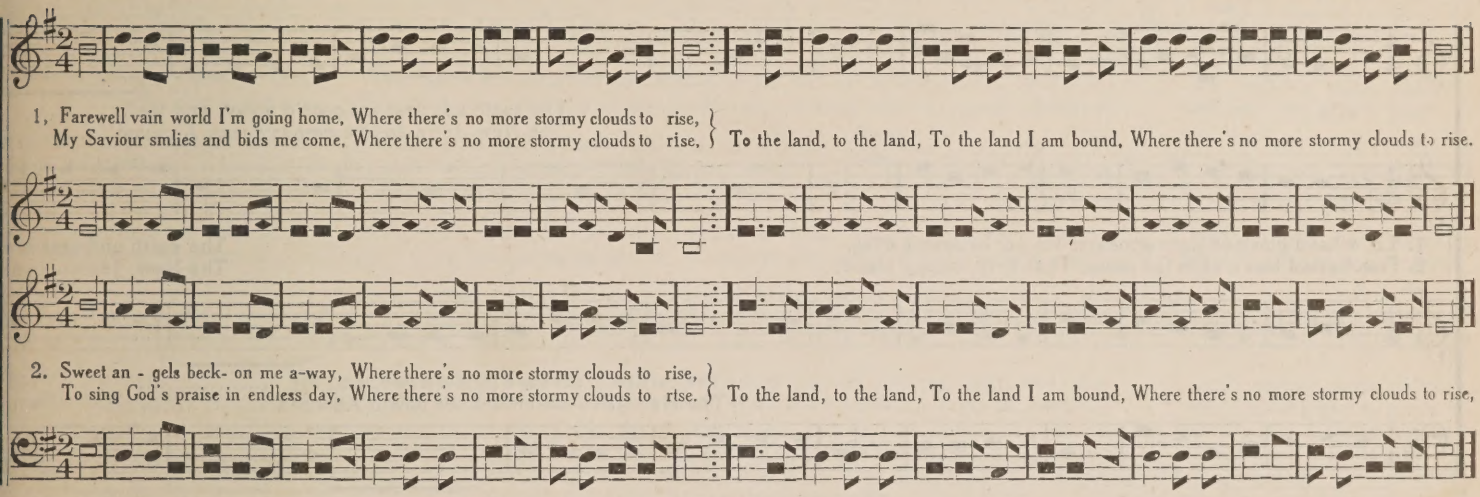

For History of this Song, see page 274 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

TRAVELING PILGRIM. L. M.

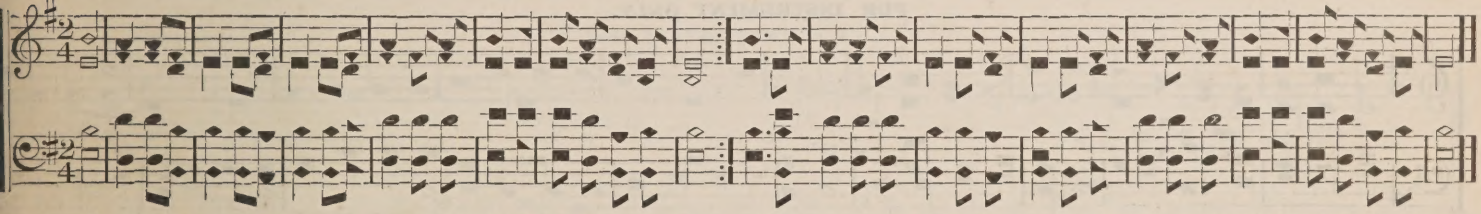
"Man goeth to his long sought home."—Ec. 12: 5.

H. S, R. Key of E Minor.

H. S. Reese, 1850. Alto by S, M. Denson, 1911


1, Farewell vain world I'm going home, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise,
My Saviour smlies and bids me come, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise,
To the land, to the land, To the land I am bound, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.
2. Sweet an - gels beck- on me a-way, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise,
To sing God's praise in endless day, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rtse.
To the land, to the land, To the land I am bound, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



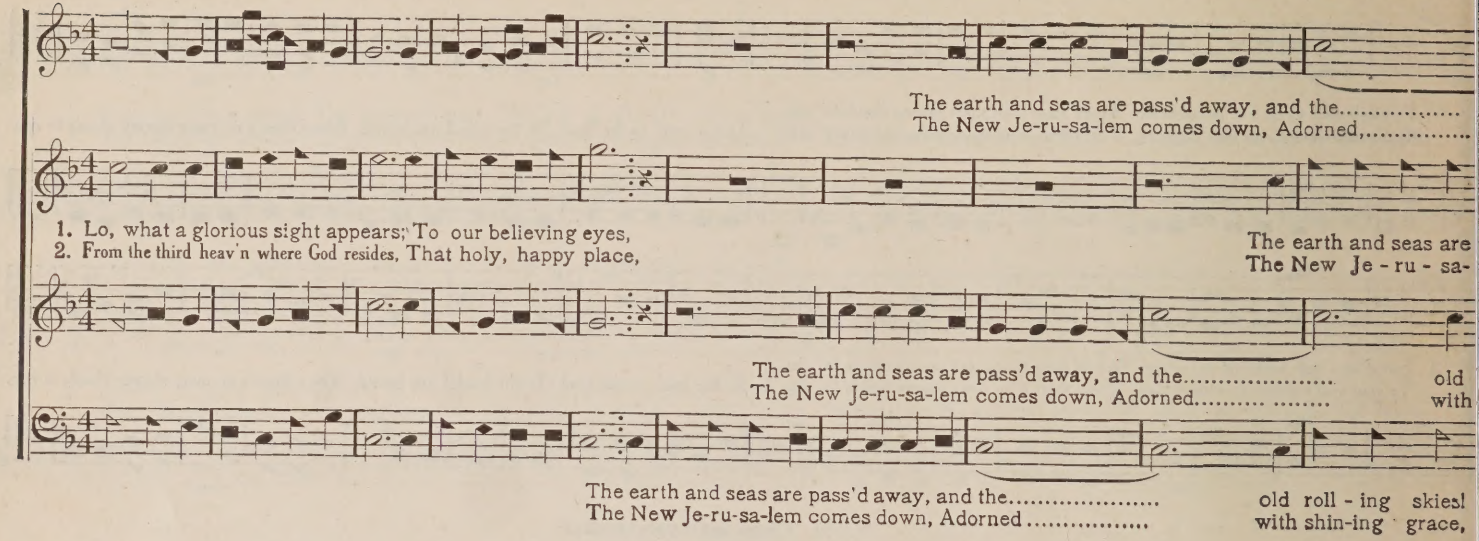
For History of this song see page 278 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1909.

NEW JERUSELEM. C. M.

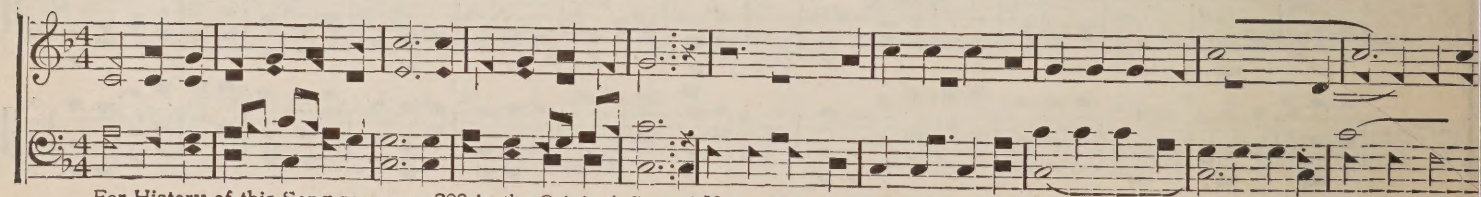
"And I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem."—Rev. 21: 12.

Isaac Watts, 1701. Key of F Major.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1804.

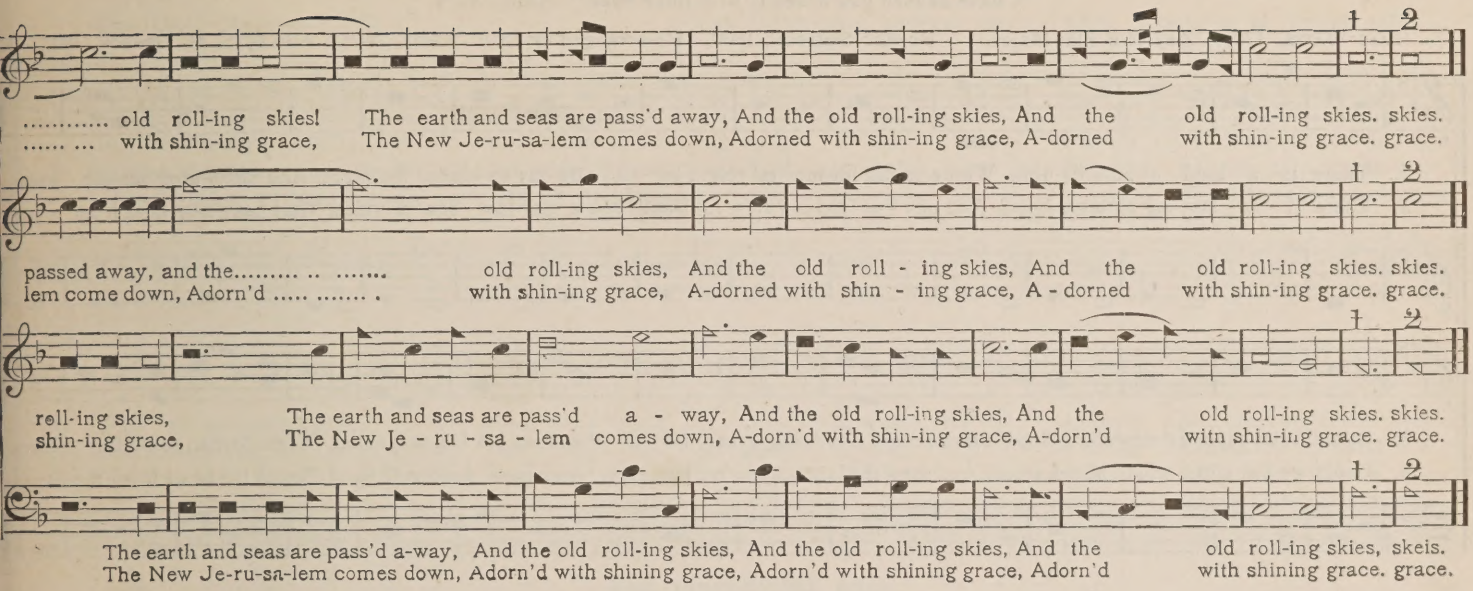

The earth and seas are pass'd away, and the.....
The New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorned,.....
1. Lo, what a glorious sight appears; To our believing eyes,
2. From the third heav'n where God resides, That holy, happy place,
The earth and seas are
The New Je - ru - sa-
The earth and seas are pass'd away, and the.....
The New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorned.....
old
with
The earth and seas are pass'd away, and the.....
The New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorned.....
old roll - ing skies!
with shin-ing grace,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

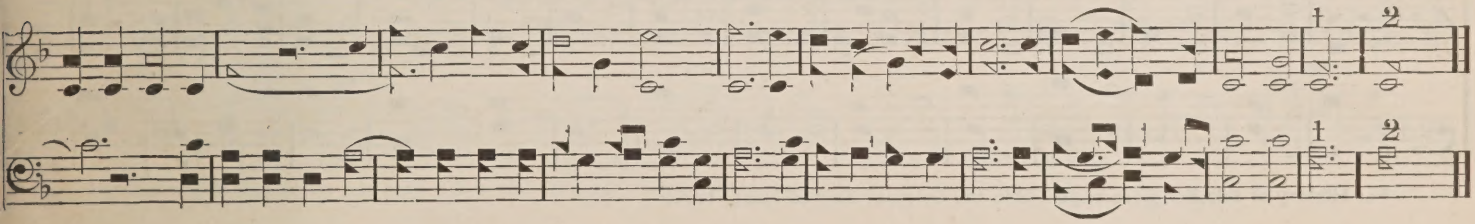


For History of this Song see page 299 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

NEW JERUSALEM. Concluded.


..... old roll-ing skies! The earth and seas are pass'd away, And the old roll-ing skies, And the old roll-ing skies. skies.
.... with shin-ing grace, The New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorned with shin-ing grace, A-dorned with shin-ing grace. grace.
passed away, and the..... .. .. old roll-ing skies, And the old roll - ing skies, And the old roll-ing skies. skies.
lem come down, Adorn'd .... with shin-ing grace, A-dorned with shin - ing grace, A - dorned with shin-ing grace. grace.
roll-ing skies, The earth and seas are pass'd a - way, And the old roll-ing skies, And the old roll-ing skies. skies.
shin-ing grace, The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A-dorn'd with shin-ing grace, A-dorn'd witn shin-ing grace. grace.
The earth and seas are pass'd a-way, And the old roll-ing skies, And the old roll-ing skies, And the old roll-ing skies, skeis.
The New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace, Adorn'd with shining grace, Adorn'd with shining grace. grace.

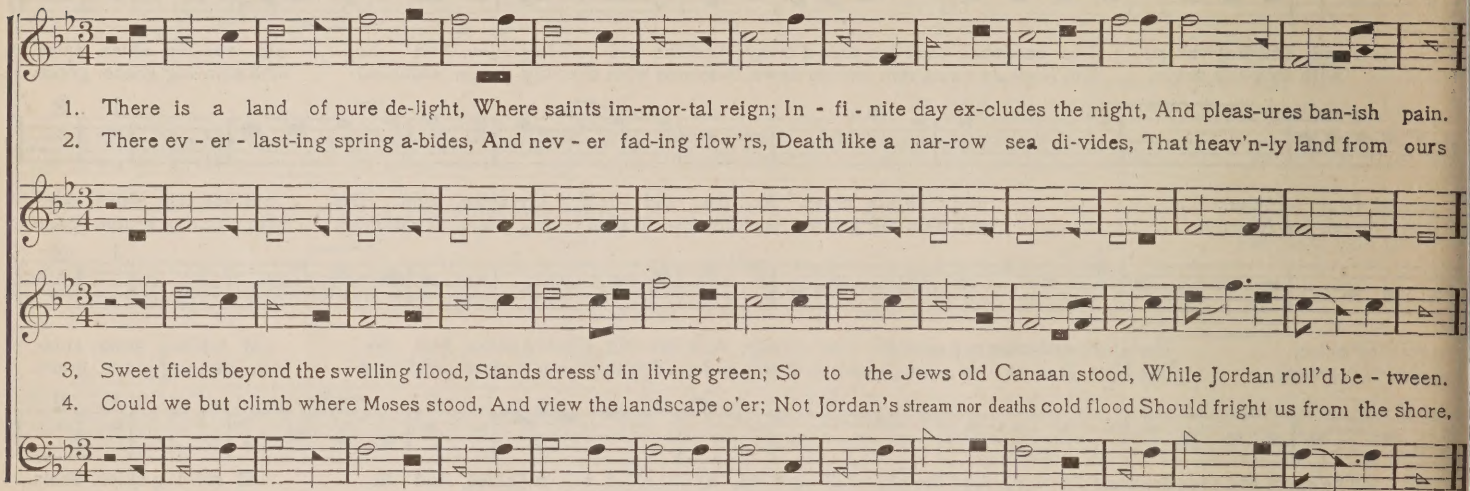
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



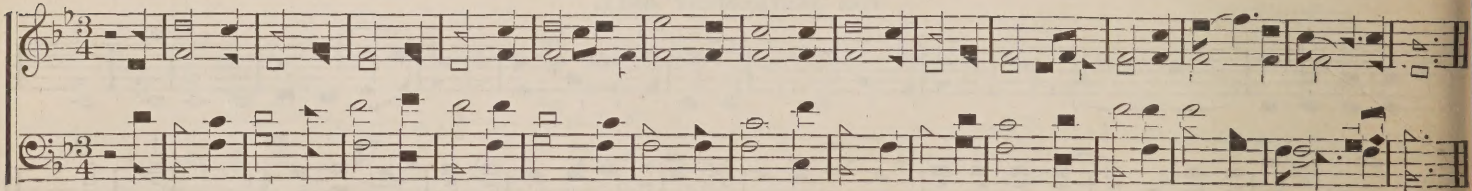
BALERMA. C. M.

"I have caused you to see it with thine eyes."—DUET. 34: 4.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Key of B Flat Major. ROBERT SIMPSON, 1800. Re-arranged by B. F. WHITE, 1858. Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
2. There ev - er - last-ing spring a-bides, And nev - er fad-ing flow'rs, Death like a nar-row sea di-vides, That heav'n-ly land from ours
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stands dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd be - tween.
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er; Not Jordan's stream nor deaths cold flood Should fright us from the shore,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

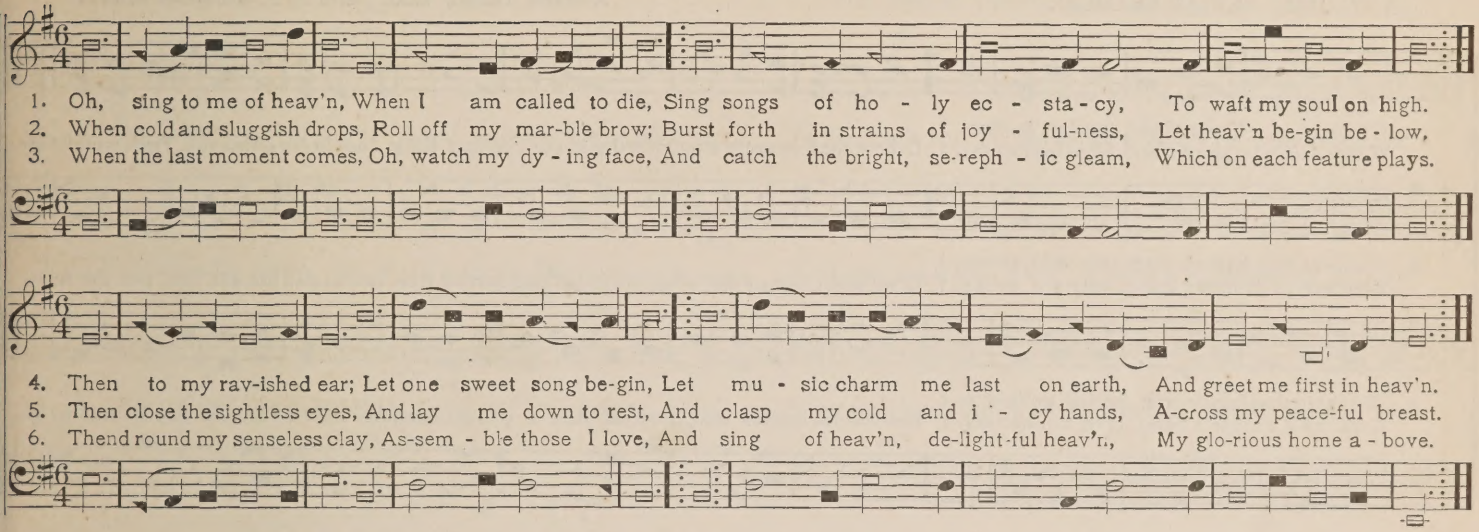


For History of this Song see page 283 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

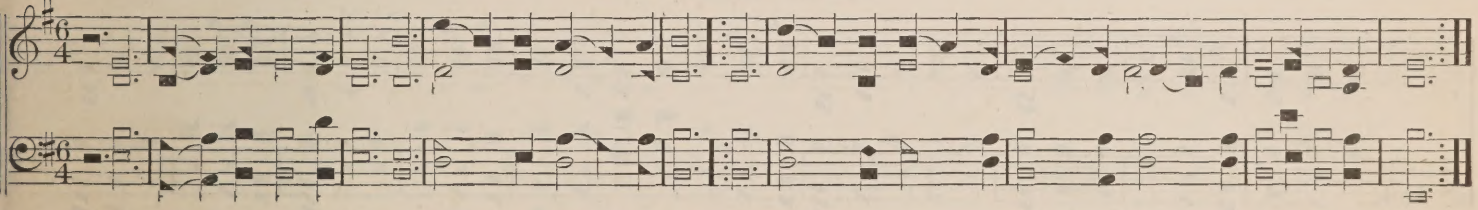
SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

"I will sing with the spirit."—1 Cor. 14: 15:

MRS. DANA (SHINDLER.) 1840. JOHN MASSENGALE, between 1860 and 1869. Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.


1. Oh, sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die, Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.
2. When cold and sluggish drops, Roll off my mar-ble brow; Burst forth in strains of joy - ful-ness, Let heav'n be-gin be - low,
3. When the last moment comes, Oh, watch my dy - ing face, And catch the bright, se-reph - ic gleam, Which on each feature plays.
4. Then to my rav-ished ear; Let one sweet song be-gin, Let mu - sic charm me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.
5. Then close the sightless eyes, And lay me down to rest, And clasp my cold and i - cy hands, A-cross my peace-ful breast.
6. Thend round my senseless clay, As-sem - ble those I love, And sing of heav'n, de-light-ful heav'n, My glo-rious home a - bove.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

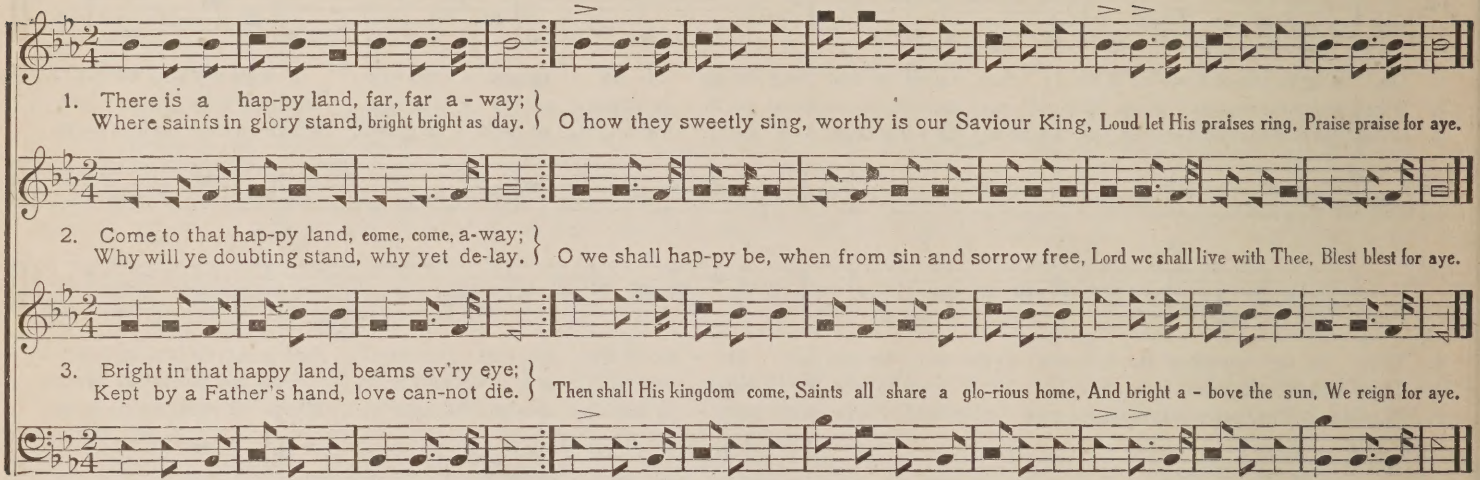


For History of this Song, see page 312 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

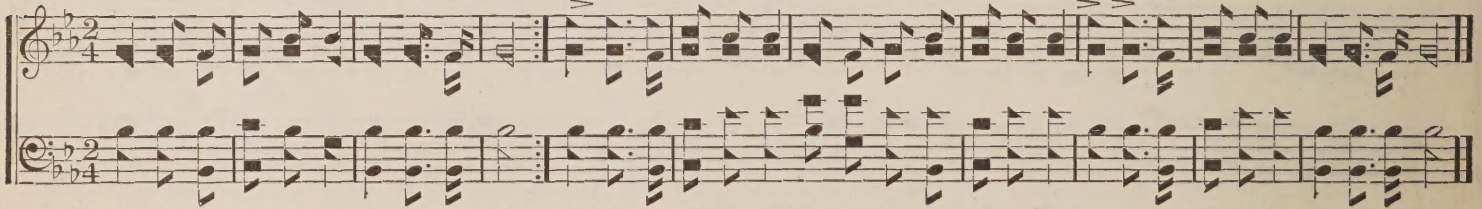
HAPPY LAND. H. M.

"Then shall every man have the praise of God."—1 Cor. 4; 5.

A. Y.. 1830. Key of E Flat Major. Andrew Young, 1830. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.


1. There is a hap-py land, far, far a - way;
Where saints in glory stand, bright bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing, worthy is our Saviour King, Loud let His praises ring, Praise praise for aye.
2. Come to that hap-py land, come, come, a-way;
Why will ye doubting stand, why yet de-lay.
O we shall hap-py be, when from sin and sorrow free, Lord we shall live with Thee, Blest blest for aye.
3. Bright in that happy land, beams ev'ry eye;
Kept by a Father's hand, love can-not die.
Then shall His kingdom come, Saints all share a glo-rious home, And bright a - bove the sun, We reign for aye.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

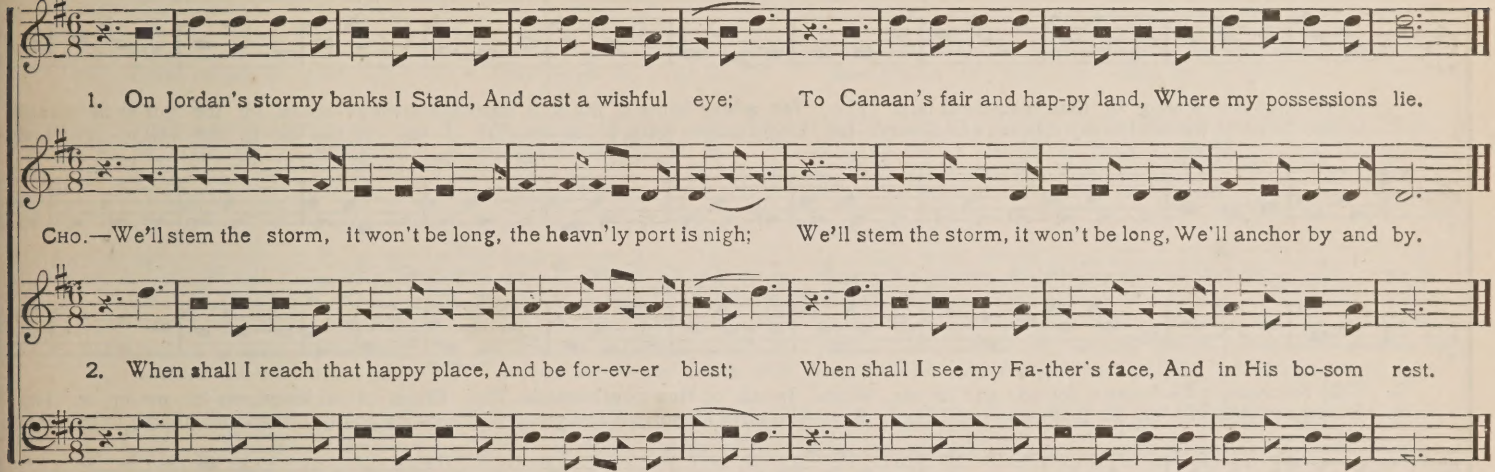


For History of this Song, see page 354 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

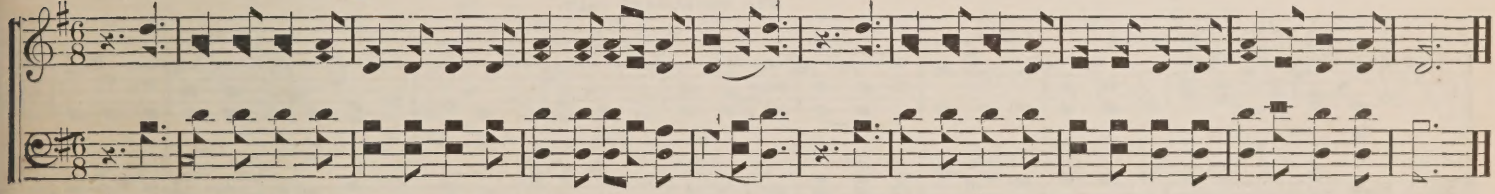
THE HEAVENLY PORT. C. M.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Psa. 33: 17.

Samuel Stinnett, 1787. Key of G Major. Eld. Edmond Dumas, 1859, Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.


1. On Jordan's stormy banks I Stand, And cast a wishful eye; To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my possessions lie.
Cho.—We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, the heavn'ly port is nigh; We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by and by.
2. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for-ev-er blest; When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

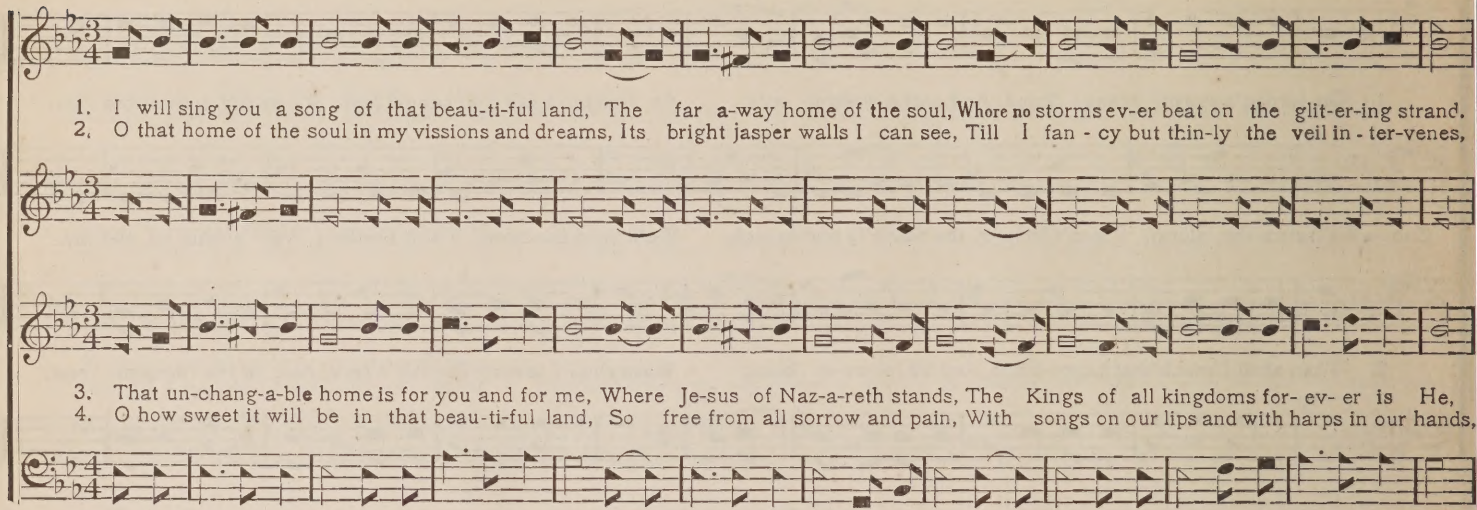


For History of this Song, see page 378 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

HOME OF THE SOUL. 12s, 8s.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14; 2.

MRS. HELEN H. GATES, 1865. Key of E Flat Major. PHILLIP PHILLIPS, 1865.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-er-ing strand.
2. O that home of the soul in my vissions and dreams, Its bright jasper walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the veil in - ter-venes,
3. That un-chang-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth stands, The Kings of all kingdoms for- ev- er is He,
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sorrow and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,

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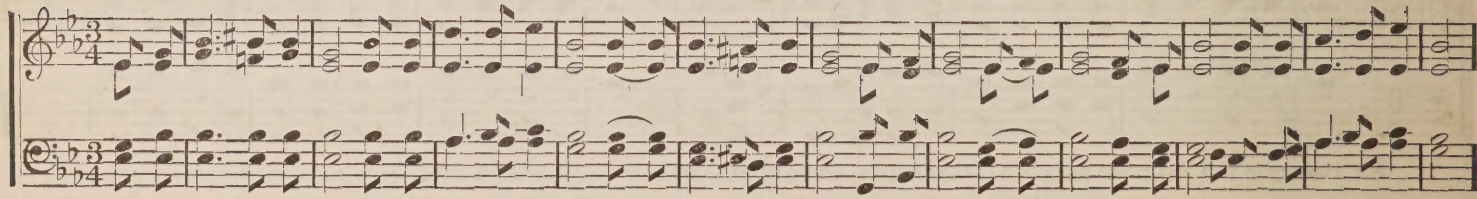

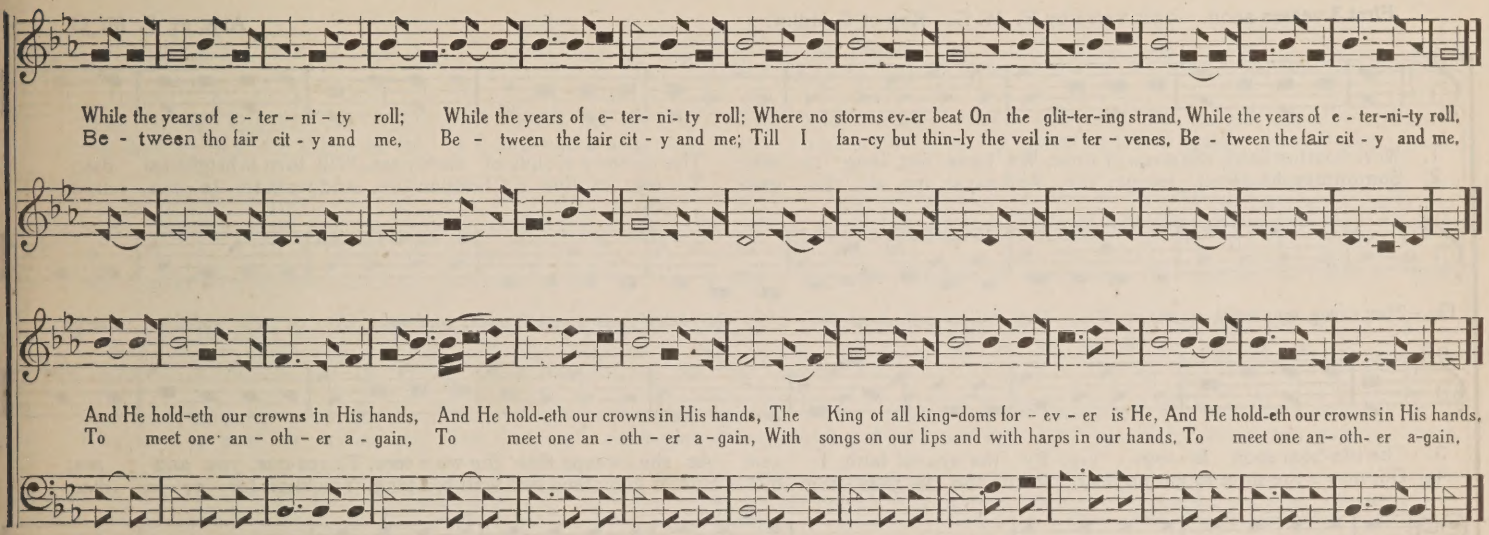
While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; While the years of e- ter- ni- ty roll; Where no storms ev-er beat On the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter-ni-ty roll,
Be - tween tho fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in - ter - venes, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me,
And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands, The King of all king-doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands,
To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an- oth- er a-gain,

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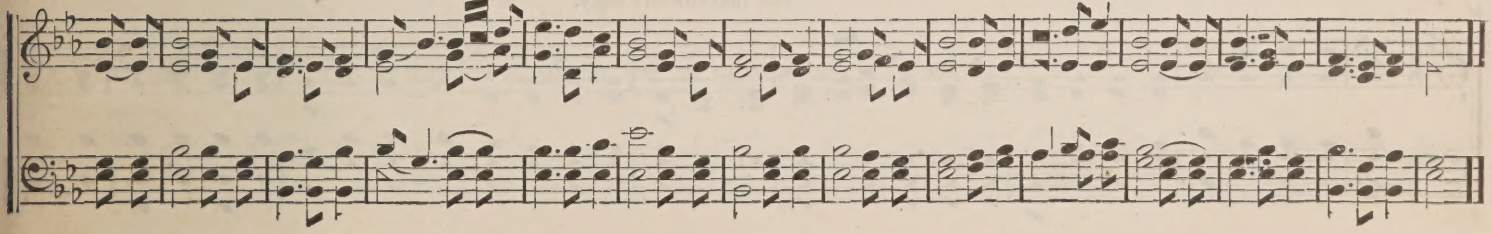
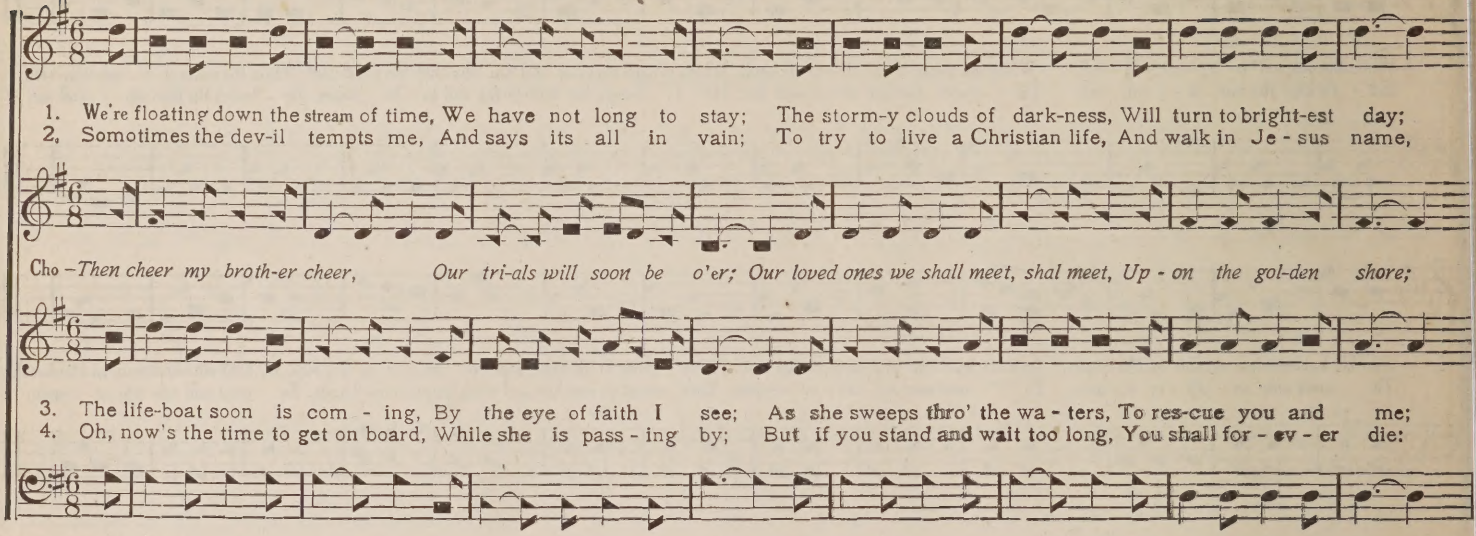


THE LIFE BOAT.

"Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him."—Rev, 1: 17.

First 3 verses anon. Last verse by F. M. C. Key of G Major. ARR. BY F. M. G.


1. We're floating down the stream of time, We have not long to stay; The storm-y clouds of dark-ness, Will turn to bright-est day;
2. Sometimes the dev-il tempts me, And says its all in vain; To try to live a Christian life, And walk in Je - sus name,
Cho.—Then cheer my broth-er cheer, Our tri-als will soon be o'er; Our loved ones we shall meet, shal meet, Up - on the gol-den shore;
3. The life-boat soon is com - ing, By the eye of faith I see; As she sweeps thro' the wa - ters, To res-cue you and me;
4. Oh, now's the time to get on board, While she is pass - ing by; But if you stand and wait too long, You shall for - ev - er die:

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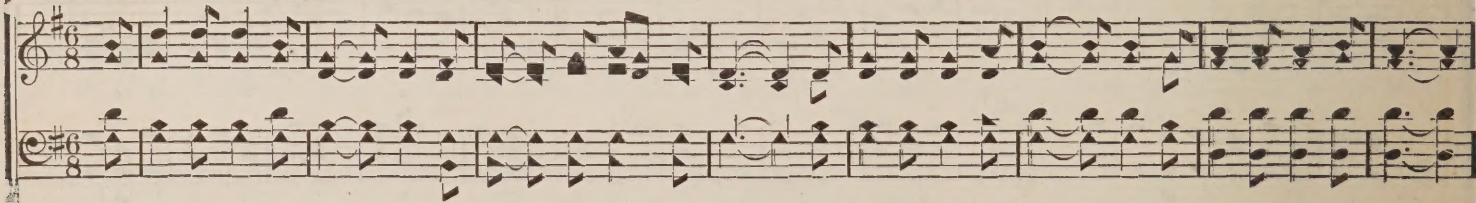
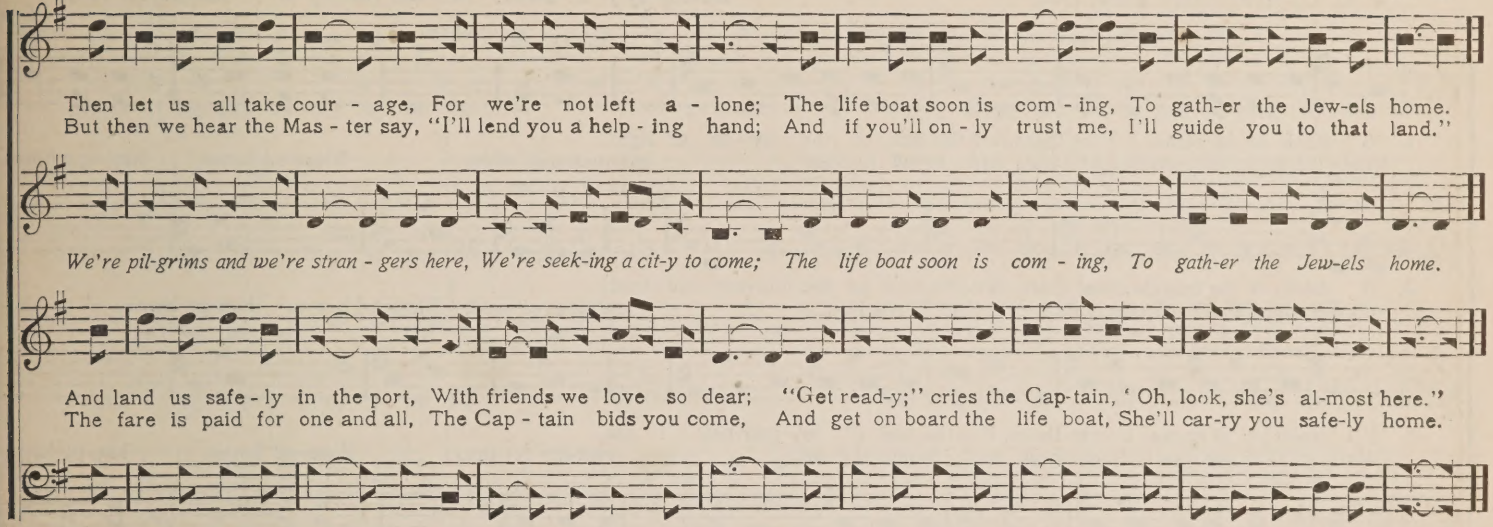
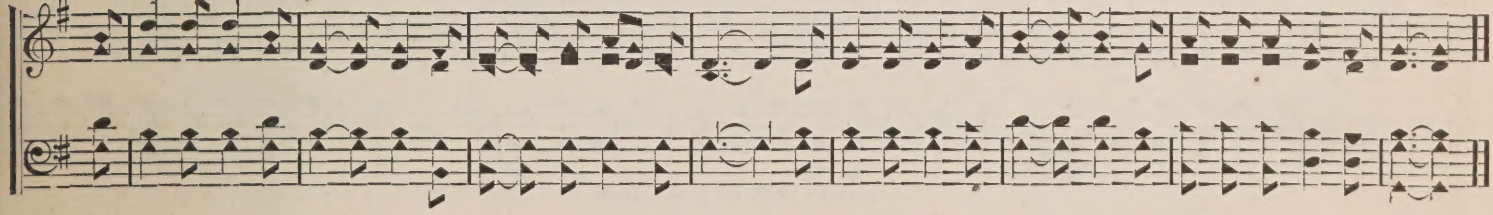


D. C.

Then let us all take cour - age, For we're not left a - lone; The life boat soon is com - ing, To gath-er the Jew-els home.
But then we hear the Mas - ter say, "I'll lend you a help - ing hand; And if you'll on - ly trust me, I'll guide you to that land."
We're pil-grims and we're stran - gers here, We're seek-ing a cit-y to come; The life boat soon is com - ing, To gath-er the Jew-els home.
And land us safe - ly in the port, With friends we love so dear; "Get read-y;" cries the Cap-tain, 'Oh, look, she's al-most here."
The fare is paid for one and all, The Cap - tain bids you come, And get on board the life boat, She'll car-ry you safe-ly home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

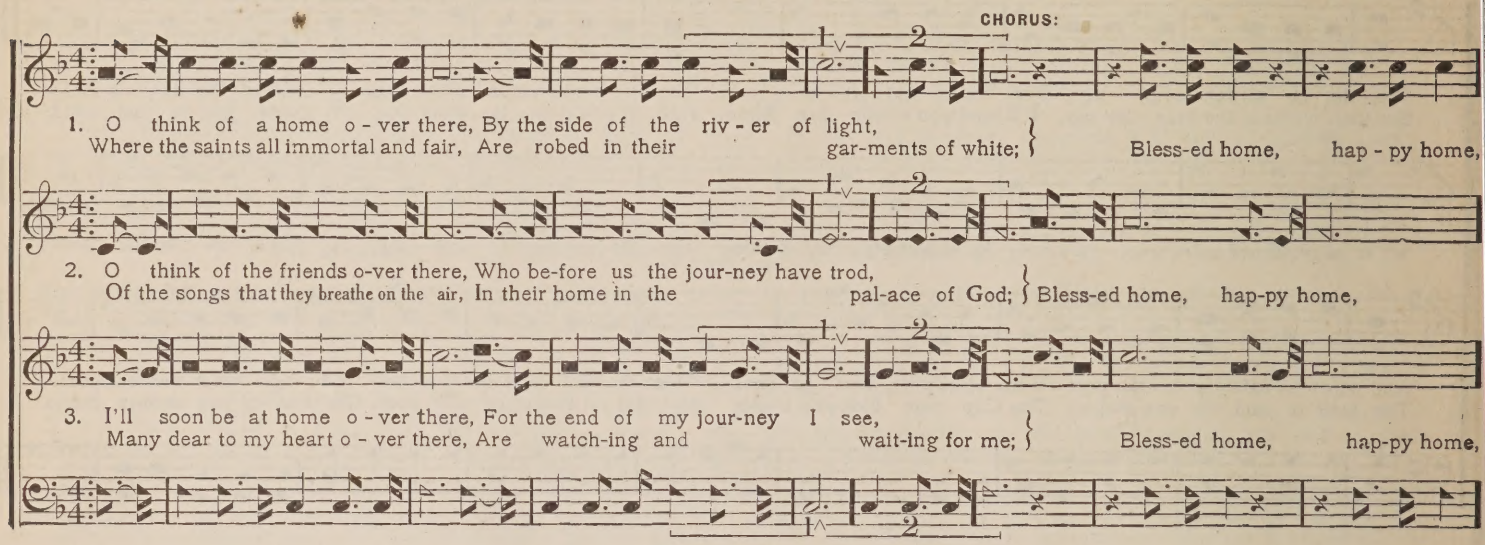
D. C.



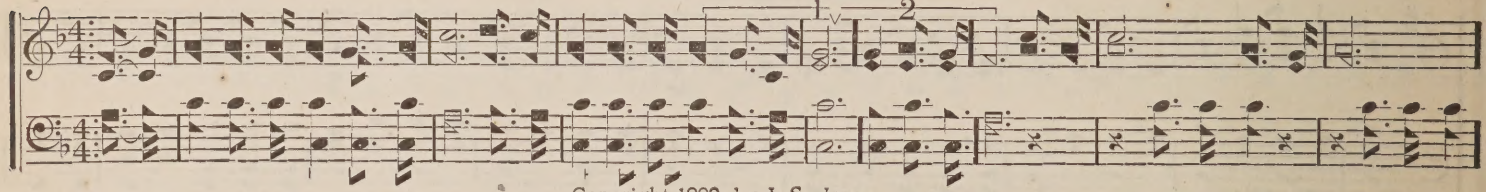
BLESSED HOME.

"And shewed me the great city, the holy Jerusalem."—Rev. 21: 10.

W. C. D. Huntingdon, about 1870- Melody by J. E. Bigby. Arr. and Har. by A. J. Showalter, 1905.


CHORUS:
1. O think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in their gar-ments of white;
Bless-ed home, hap - py home,
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God;
Bless-ed home, hap-py home,
3. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see,
Many dear to my heart o - ver there, Are watch-ing and wait-ing for me;
Bless-ed home, hap-py home,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



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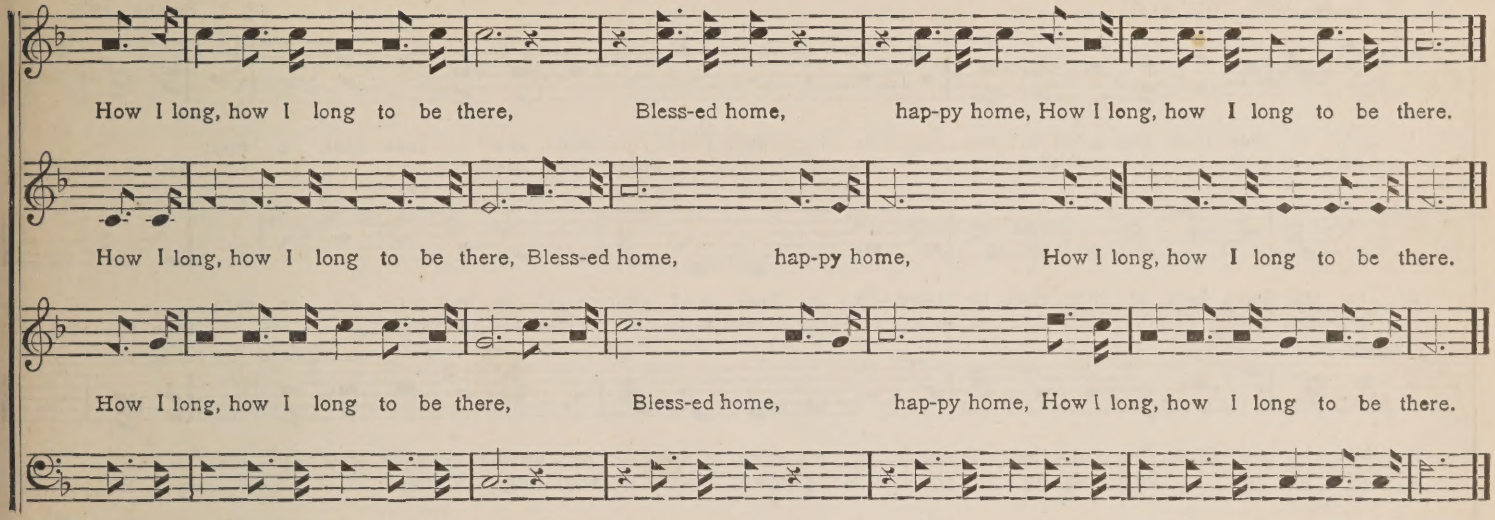
BLESSED HOME. Concluded.


How I long, how I long to be there, Bless-ed home, hap-py home, How I long, how I long to be there.
How I long, how I long to be there, Bless-ed home, hap-py home, How I long, how I long to be there.
How I long, how I long to be there, Bless-ed home, hap-py home, How I long, how I long to be there.

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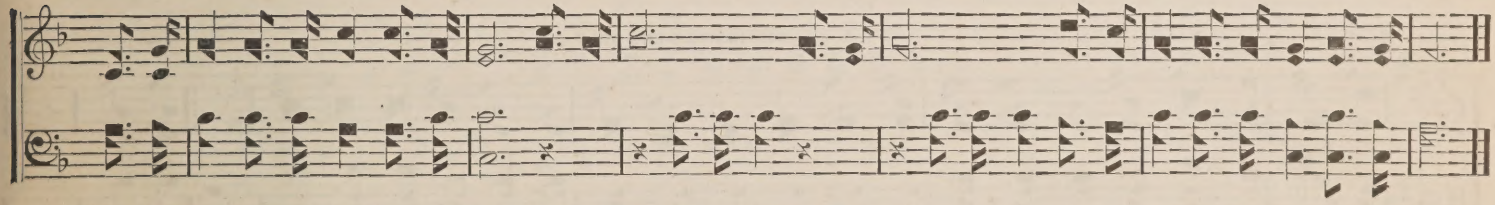


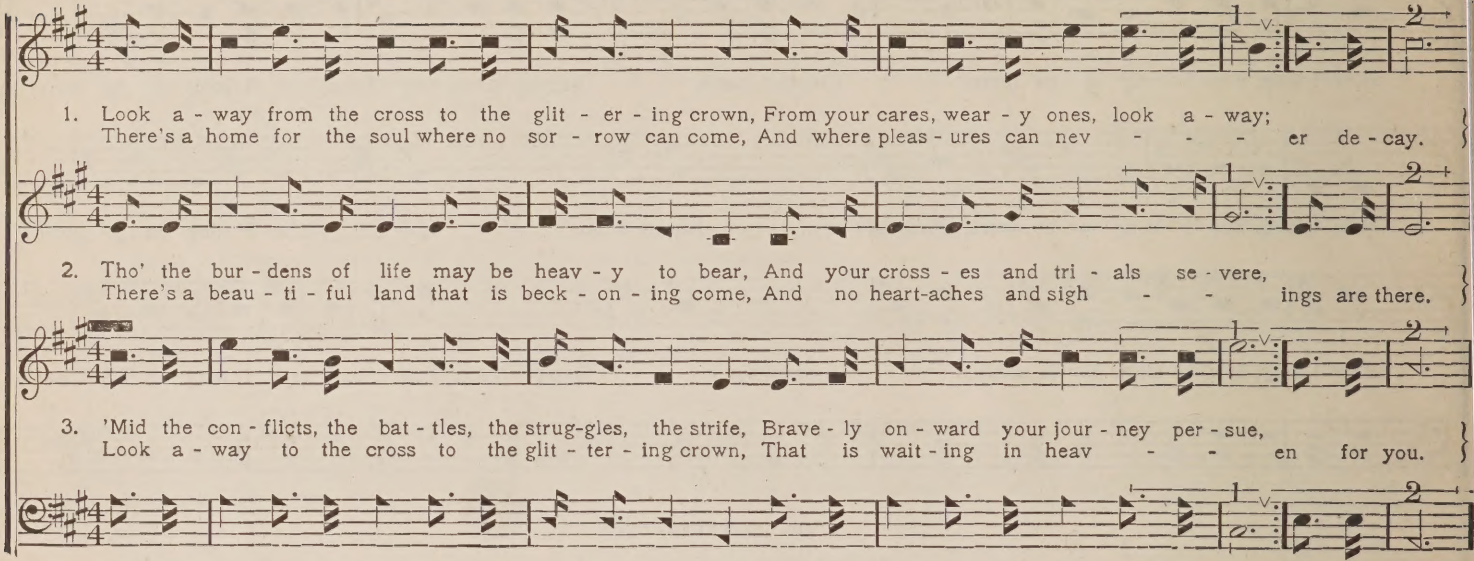
For History of this song see page 180 in the Union Harp, 1909.

FROM THE CROSS TO THE CROWN.

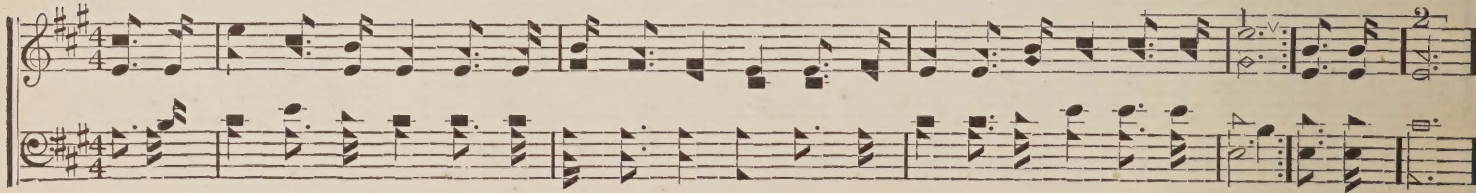
"Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Pet. 5; 1.

F. L. E., 1895. Key of A.

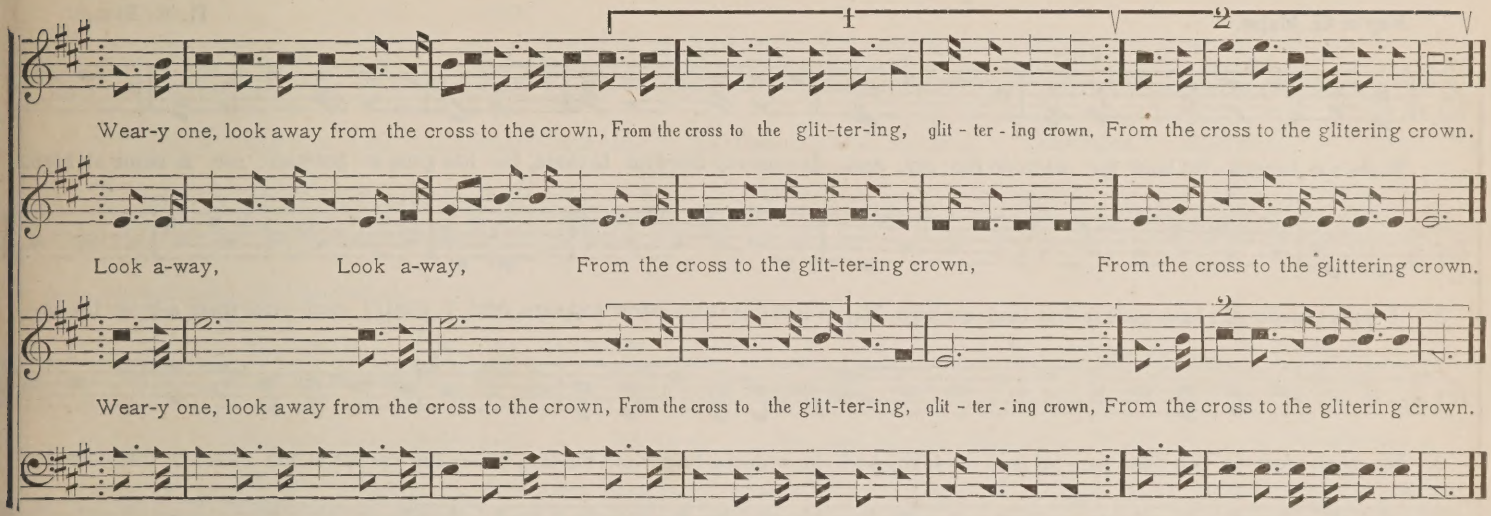
F. L. Eiland, 1895.


1. Look a - way from the cross to the glit - er - ing crown, From your cares, wear - y ones, look a - way;
There's a home for the soul where no sor - row can come, And where pleas - ures can nev - - - er de - cay.
2. Tho' the bur - dens of life may be heav - y to bear, And your cross - es and tri - als se - vere,
There's a beau - ti - ful land that is beck - on - ing come, And no heart-aches and sigh - - ings are there.
3. 'Mid the con - flicts, the bat - tles, the strug-gles, the strife, Brave - ly on - ward your jour - ney per - sue,
Look a - way to the cross to the glit - ter - ing crown, That is wait - ing in heav - - en for you.

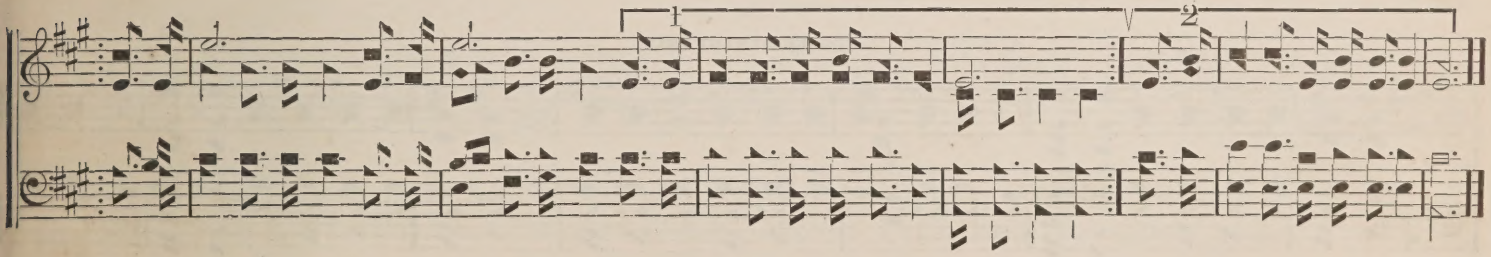
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



CHORUS:


1
2
Wear-y one, look away from the cross to the crown, From the cross to the glit-ter-ing, glit - ter - ing crown, From the cross to the glitering crown.
Look a-way, Look a-way, From the cross to the glit-ter-ing crown, From the cross to the glittering crown.
1
2
Wear-y one, look away from the cross to the crown, From the cross to the glit-ter-ing, glit - ter - ing crown, From the cross to the glitering crown.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

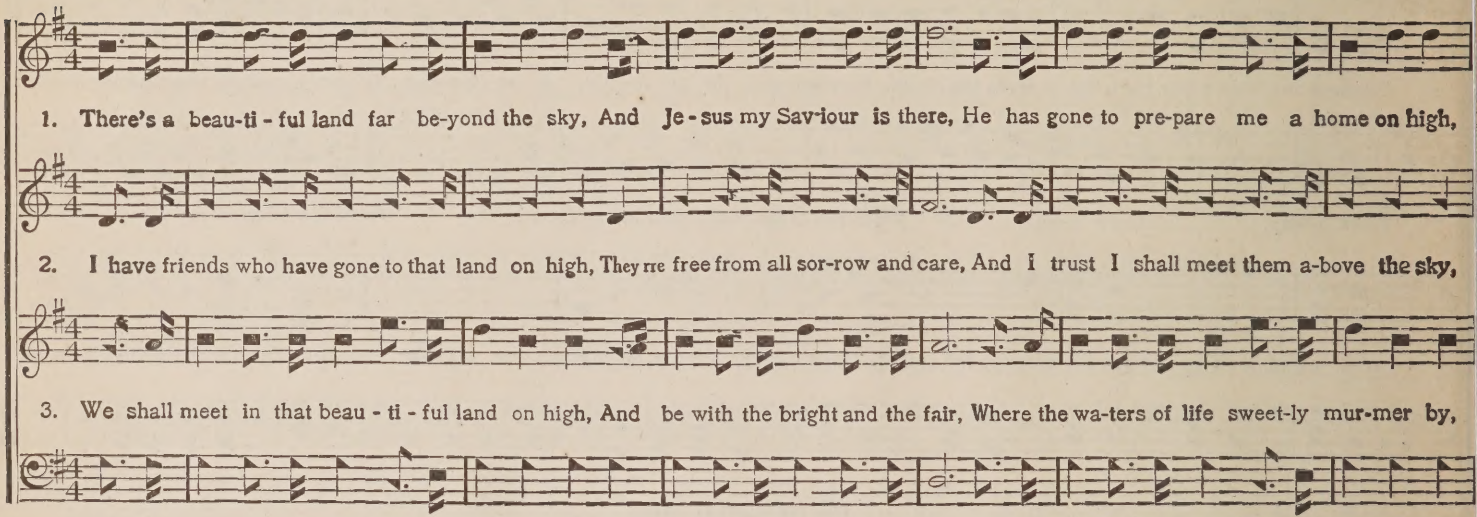


THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

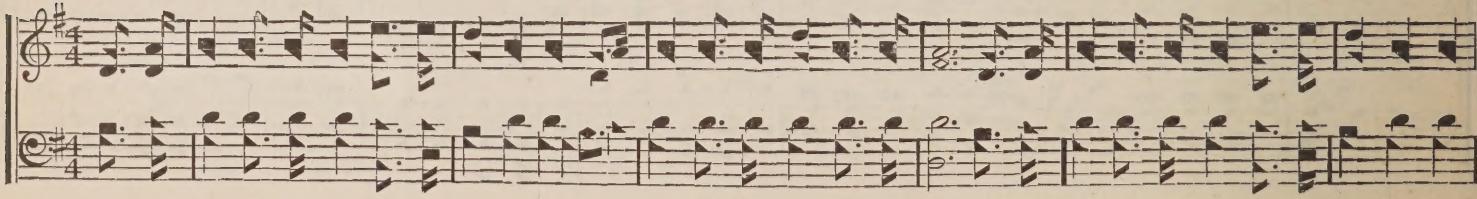
"To an inheritance incorruptable; and undefiled."—1 Pet. 1: 4.

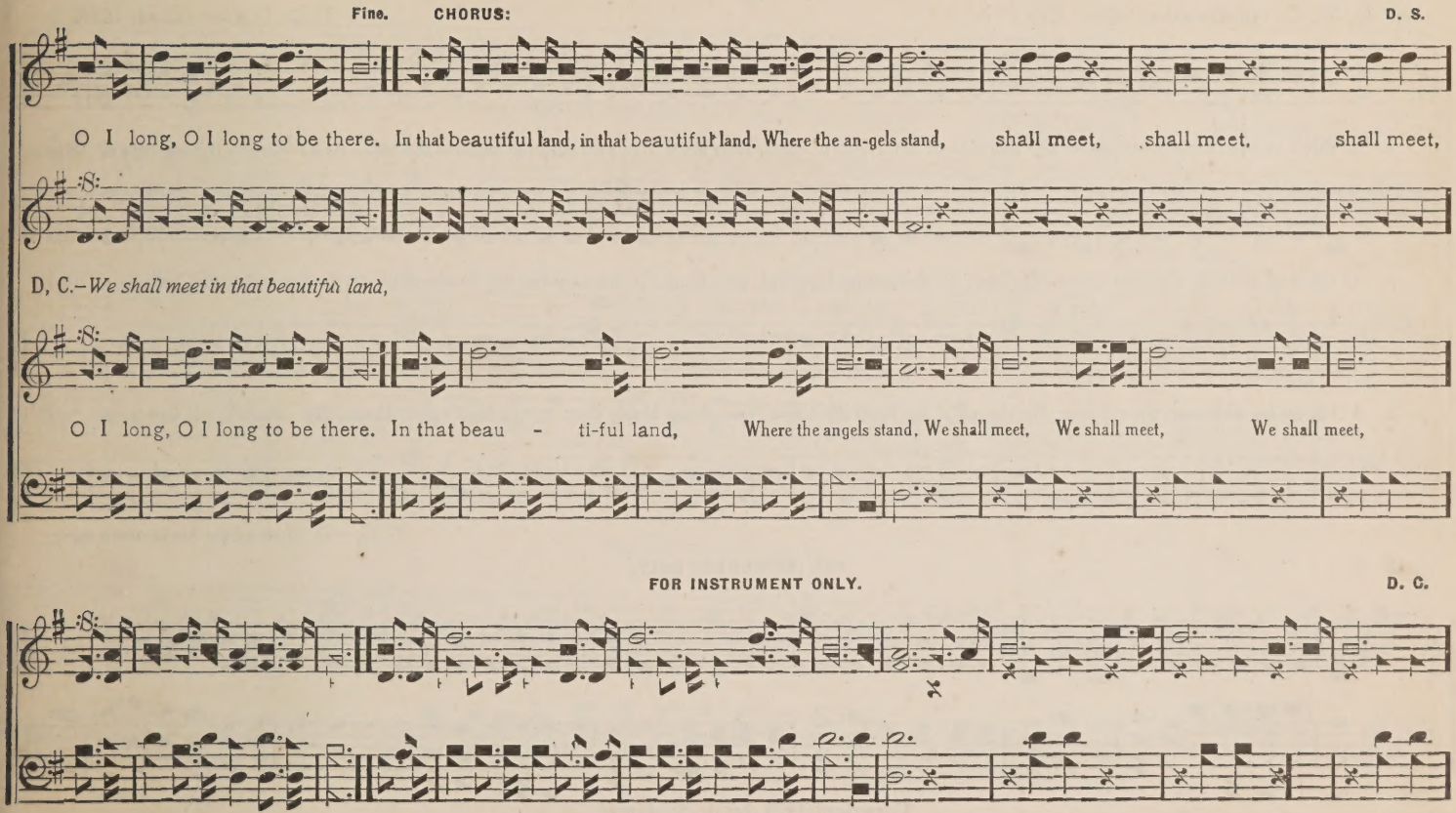
Key of G. Major.

H. E. Engle.


1. There's a beau-ti - ful land far be-yond the sky, And Je - sus my Sav-iour is there, He has gone to pre-pare me a home on high,
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor-row and care, And I trust I shall meet them a-bove the sky,
3. We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair, Where the wa-ters of life sweet-ly mur-mer by,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

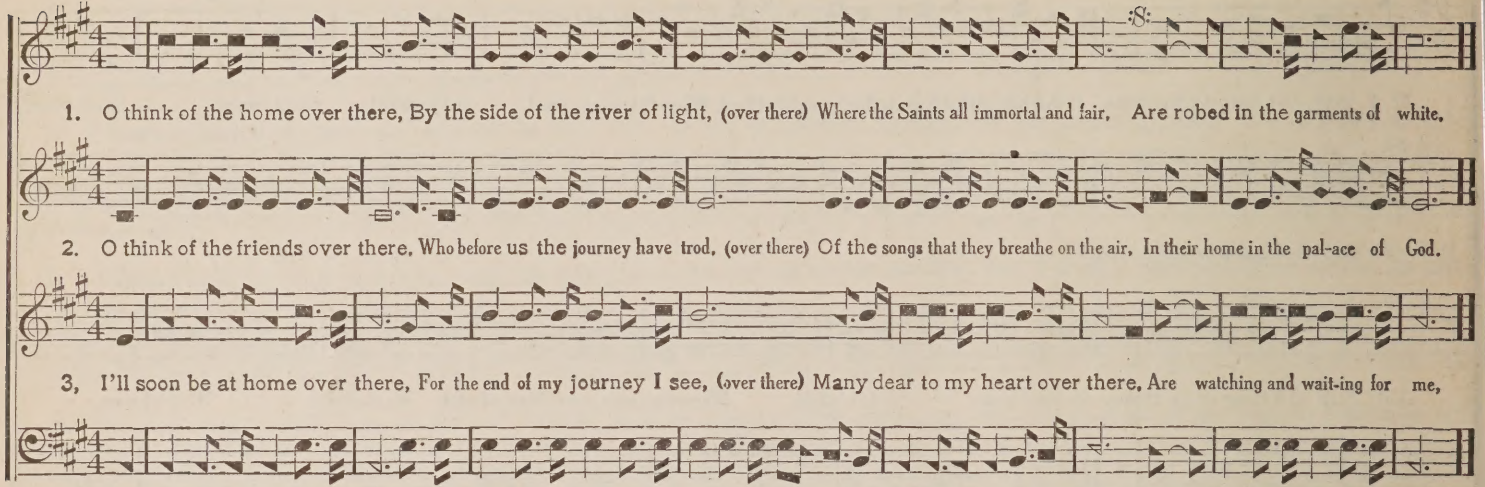



Fine.
CHORUS:
D. S.
O I long, O I long to be there. In that beautiful land, in that beautiful land, Where the an-gels stand, shall meet, shall meet, shall meet,
D, C.—We shall meet in that beautiful land,
O I long, O I long to be there. In that beau - ti-ful land, Where the angels stand, We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet,
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
D. C.

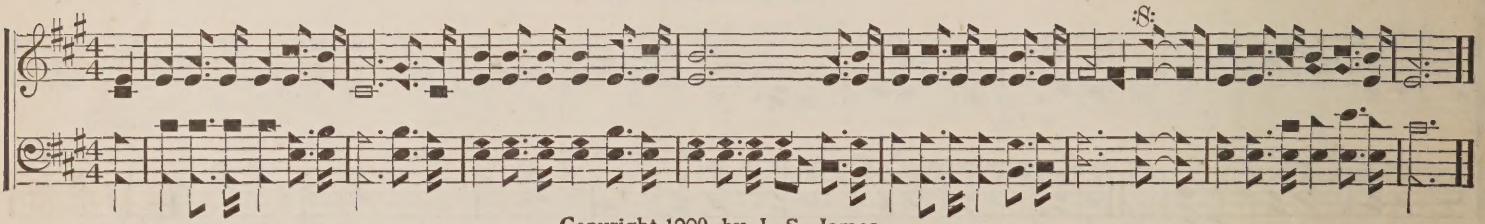
HOME OVER THERE.

"And made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

D. W. C. Huntingdon, 1870. Key of A. T. C O'Kane, about 1871.


1. O think of the home over there, By the side of the river of light, (over there) Where the Saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in the garments of white.
2. O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, (over there) Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.
3, I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see, (over there) Many dear to my heart over there, Are watching and wait-ing for me,
D. S,— O think of the home o-ver there,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



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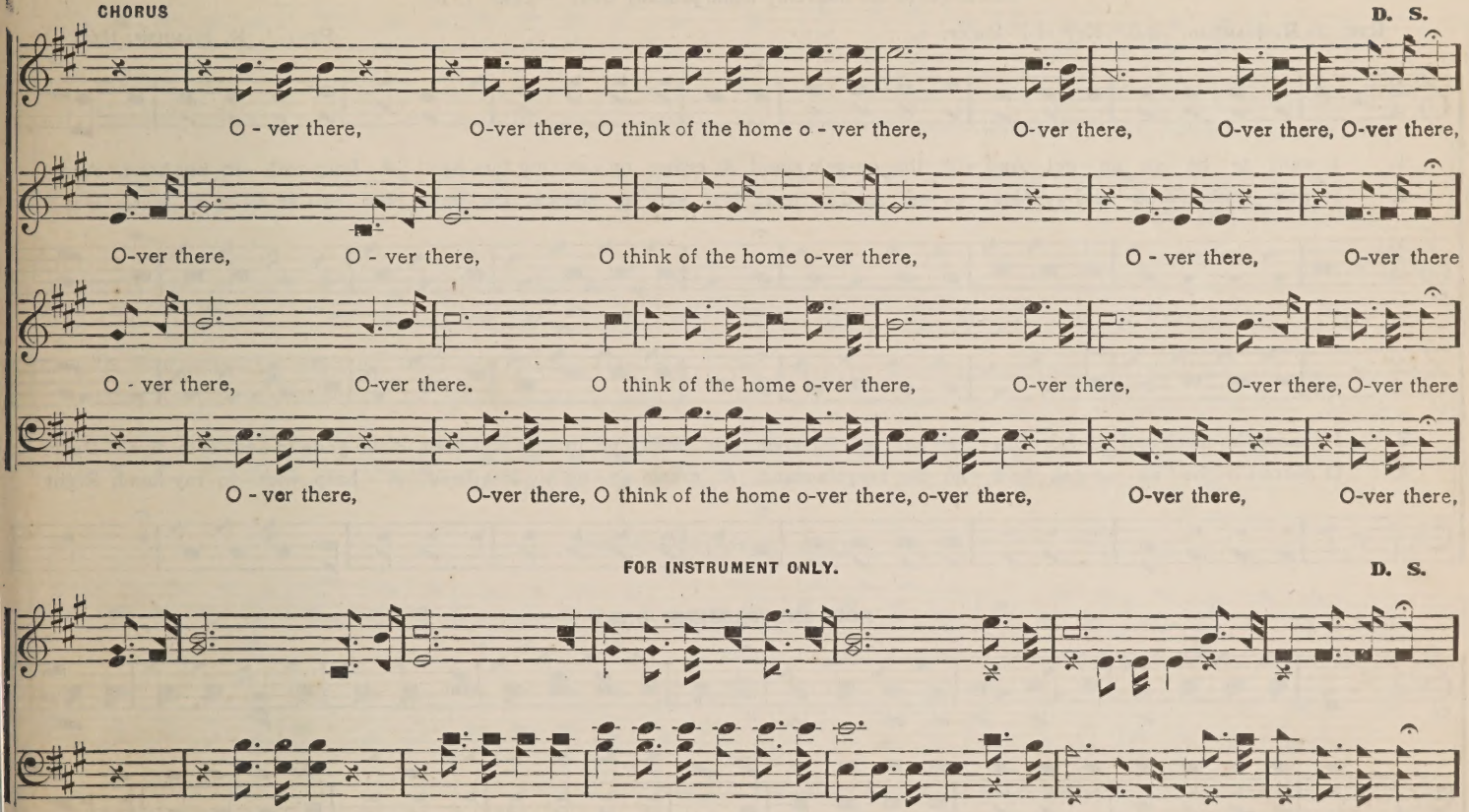
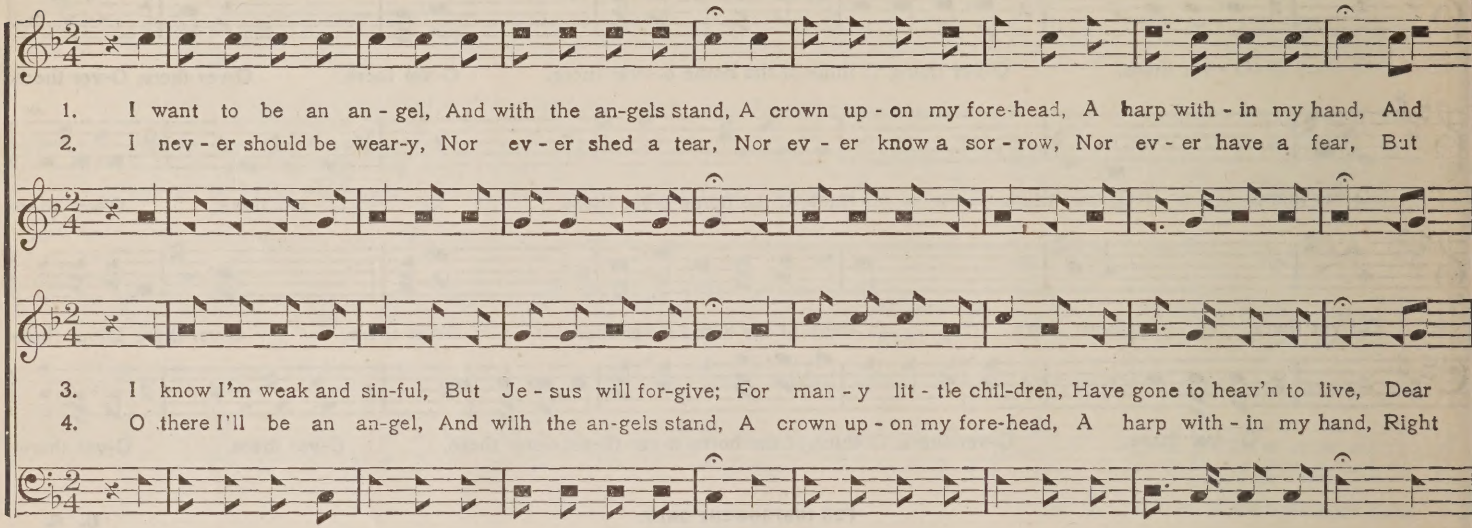

CHORUS
D. S.
O - ver there, O-ver there, O think of the home o - ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there,
O-ver there, O - ver there, O think of the home o-ver there, O - ver there, O-ver there
O - ver there, O-ver there. O think of the home o-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there
O - ver there, O-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there, o-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there,
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
D. S.

For History of this Song, see page 100 in the Union Harp 1909.

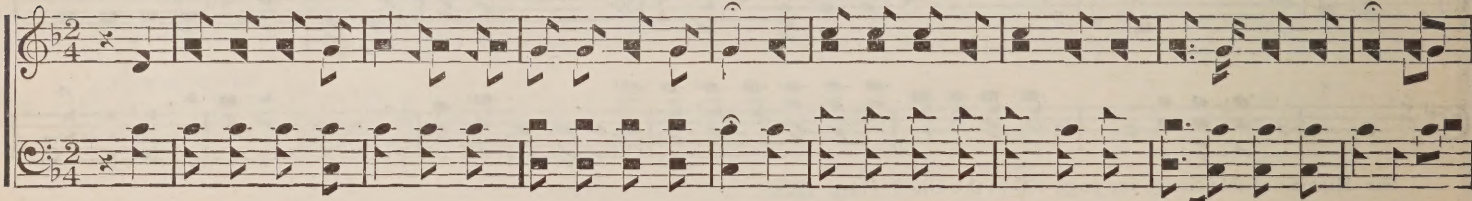
ANGEL, 7s, and 6s.

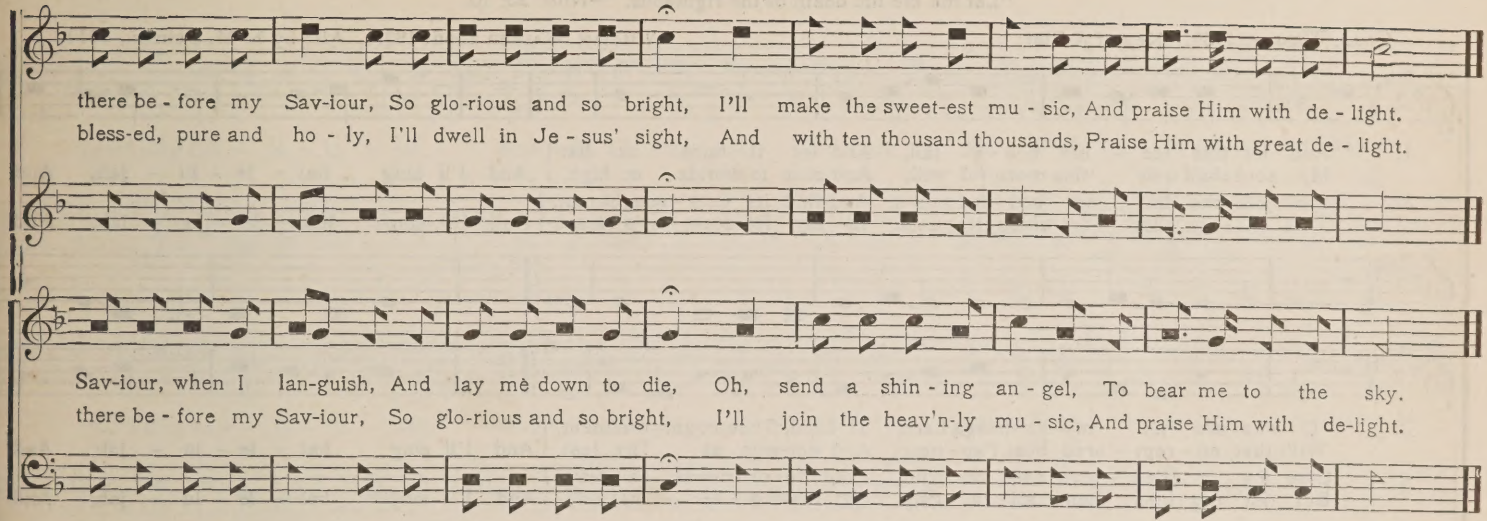
"The angel of the heavenly hosts praising God."—LUKE, 1: 13.

REV. J. R. HAMILIN, 1860. Key of F Major. REV. J, R. HAMILIN, 1860.

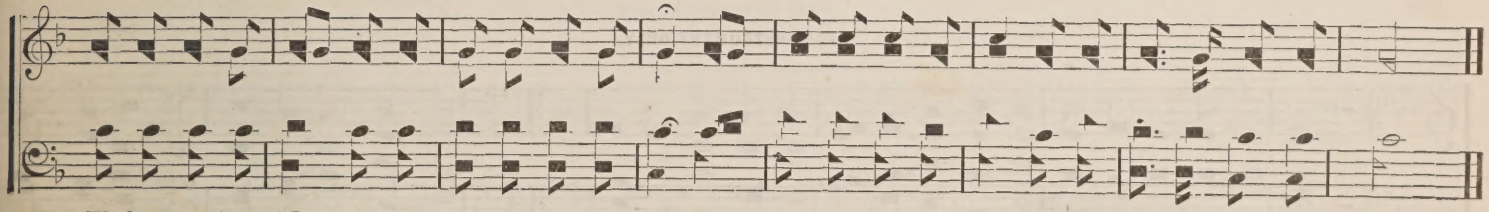

1. I want to be an an - gel, And with the an-gels stand, A crown up - on my fore-head, A harp with - in my hand, And
2. I nev - er should be wear-y, Nor ev - er shed a tear, Nor ev - er know a sor - row, Nor ev - er have a fear, But
3. I know I'm weak and sin-ful, But Je - sus will for-give; For man - y lit - tle chil-dren, Have gone to heav'n to live, Dear
4. O there I'll be an an-gel, And wilh the an-gels stand, A crown up - on my fore-head, A harp with - in my hand, Right

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY




there be - fore my Sav-iour, So glo-rious and so bright, I'll make the sweet-est mu - sic, And praise Him with de - light.
bless-ed, pure and ho - ly, I'll dwell in Je - sus' sight, And with ten thousand thousands, Praise Him with great de - light.
Sav-iour, when I lan-guish, And lay me down to die, Oh, send a shin - ing an - gel, To bear me to the sky.
there be - fore my Sav-iour, So glo-rious and so bright, I'll join the heav'n-ly mu - sic, And praise Him with de-light.

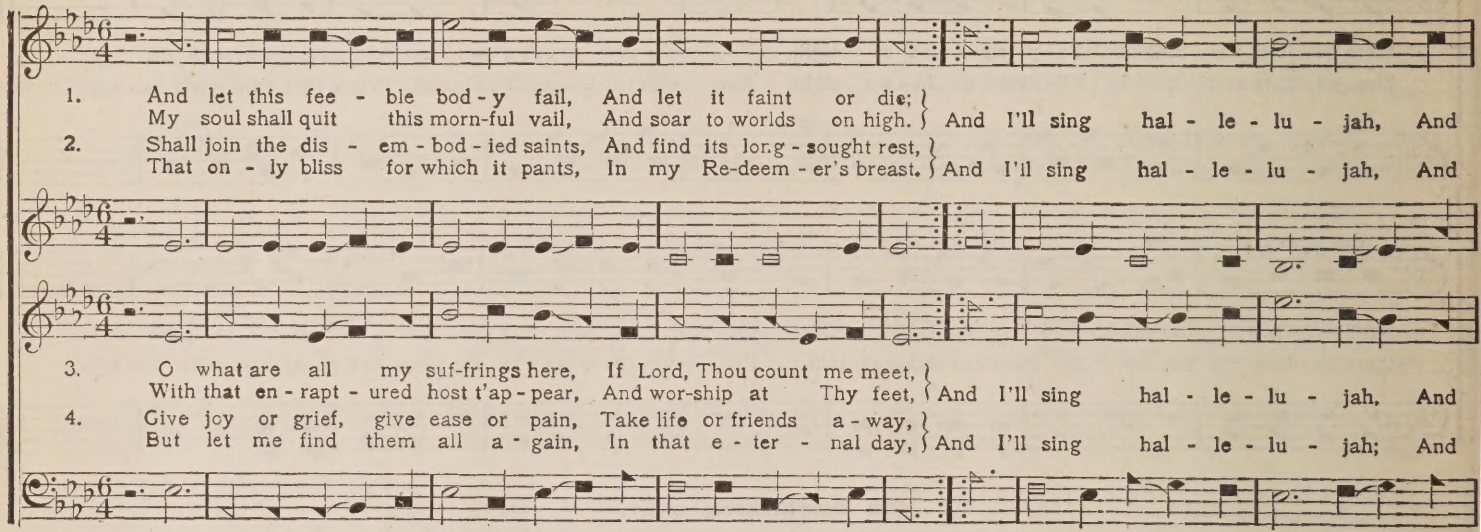
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



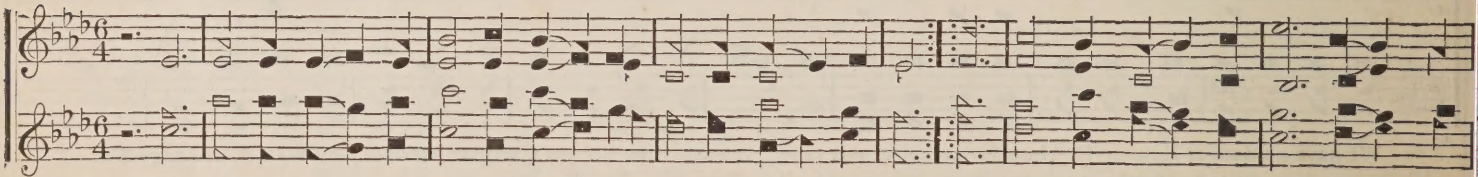
We have no data of Rev, J. R. Hamilin, author of this tune. It was written for the Christian Harmony by Walker, see page 338.
Set to 4 notes by S. M. Denson and J. S. James, and few changes made in the notes.

HALLELUJAH. C. M.

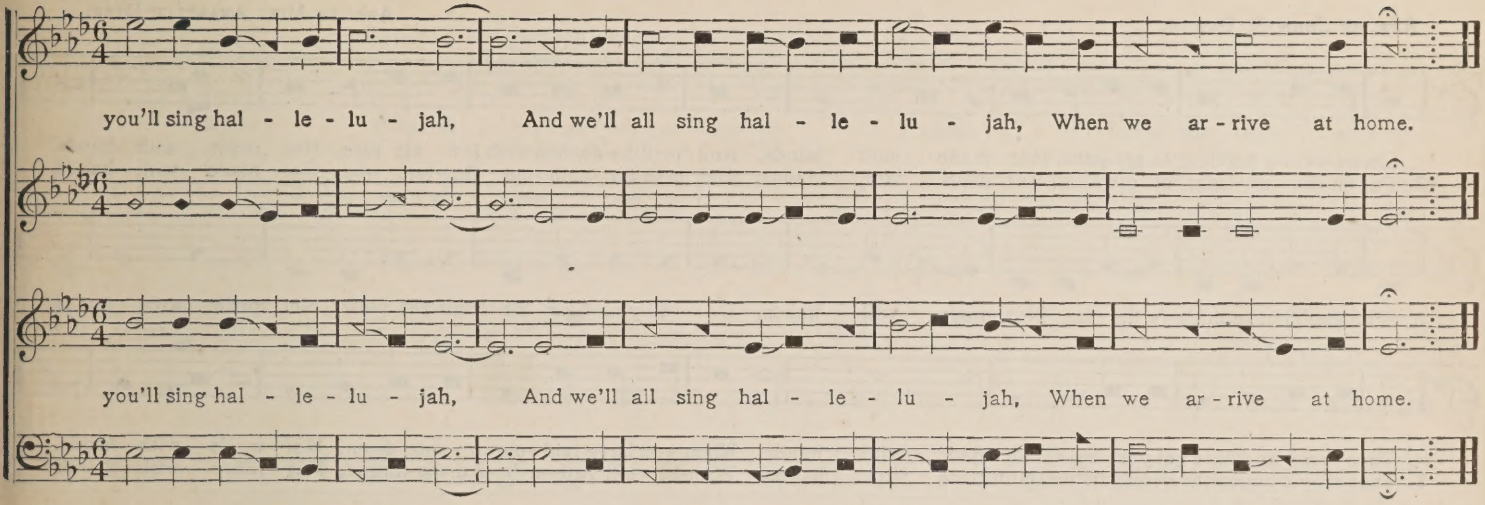
"Let me die the death of the righteous."—Num. 23: 10.

Chas. Wesley, 1759. Key of A Flat. William Walker about 1837. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

1. And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit this morn-ful vail, And soar to worlds on high. And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And
2. Shall join the dis - em - bod - ied saints, And find its long - sought rest,
That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re-deem - er's breast. And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And
3. O what are all my suf-frings here, If Lord, Thou count me meet,
With that en - rapt - ured host t'ap - pear, And wor-ship at Thy feet, And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And
4. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a - way,
But let me find them all a - gain, In that e - ter - nal day, And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah; And

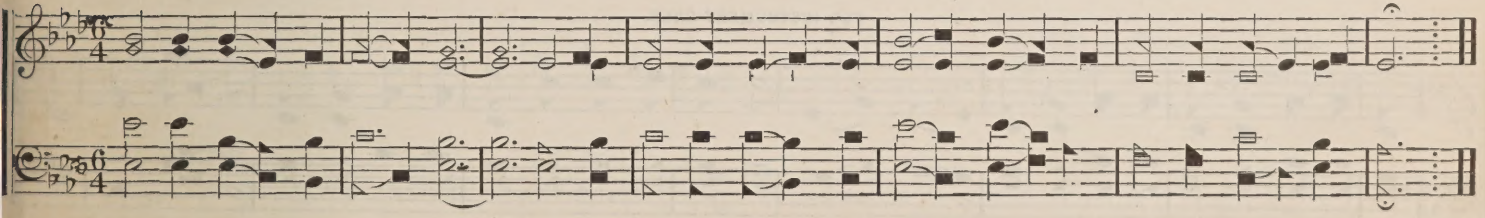
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



For History of this Song see page 146 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.


you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, When we ar - rive at home.
you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah, When we ar - rive at home.

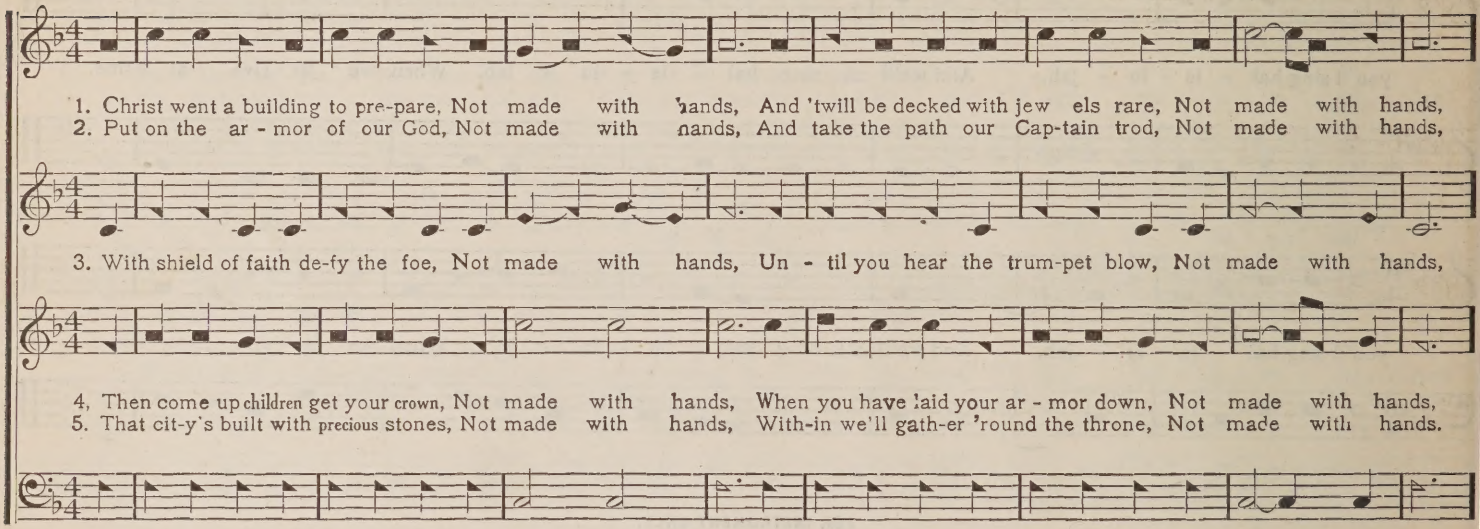
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



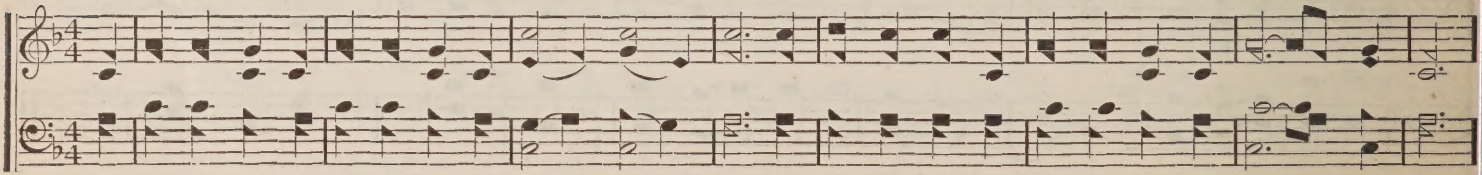
NOT MADE WITH HANDS. L. M.

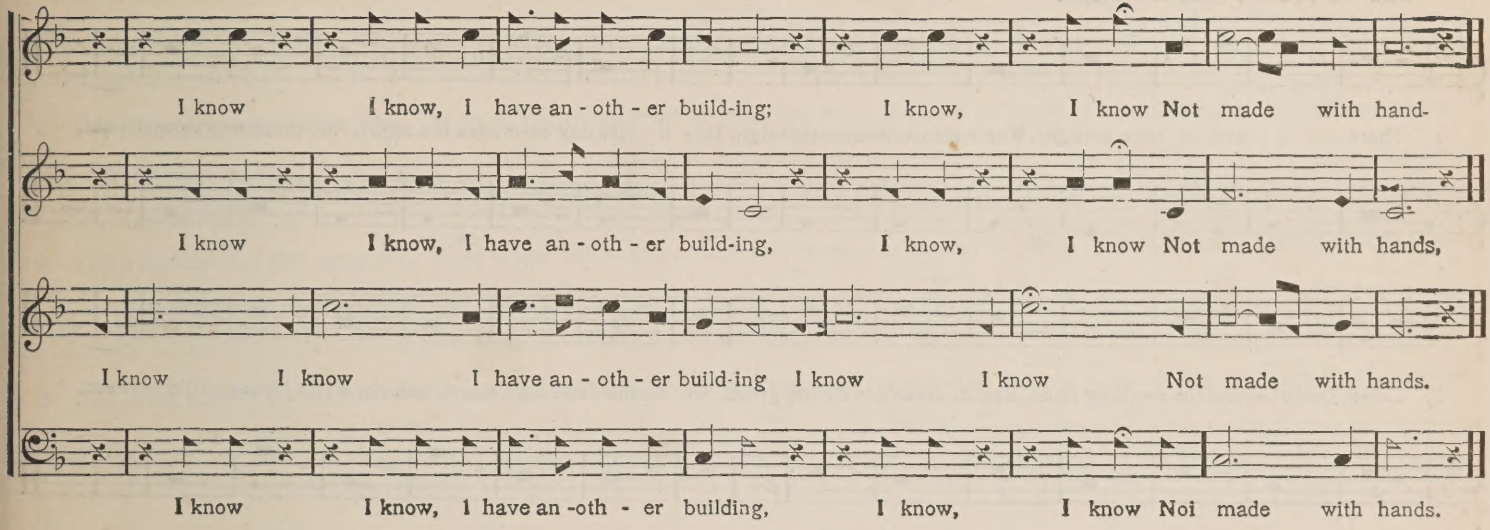
"He looked for a city which hath the foundation, whose builder and maker is God. '—Heb. 11; 10.

Arr. by John S. Brown. Arr by Miss Avanelle Dyer.


1. Christ went a building to pre-pare, Not made with hands, And 'twill be decked with jew els rare, Not made with hands,
2. Put on the ar - mor of our God, Not made with hands, And take the path our Cap-tain trod, Not made with hands,
3. With shield of faith de-fy the foe, Not made with hands, Un - til you hear the trum-pet blow, Not made with hands,
4, Then come up children get your crown, Not made with hands, When you have laid your ar - mor down, Not made with hands,
5. That cit-y's built with precious stones, Not made with hands, With-in we'll gath-er 'round the throne, Not made with hands.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.




I know I know, I have an - oth - er build-ing; I know, I know Not made with hand-
I know I know, I have an - oth - er build-ing, I know, I know Not made with hands,
I know I know I have an - oth - er build-ing I know I know Not made with hands.
I know I know, I have an -oth - er building, I know, I know Noi made with hands.

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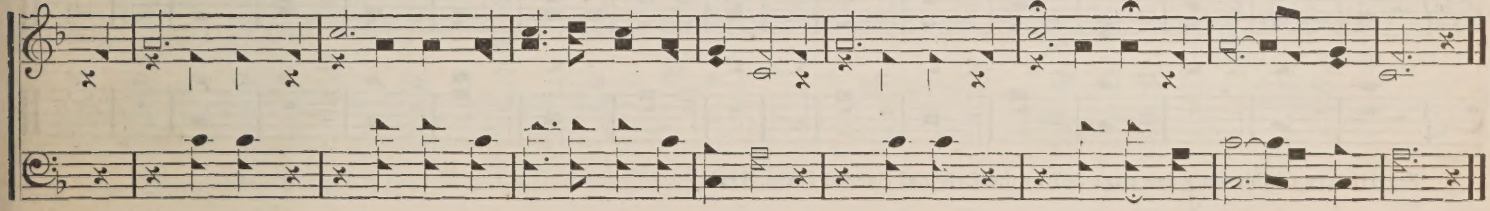
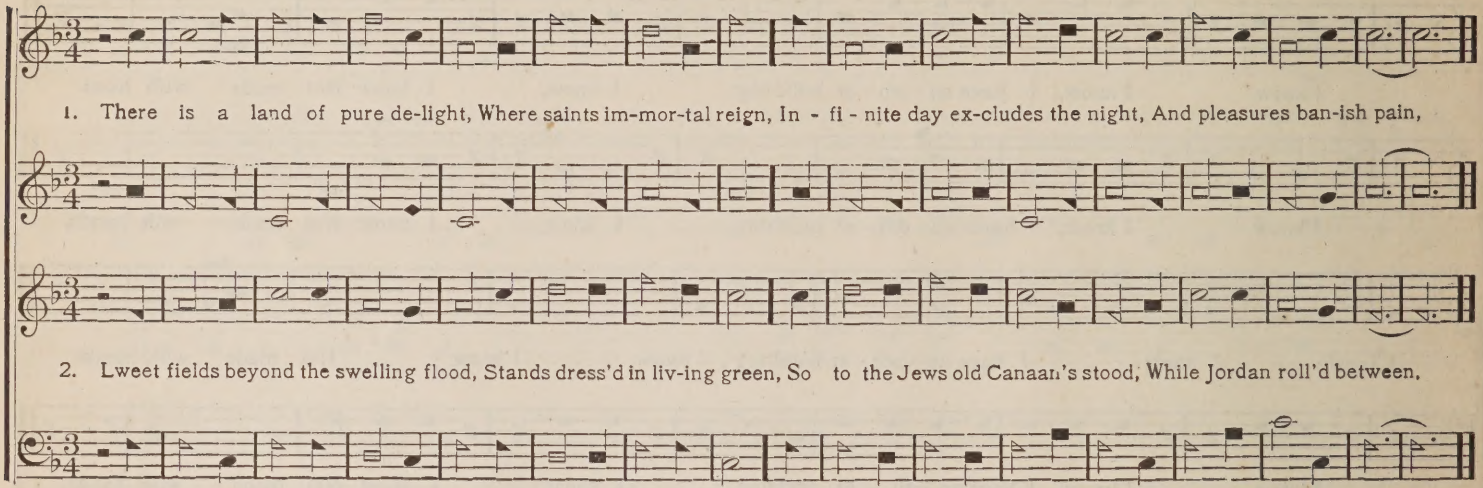


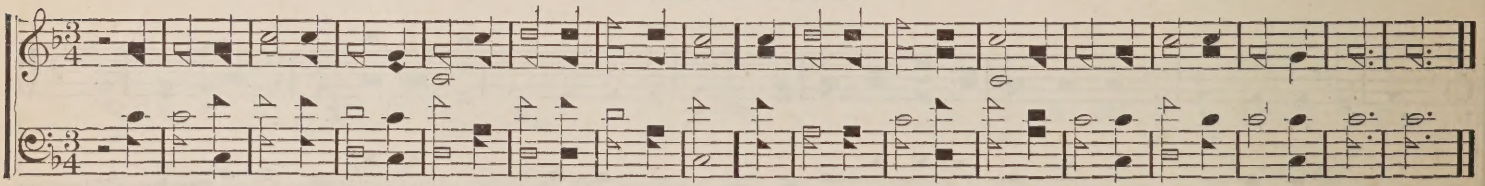
SWEET DAY. C. M.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 19.

ISAAC WATTS 1709. Key of F Major. T. J. DENSON, 1908.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign, In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain,
2. Lweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stands dress'd in liv-ing green, So to the Jews old Canaan's stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

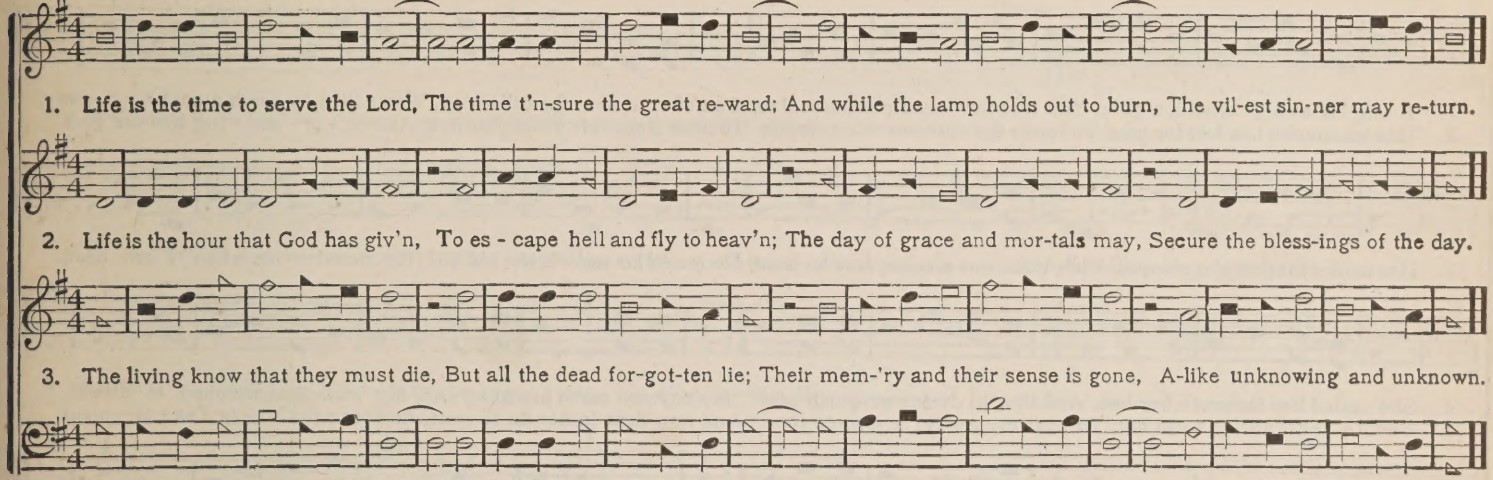


For History of this song see page 367 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

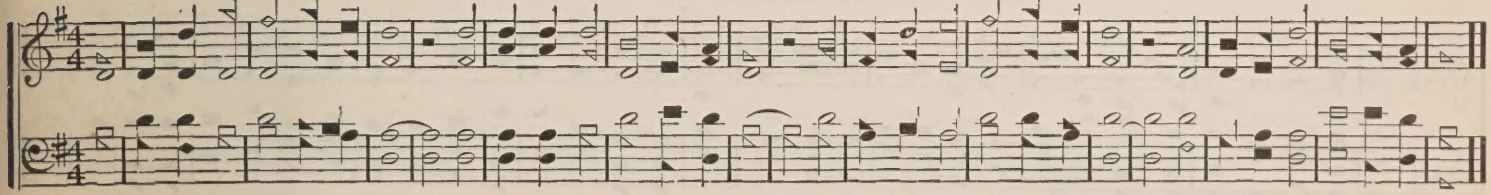
WELLS. L. M.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."—Eccl. 9: 10.

Isaac Watts, 1719. Key of A Kinor. Israel Holdroyd, 1716.


1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'n-sure the great re-ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may re-turn.
2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n, To es - cape hell and fly to heav'n; The day of grace and mor-tals may, Secure the bless-ings of the day.
3. The living know that they must die, But all the dead for-got-ten lie; Their mem-'ry and their sense is gone, A-like unknowing and unknown.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

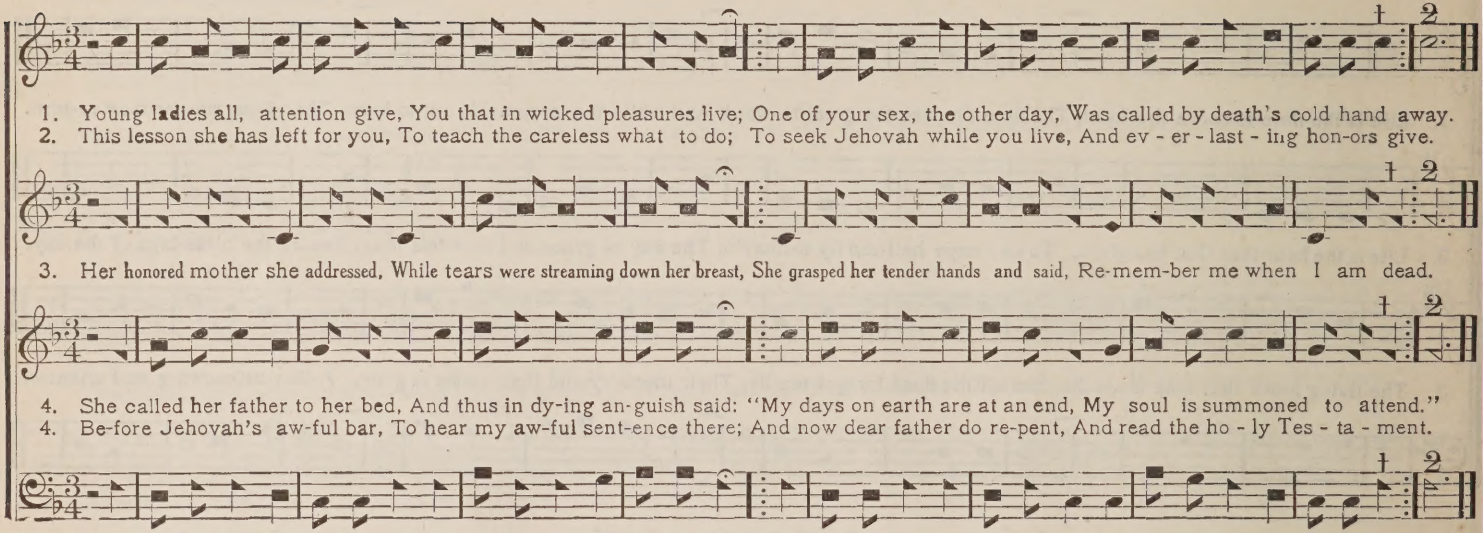


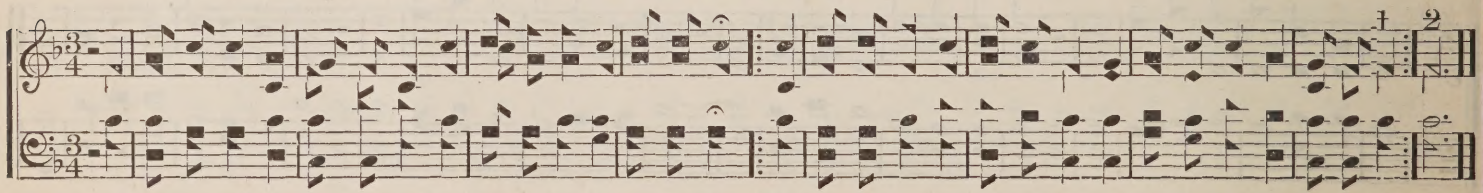
For History of this Song, see page 28 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

ESTER. L. M. Original.

"Flee, youthful lusts, call on the Lord out of a pure heart."—2 Tim. 2: 22.

Key of F Major. Slow. John S. Terry, 1869.


1. Young ladies all, attention give, You that in wicked pleasures live; One of your sex, the other day, Was called by death's cold hand away.
2. This lesson she has left for you, To teach the careless what to do; To seek Jehovah while you live, And ev - er - last - ing hon-ors give.
3. Her honored mother she addressed, While tears were streaming down her breast, She grasped her tender hands and said, Re-mem-ber me when I am dead.
4. She called her father to her bed, And thus in dy-ing an-guish said: "My days on earth are at an end, My soul is summoned to attend."
4. Be-fore Jehovah's aw-ful bar, To hear my aw-ful sent-ence there; And now dear father do re-pent, And read the ho - ly Tes - ta - ment.

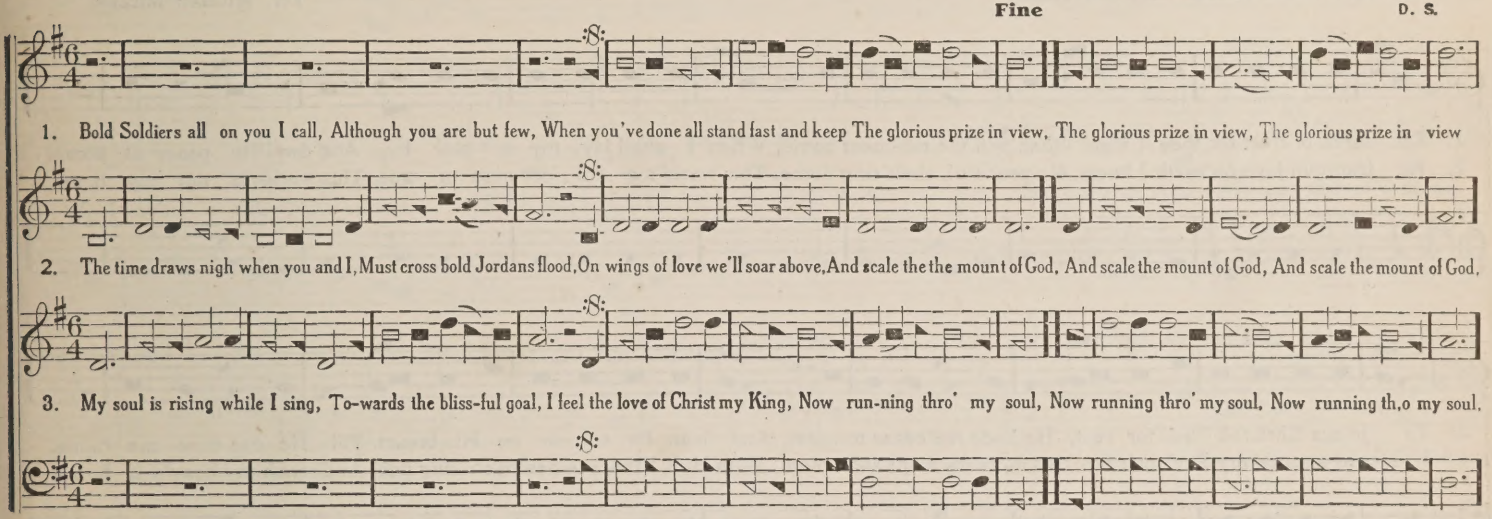
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 437 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

TELITHA. C. M.

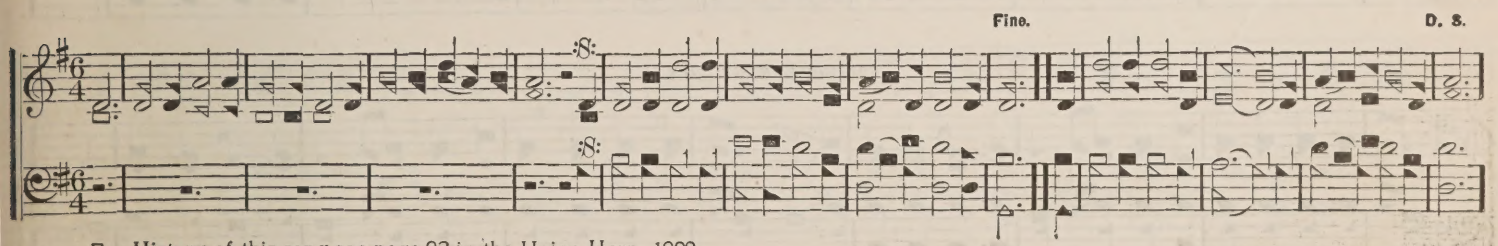
"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

S. M. D., 1908. Key of G,

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Denson, 1908.


Fine
D. S.
1. Bold Soldiers all on you I call, Although you are but few, When you've done all stand fast and keep The glorious prize in view, The glorious prize in view, The glorious prize in view
2. The time draws nigh when you and I, Must cross bold Jordans flood, On wings of love we'll soar above, And scale the the mount of God, And scale the mount of God, And scale the mount of God,
3. My soul is rising while I sing, To-wards the bliss-ful goal, I feel the love of Christ my King, Now run-ning thro' my soul, Now running thro' my soul, Now running th,o my soul,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

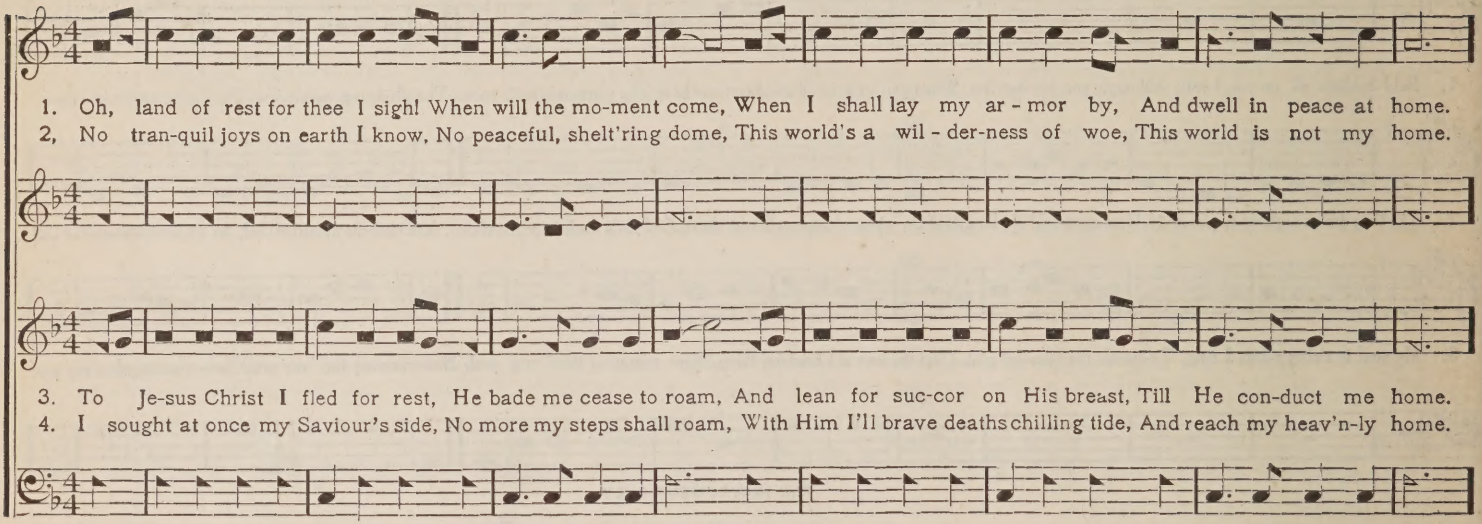


For History of this song see page 92 in the Union Harp, 1909.

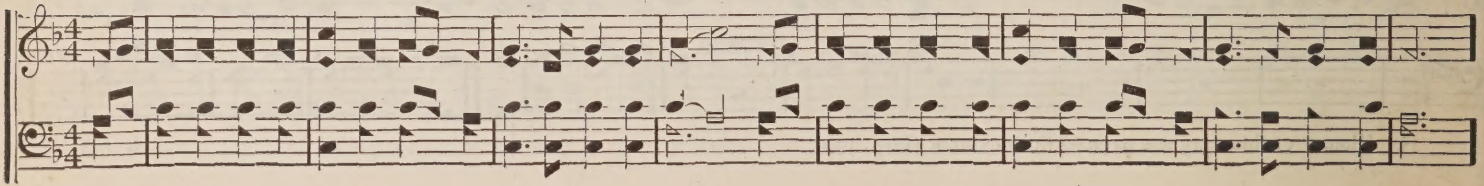
WE'LL WORK 'TILL JESUS COMES.

"Thy works shall be rewarded."—JER, 31; 16.

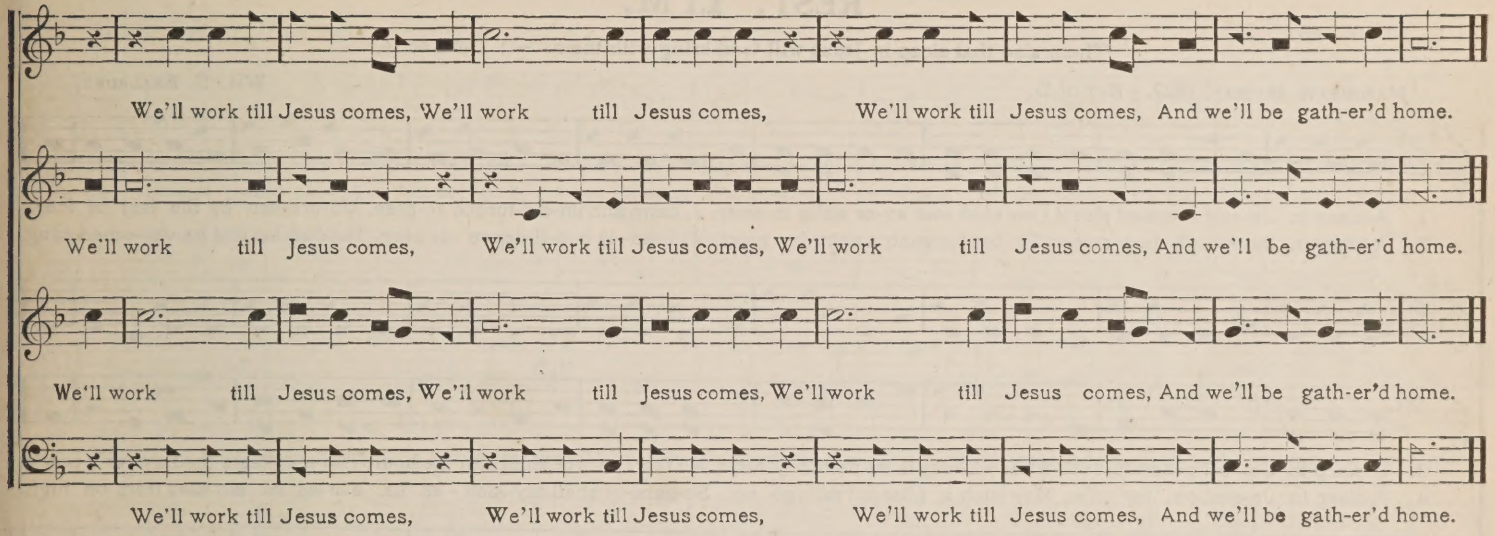
MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. Key of F Major. DR. WILLIAM MILLER.


1. Oh, land of rest for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come, When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home.
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome, This world's a wil - der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest, He bade me cease to roam, And lean for suc-cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam, With Him I'll brave deaths chilling tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



CHORUS:


We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gath-er'd home.
We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gath-er'd home.
We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gath-er'd home.
We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gath-er'd home.

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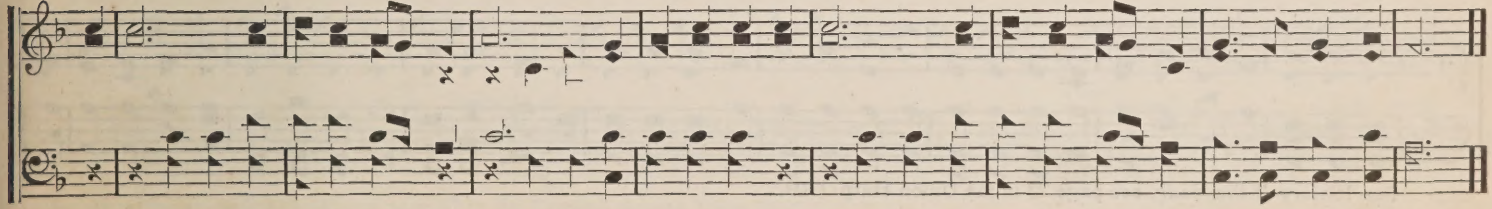
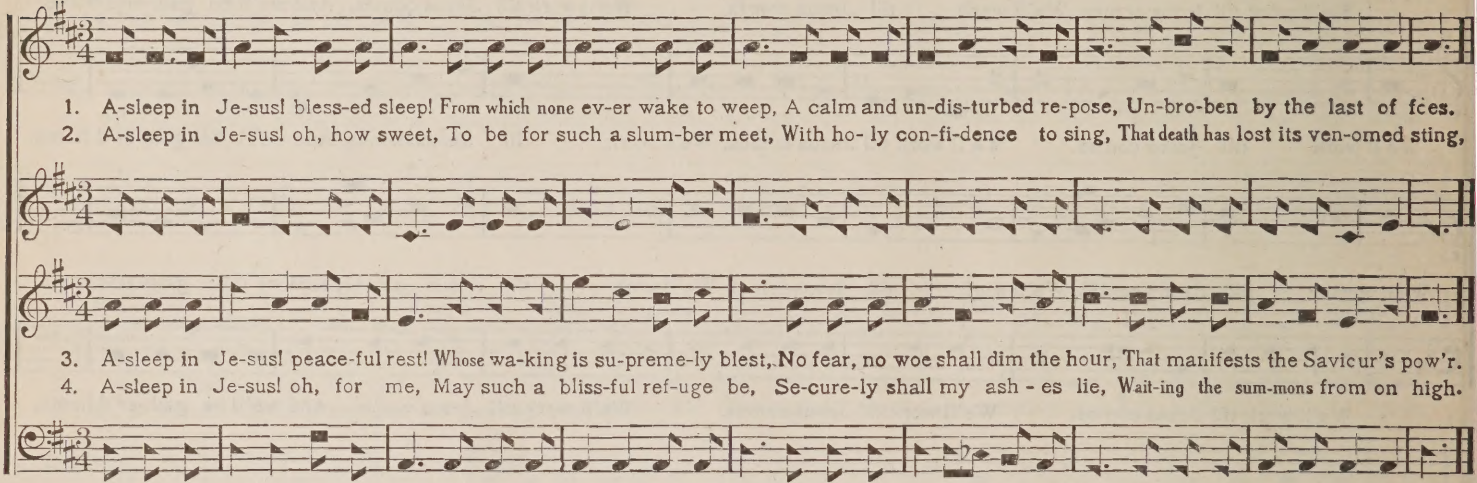


FUNERALS.--Death Is The Gate To Endlesss Joy.

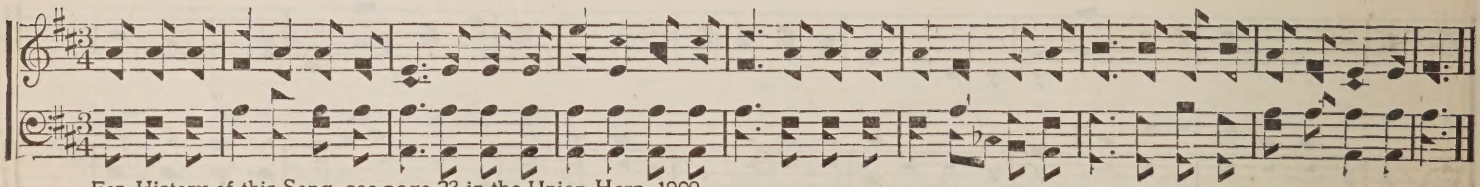
REST. L. M.

'Them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with them.''—1 Thes. 4: 14.

Margurate Mackay, 1832. Key of D. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev-er wake to weep, A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ben by the last of foes.
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! oh, how sweet, To be for such a slum-ber meet, With ho- ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death has lost its ven-omed sting,
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest! Whose wa-king is su-preme-ly blest, No fear, no woe shall dim the hour, That manifests the Savicur's pow'r.
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! oh, for me, May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be, Se-cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the sum-mons from on high.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

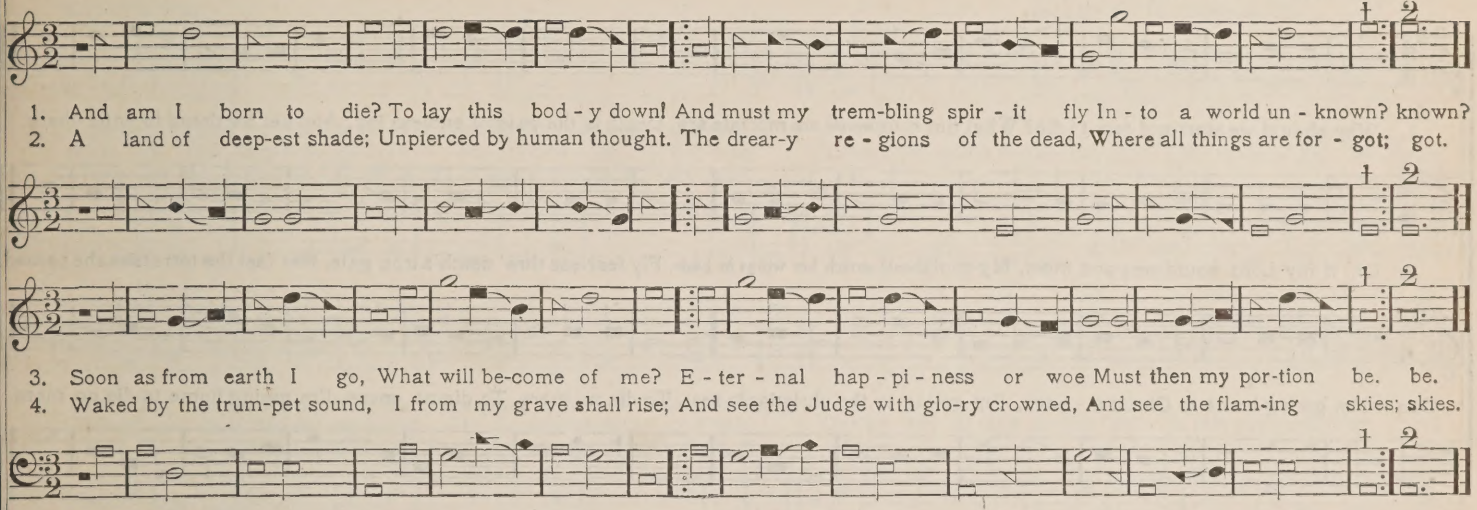


For History of this Song, see page 23 in the Union Harp 1909.

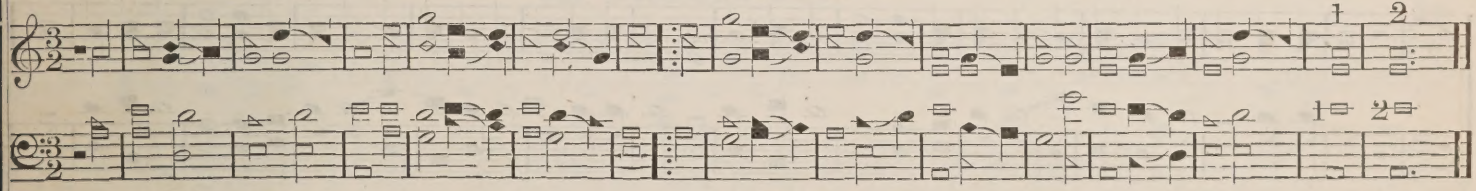
IDUMEA. C. M.

"A time to be born and a time to die."—Eccl. 3: 2.

Chas. Wesley, 1753. Key of A Minor. A. Davidson, 1817.


1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down! And must my trem-bling spir - it fly In - to a world un - known? known?
2. A land of deep-est shade; Unpierced by human thought. The drear-y re - gions of the dead, Where all things are for - got; got.
3. Soon as from earth I go, What will be-come of me? E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness or woe Must then my por-tion be. be.
4. Waked by the trum-pet sound, I from my grave shall rise; And see the Judge with glo-ry crowned, And see the flam-ing skies; skies.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

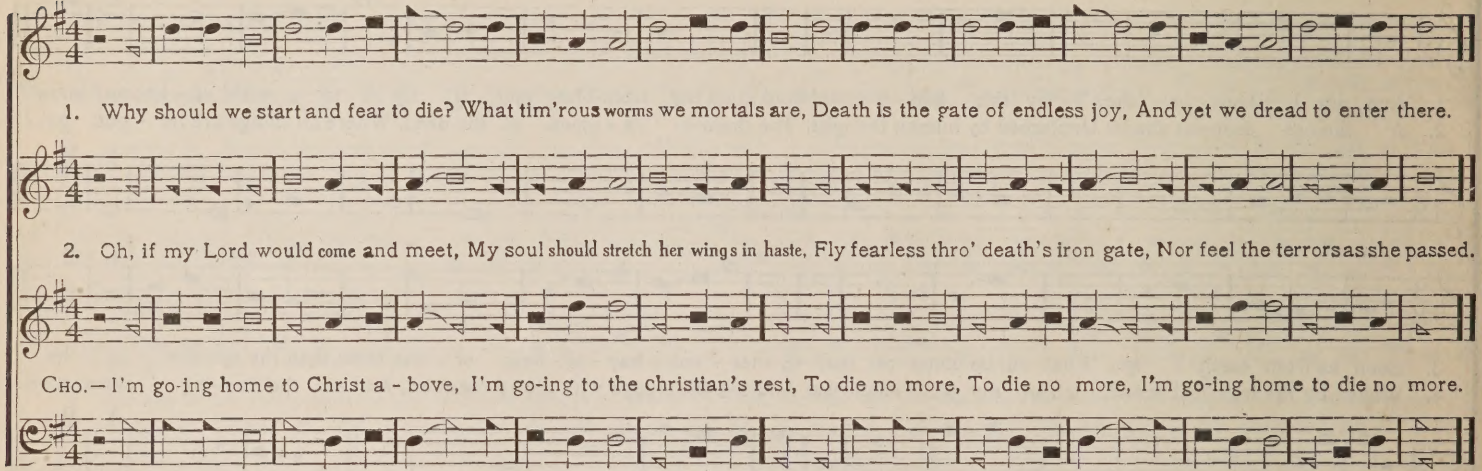


For History of this Song, see page 47 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,

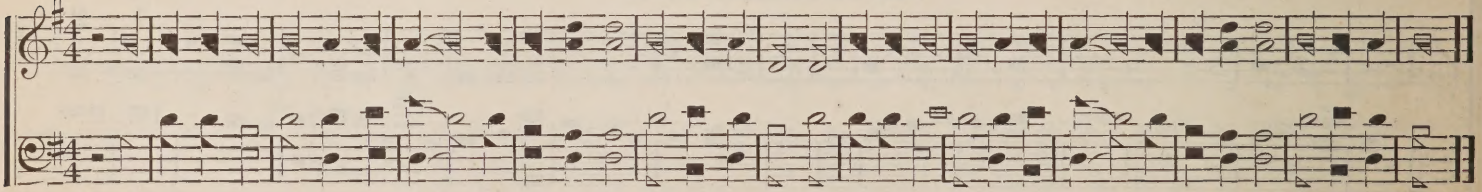
TO DIE NO MORE. L. M.

"They desire a better country, that is heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

Isaac Watts, 1707. Key of G Major. Eld. E. Dumas, 1856.


1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are, Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
2. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
Cho.—I'm go-ing home to Christ a - bove, I'm go-ing to the christian's rest, To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



For History of this Song see page 111 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

ARNOLD. C. M.

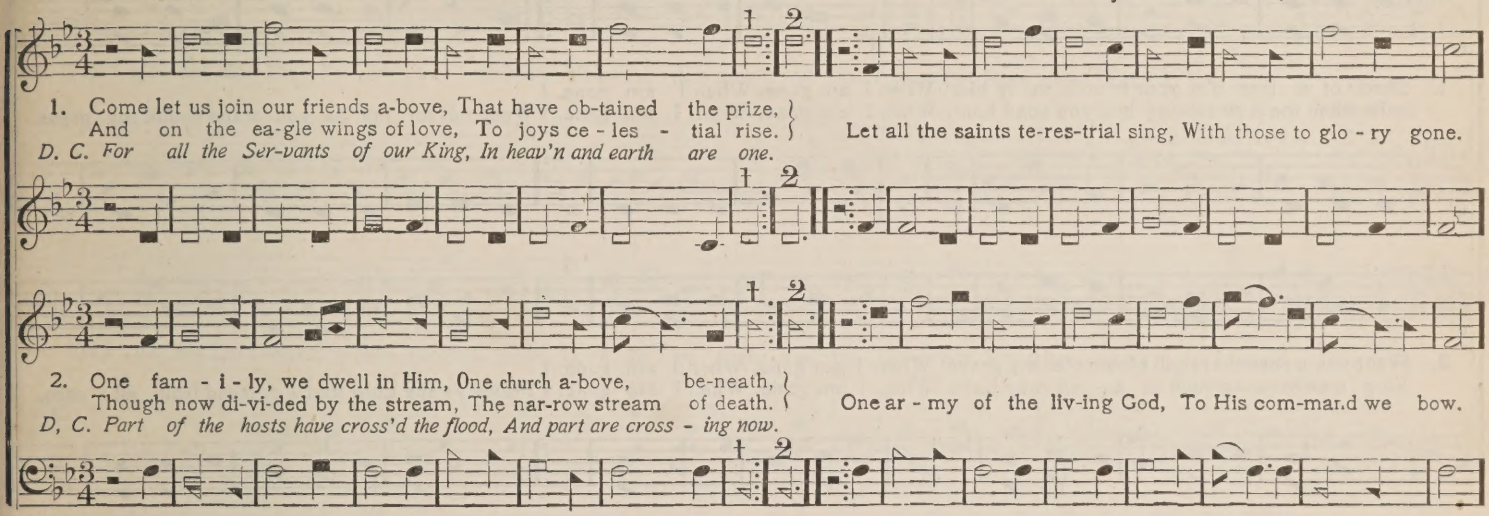
"And have hope towards God, which they themselves also allow."—Acts. 24: 15.

Charles Wesley, 1759.

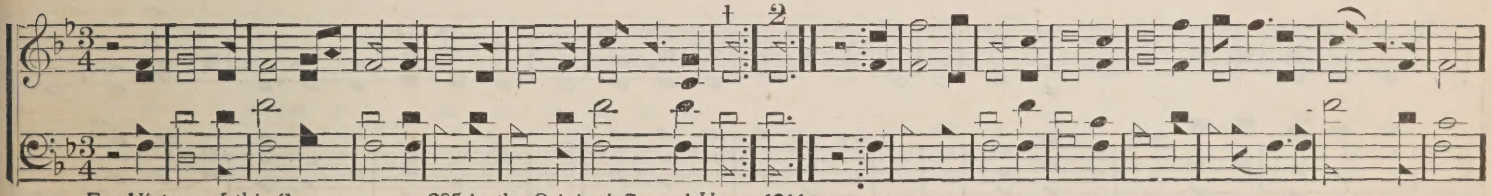
L. B. Breedlove, 1837.

Key of B Flat.

Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911. D. C.


1. Come let us join our friends a-bove, That have ob-tained the prize,
And on the ea-gle wings of love, To joys ce - les - tial rise.
Let all the saints te-res-trial sing, With those to glo - ry gone.
D. C. For all the Ser-vants of our King, In heav'n and earth are one.
2. One fam - i - ly, we dwell in Him, One church a-bove, be-neath,
Though now di-vi-ded by the stream, The nar-row stream of death.
One ar - my of the liv-ing God, To His com-mand we bow.
D, C. Part of the hosts have cross'd the flood, And part are cross - ing now.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



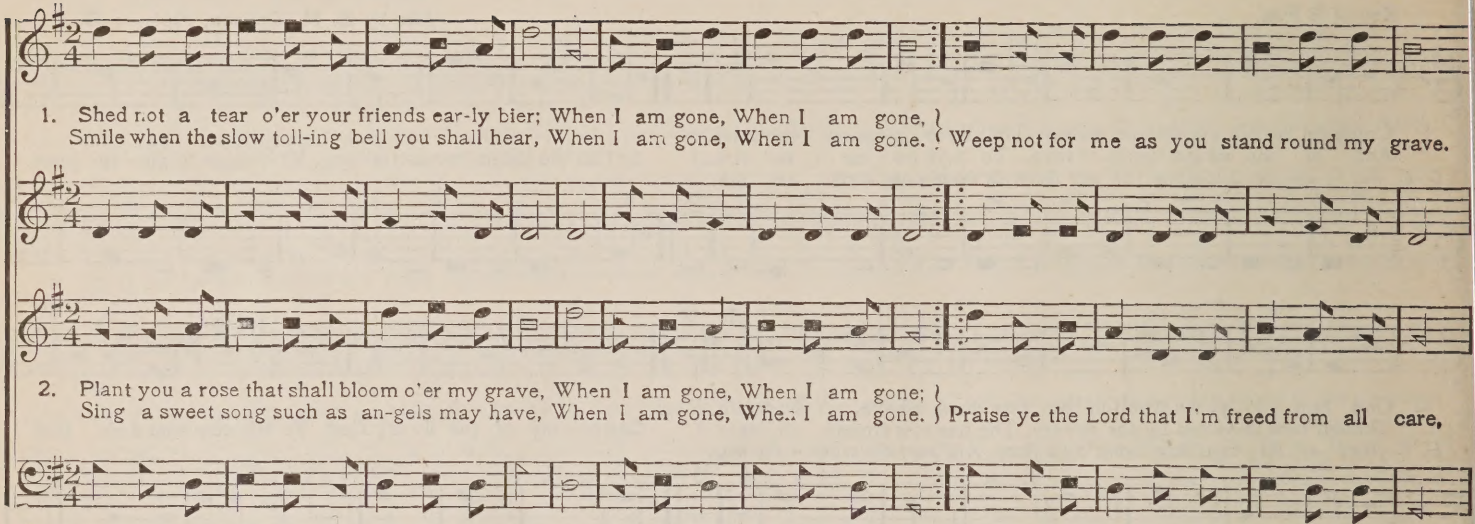
For History of this Song see page 285 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

WHEN I AM GONE. 10s & 4s.

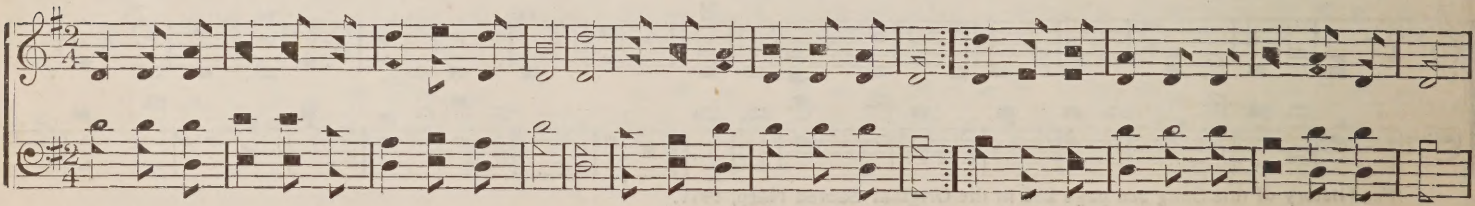
"Weep not for me."—LUKE 23: 28.

M. H. T. Key of G, Major.

M. H. TURNER, 1852.

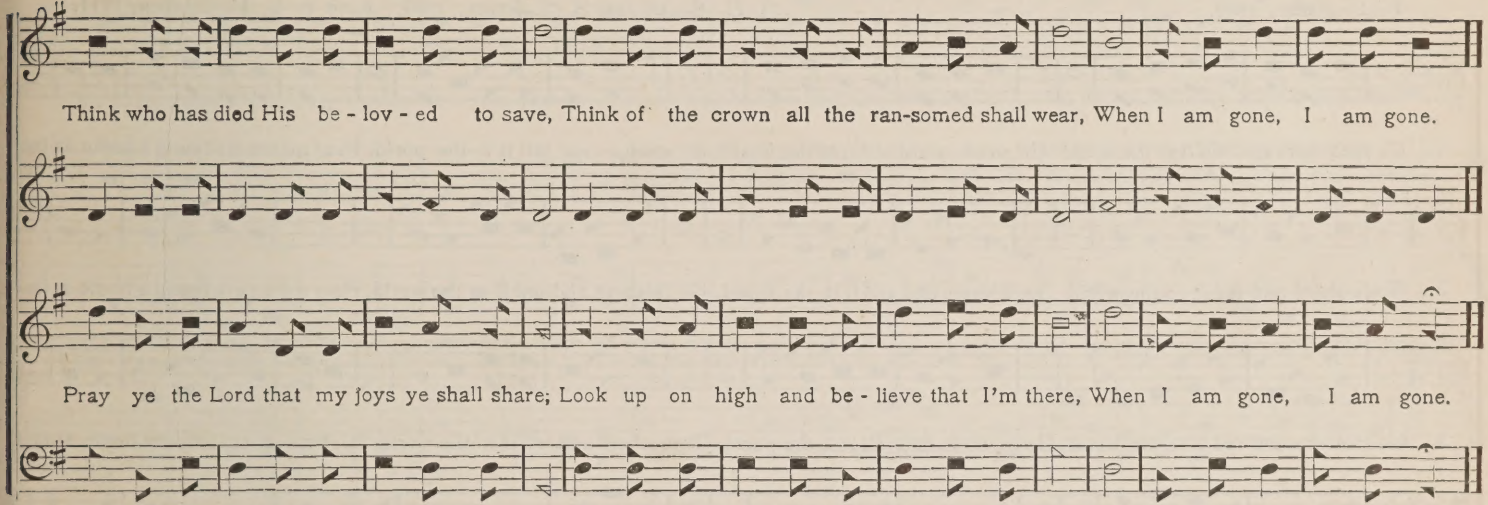

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friends ear-ly bier; When I am gone, When I am gone,
Smile when the slow toll-ing bell you shall hear, When I am gone, When I am gone.
Weep not for me as you stand round my grave.
2. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave, When I am gone, When I am gone;
Sing a sweet song such as an-gels may have, When I am gone, When I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

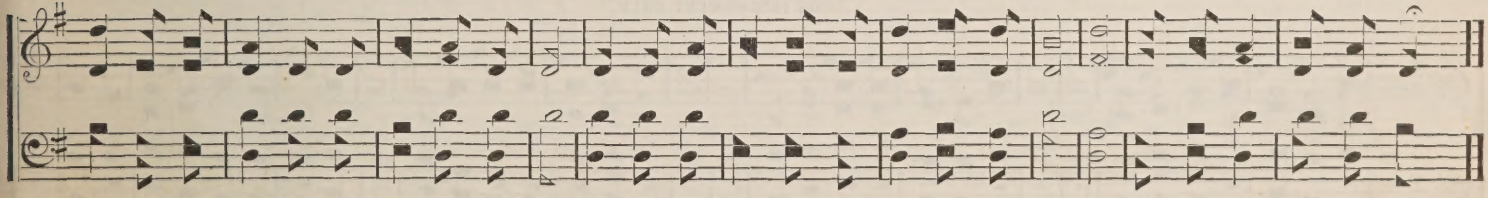


WHEN I AM GONE. Coucluded.

CHORUS:


Think who has died His be - lov - ed to save, Think of the crown all the ran-somed shall wear, When I am gone, I am gone.
Pray ye the Lord that my joys ye shall share; Look up on high and be - lieve that I'm there, When I am gone, I am gone.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



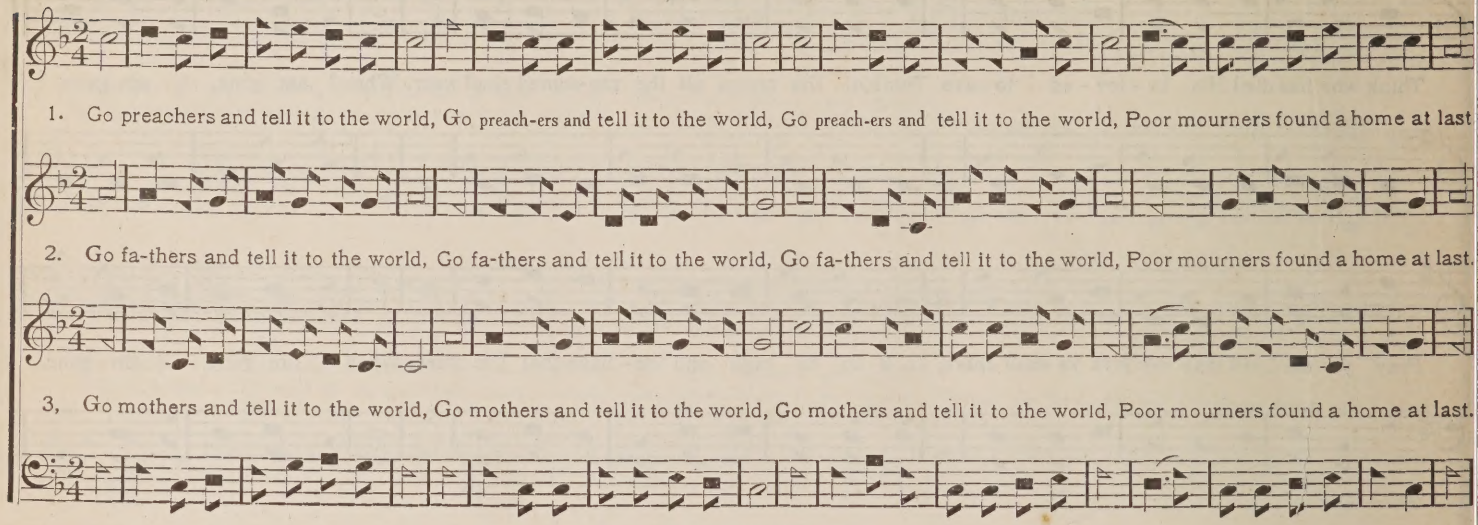
For History of this Song see page 339 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

CUBA. 9s, 8s.

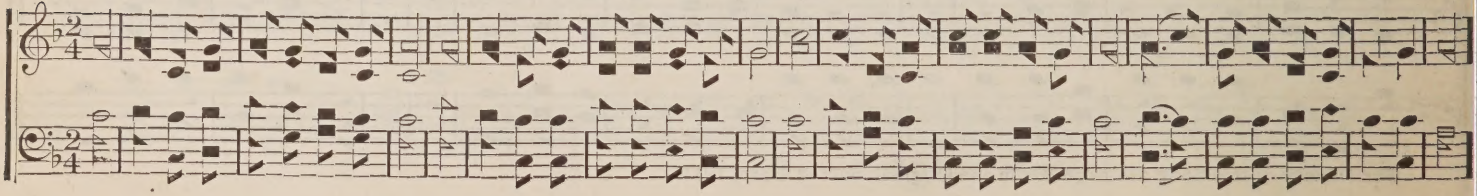
"Go ye therefore and teach all nations."—MATT. 28: 19.

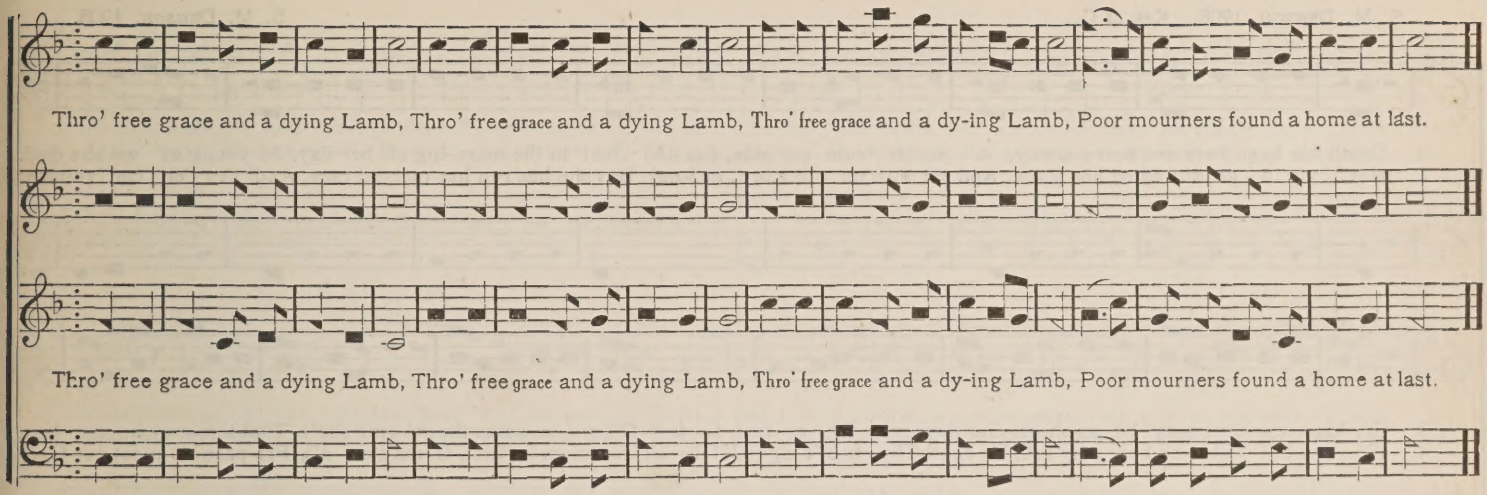
H. S. REESE, 1859.

J. H. BOLEN AND H. S. REESE, 1859, ALTO BY S. M. DENSON, 1911.

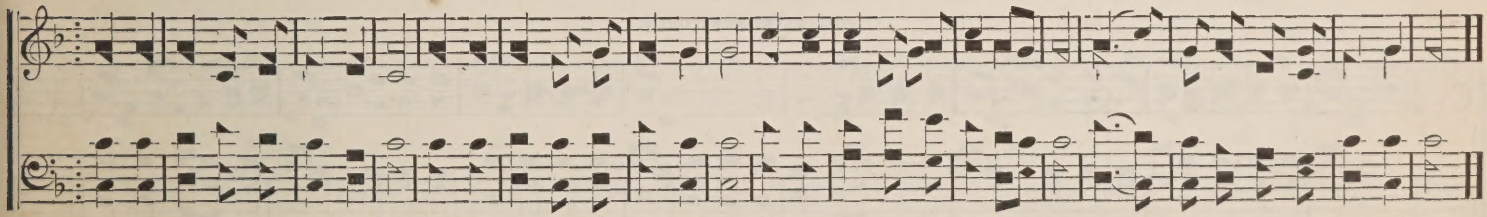

1. Go preachers and tell it to the world, Go preach-ers and tell it to the world, Go preach-ers and tell it to the world, Poor mourners found a home at last
2. Go fa-thers and tell it to the world, Go fa-thers and tell it to the world, Go fa-thers and tell it to the world, Poor mourners found a home at last.
3, Go mothers and tell it to the world, Go mothers and tell it to the world, Go mothers and tell it to the world, Poor mourners found a home at last.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.




Thro' free grace and a dying Lamb, Thro' free grace and a dying Lamb, Thro' free grace and a dy-ing Lamb, Poor mourners found a home at last.
Thro' free grace and a dying Lamb, Thro' free grace and a dying Lamb, Thro' free grace and a dy-ing Lamb, Poor mourners found a home at last.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



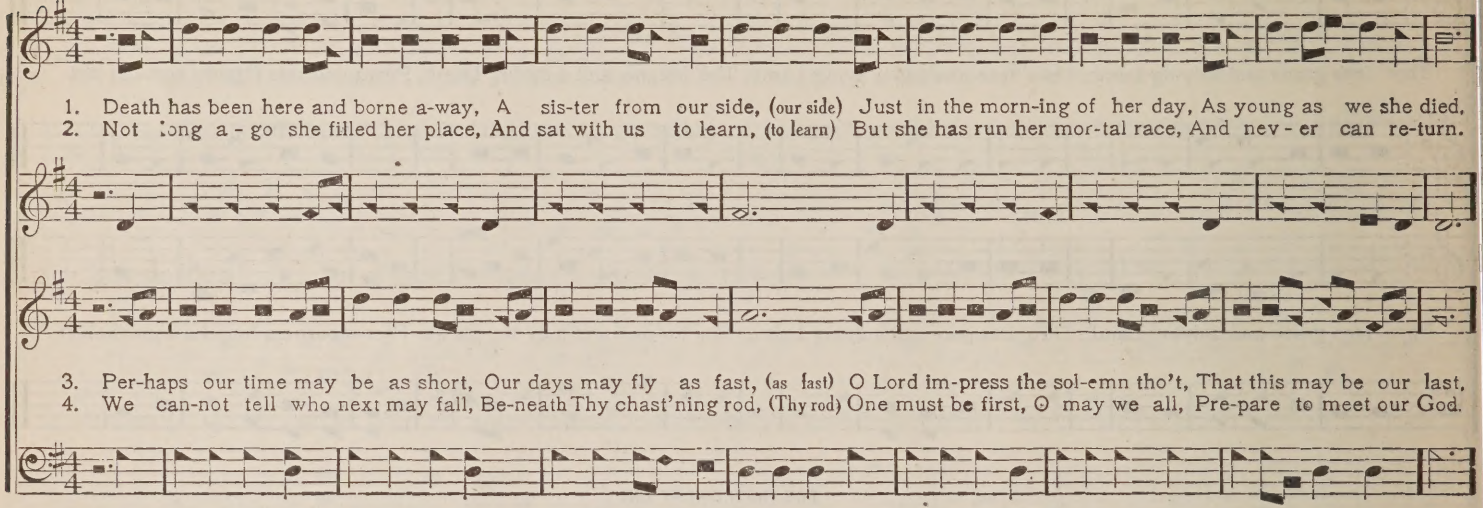
For History of this Song, see page 401 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.

GONE TO REST. C. M.

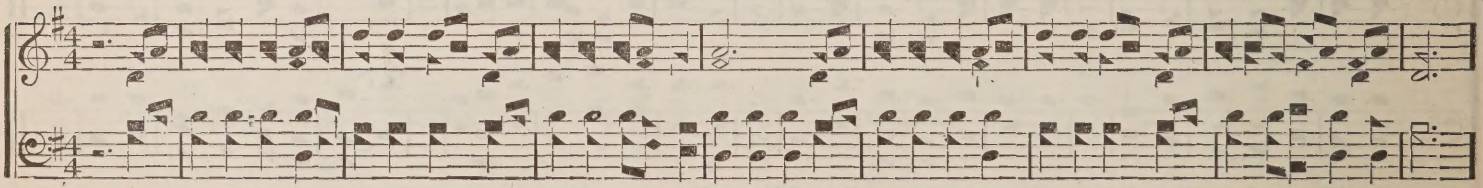
"Be faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2: 10.

S. M. Denson, 1908. Key of G.

S. M. Denson, 1908.

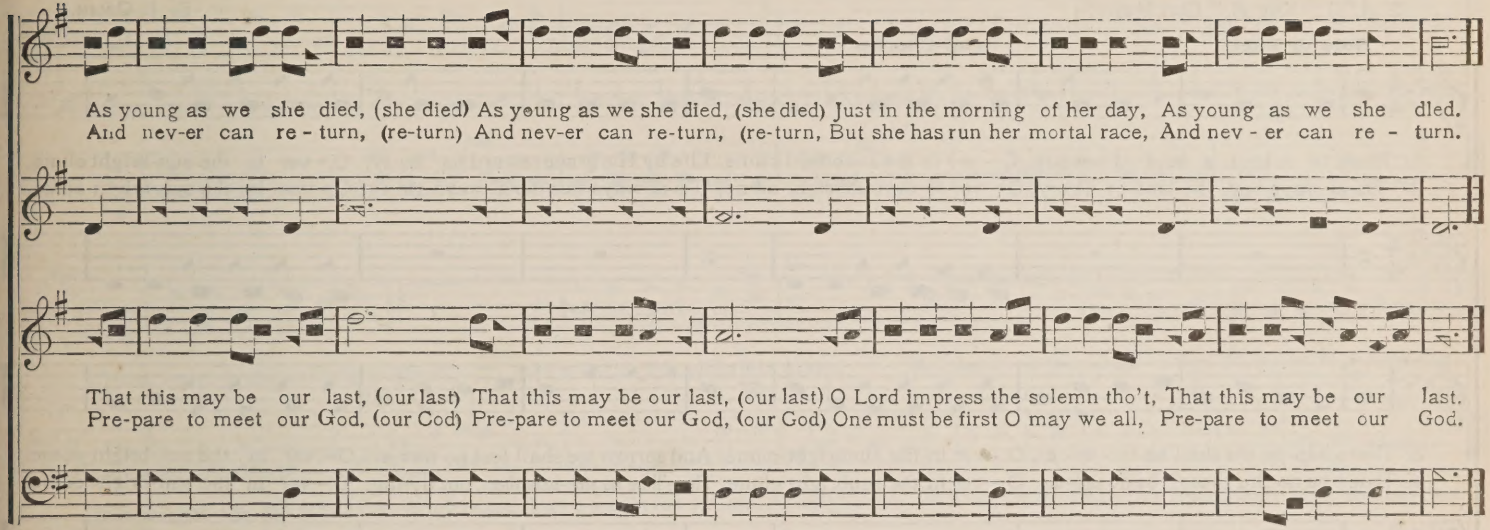

1. Death has been here and borne a-way, A sis-ter from our side, (our side) Just in the morn-ing of her day, As young as we she died.
2. Not long a - go she filled her place, And sat with us to learn, (to learn) But she has run her mor-tal race, And nev - er can re-turn.
3. Per-haps our time may be as short, Our days may fly as fast, (as fast) O Lord im-press the sol-emn tho't, That this may be our last.
4. We can-not tell who next may fall, Be-neath Thy chast'ning rod, (Thy rod) One must be first, O may we all, Pre-pare to meet our God.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

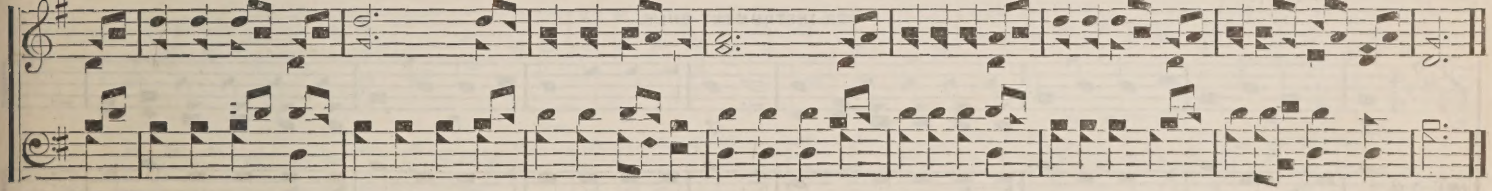


Use father, mother or brother to suit.

Copyright 1909, by J. S. James.


As young as we she died, (she died) As young as we she died, (she died) Just in the morning of her day, As young as we she dled.
And nev-er can re - turn, (re-turn) And nev-er can re-turn, (re-turn, But she has run her mortal race, And nev - er can re - turn.
That this may be our last, (our last) That this may be our last, (our last) O Lord impress the solemn tho't, That this may be our last.
Pre-pare to meet our God, (our Cod) Pre-pare to meet our God, (our God) One must be first O may we all, Pre-pare to meet our God.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



For History of this song see page 114 in the Union Harp 1909.

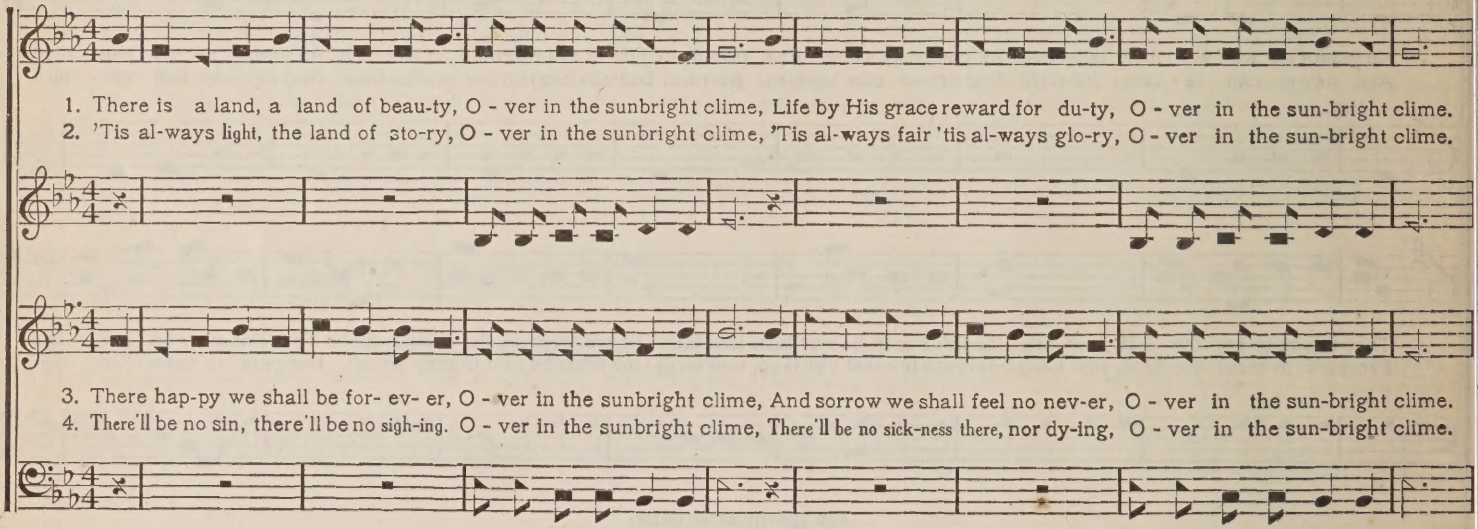
OVER IN THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

"The Lord God giveth them light."—Rev. 22: 5.

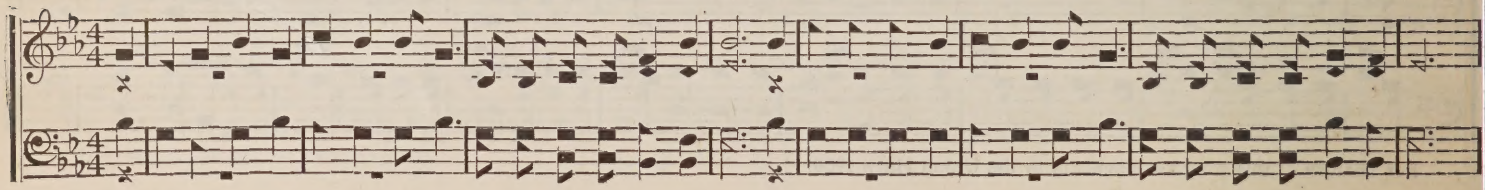
S. J. O. Key of E Flat Major.

S. J. Oslin.

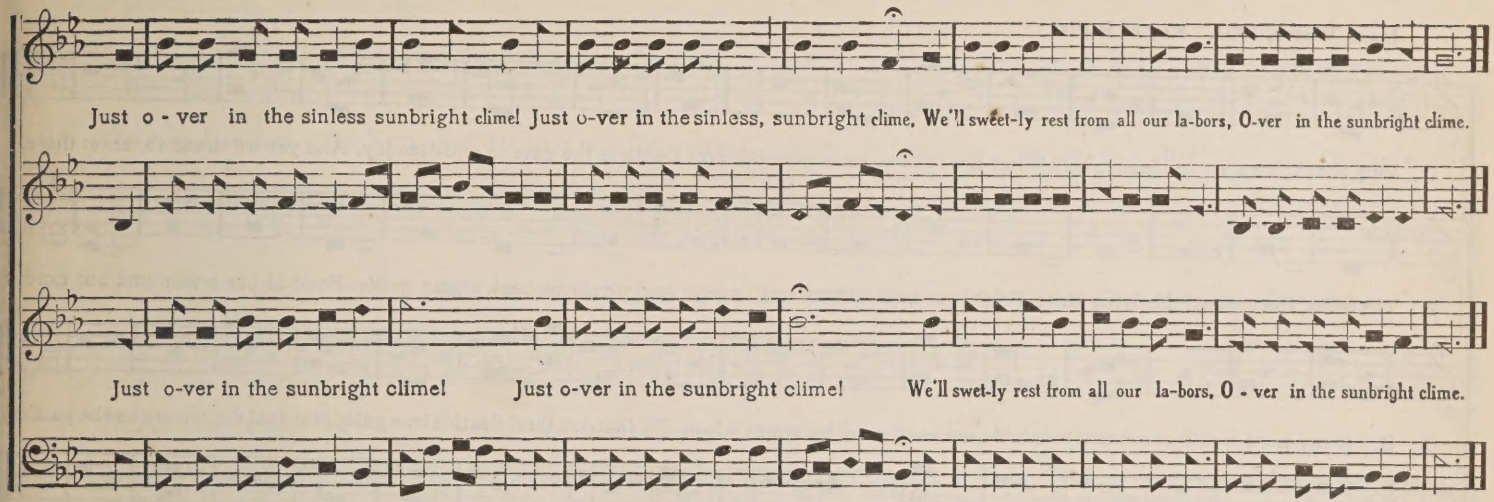
Solo or Duet **Semi-Chorus.**


1. There is a land, a land of beau-ty, O - ver in the sunbright clime, Life by His grace reward for du-ty, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
2. 'Tis al-ways light, the land of sto-ry, O - ver in the sunbright clime, 'Tis al-ways fair 'tis al-ways glo-ry, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
3. There hap-py we shall be for- ev- er, O - ver in the sunbright clime, And sorrow we shall feel no nev-er, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
4. There'll be no sin, there'll be no sigh-ing. O - ver in the sunbright clime, There'll be no sick-ness there, nor dy-ing, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.

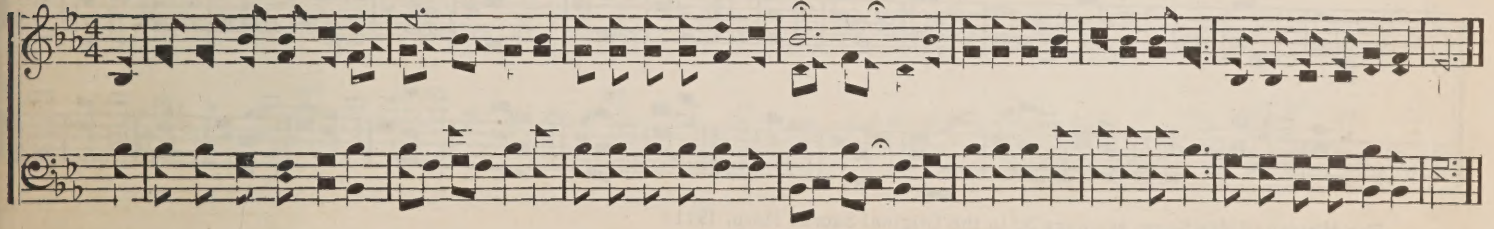
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



OVER IN THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME. Concluded.


Just o - ver in the sinless sunbright clime! Just o-ver in the sinless, sunbright clime. We'll sweet-ly rest from all our la-bors, O-ver in the sunbright clime.
Just o-ver in the sunbright clime! Just o-ver in the sunbright clime! We'll swet-ly rest from all our la-bors, O - ver in the sunbright clime.
Just o - ver in the sinless sunbright clime! Just o-ver in the sinless, sunbright clime We'll sweet-ly rest from all our la-bors, O-ver in the sungright clime.

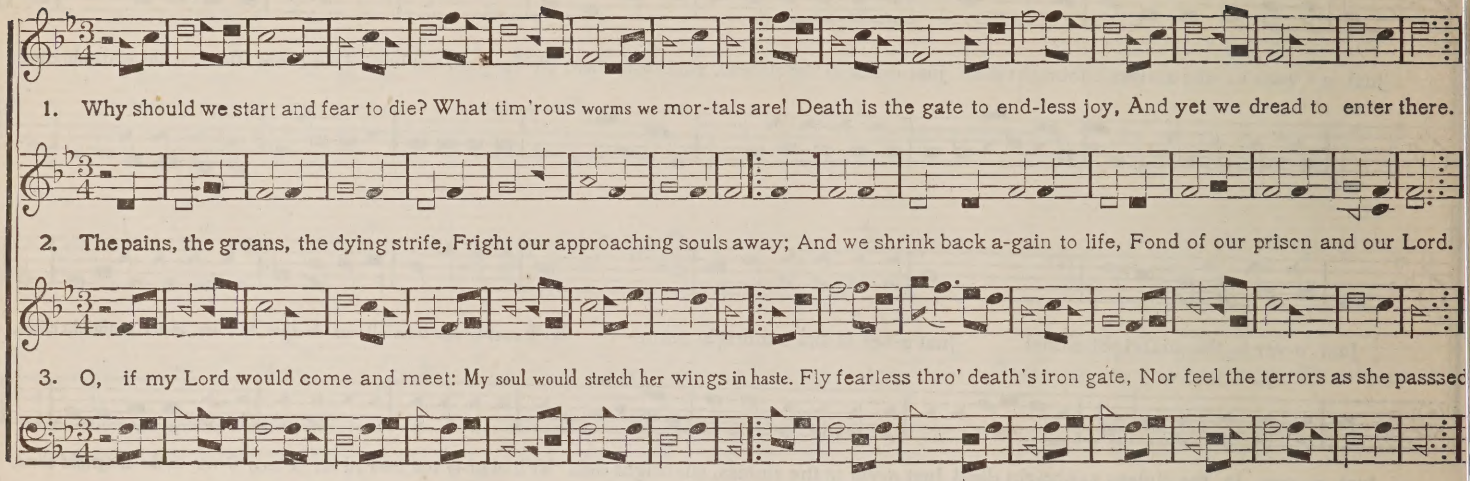
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



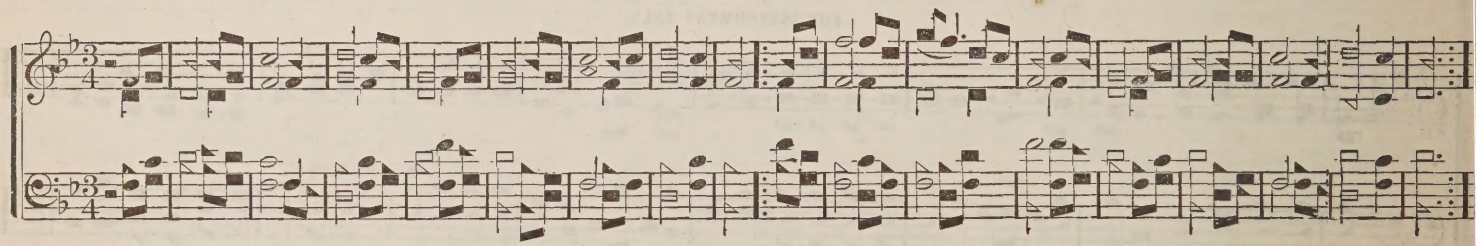
PROSPECT. L. M.

"Blessed is the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. 14; 13.

Isaac Watts, 1707. Key of B Flat.


1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mor-tals are! Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife, Fright our approaching souls away; And we shrink back a-gain to life, Fond of our prison and our Lord.
3. O, if my Lord would come and meet: My soul would stretch her wings in haste. Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passsed

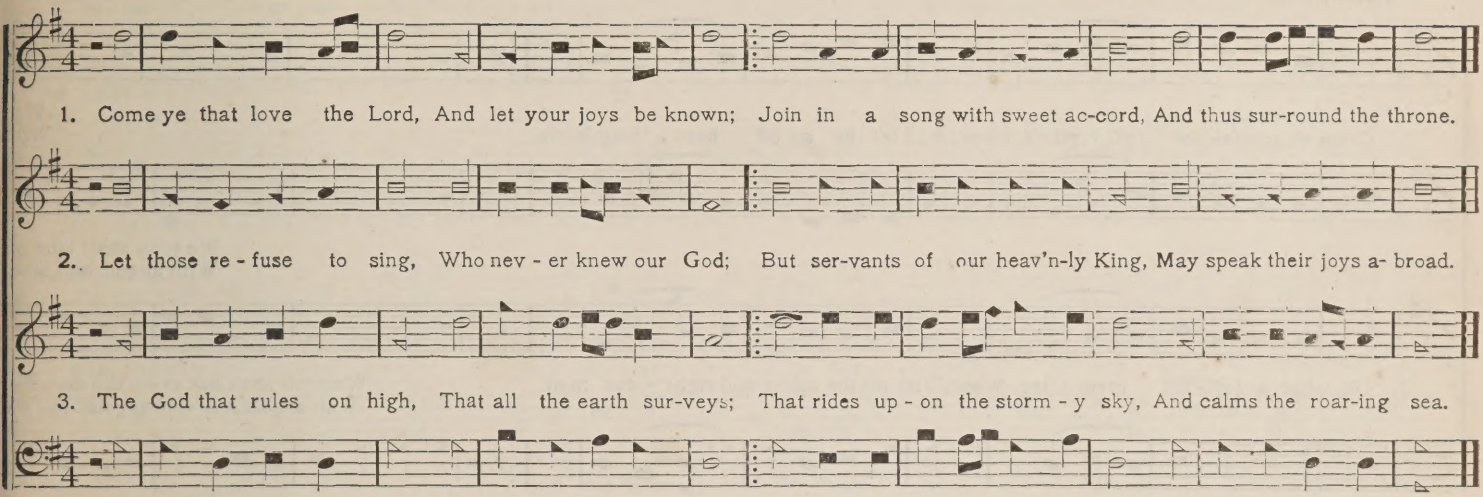
FOR INSTFUMENT ONLY.



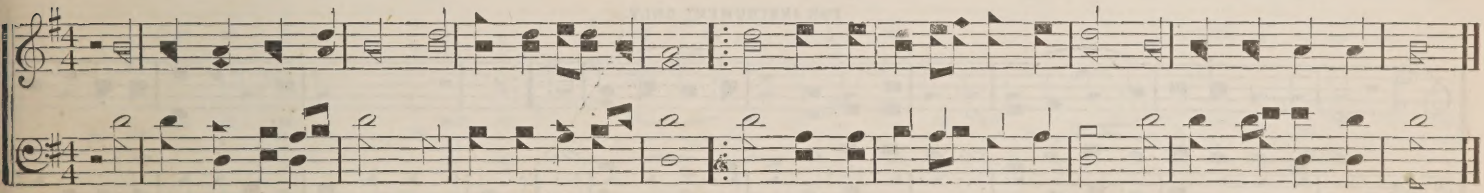
For History of this Song, see page 30 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

WEBSTER. S. M.

"If a man loves me, he will keep my words.—John 14:28.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Key of G Major.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.
2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But ser-vants of our heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a- broad.
3. The God that rules on high, That all the earth sur-veys; That rides up - on the storm - y sky, And calms the roar-ing sea.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY



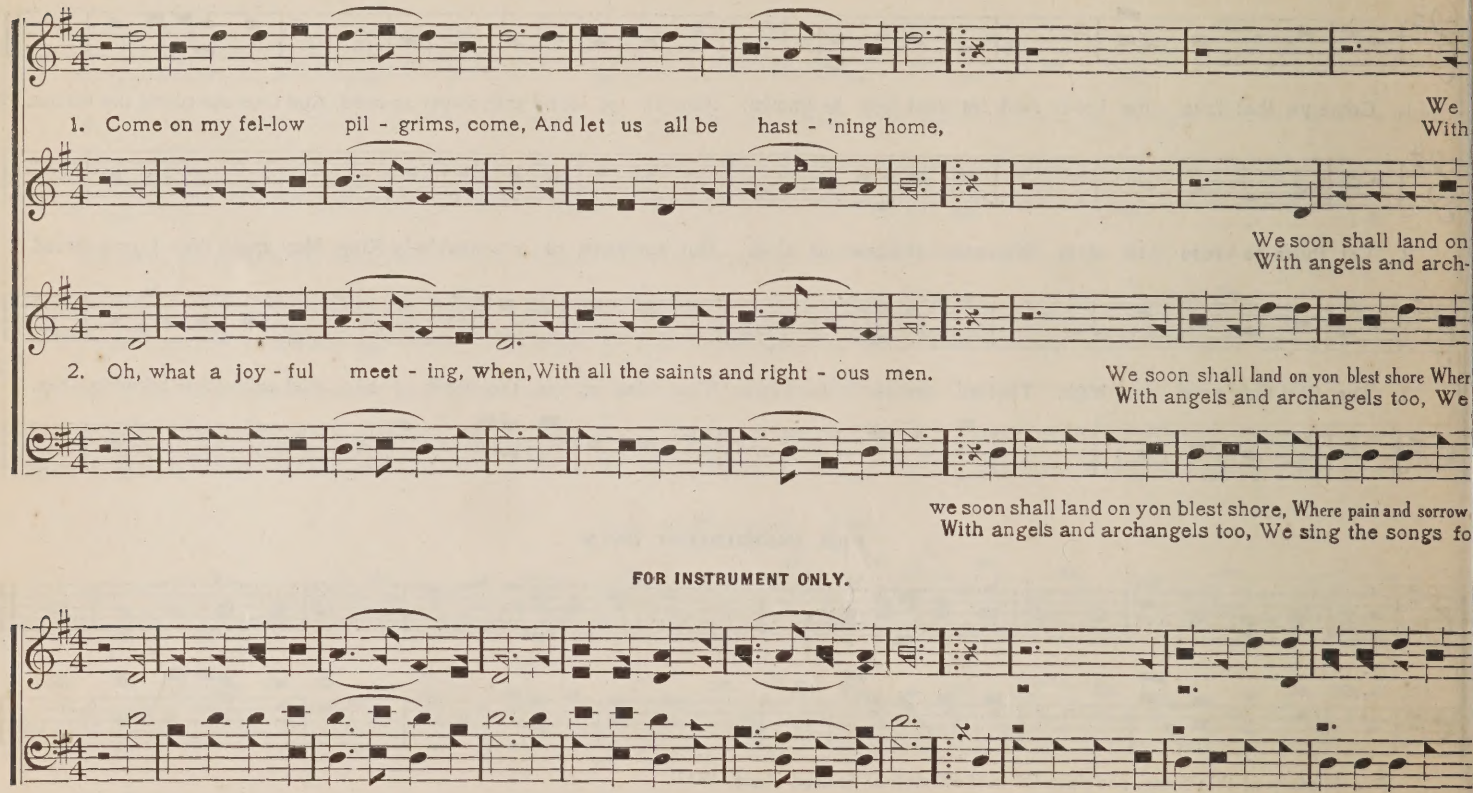
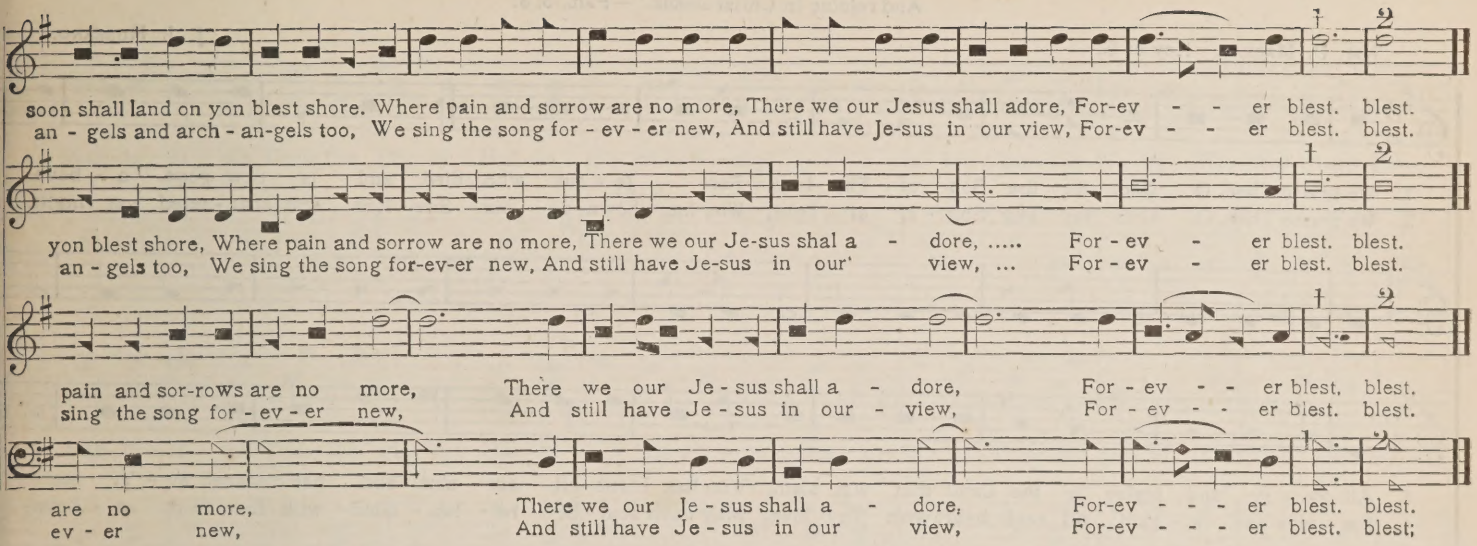
For History of this Song, see page 31 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

SARDIS. Original.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow..... for the former things have passed away." Rev. 21: 4,

Key of G Major.

Miss Sarah Lancaster, 1869.


1. Come on my fel-low pil - grims, come, And let us all be hast - 'ning home,
We
With
We soon shall land on
With angels and arch-
2. Oh, what a joy - ful meet - ing, when, With all the saints and right - ous men.
We soon shall land on yon blest shore Wher
With angels and archangels too, We
we soon shall land on yon blest shore, Where pain and sorrow
With angels and archangels too, We sing the songs fo
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

soon shall land on yon blest shore. Where pain and sorrow are no more, There we our Jesus shall adore, For-ev - - er blest. blest.
an - gels and arch - an-gels too, We sing the song for - ev - er new, And still have Je-sus in our view, For-ev - - er blest. blest.
yon blest shore, Where pain and sorrow are no more, There we our Je-sus shal a - dore, ... For - ev - er blest. blest.
an - gels too, We sing the song for-ev-er new, And still have Je-sus in our' view, ... For - ev - er blest. blest.
pain and sor-rows are no more, There we our Je - sus shall a - dore, For - ev - - er blest. blest.
sing the song for - ev - er new, And still have Je - sus in our - view, For - ev - - er blest. blest.
are no more, There we our Je - sus shall a - dore, For-ev - - - er blest. blest.
ev - er new, And still have Je - sus in our view, For-ev - - - er blest. blest;

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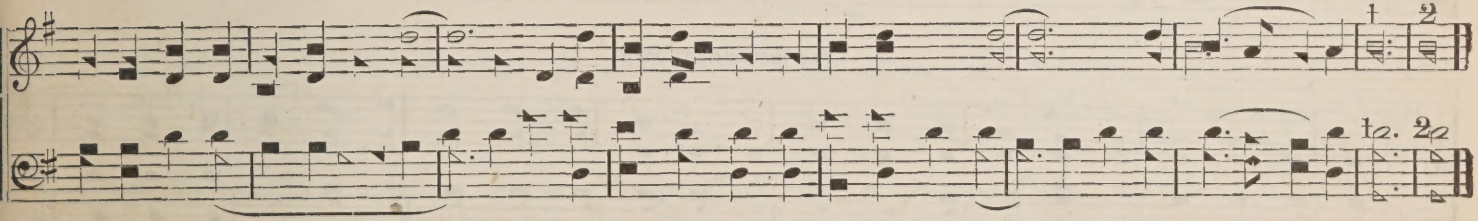
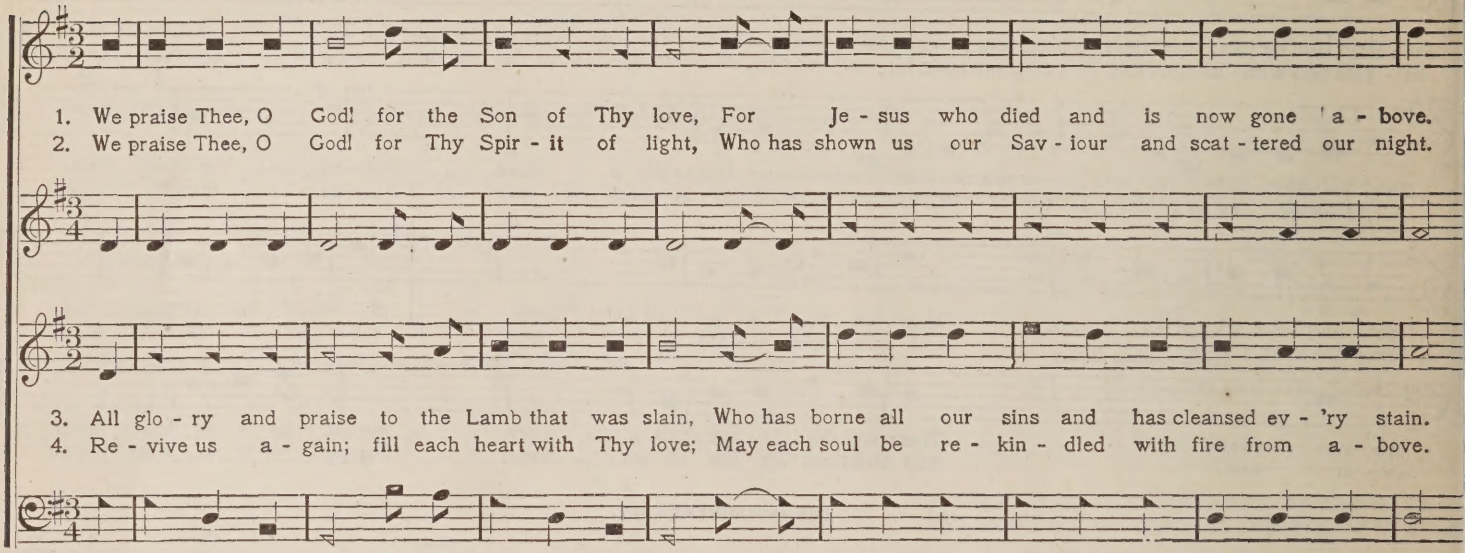


For History of this Song, see page 470 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

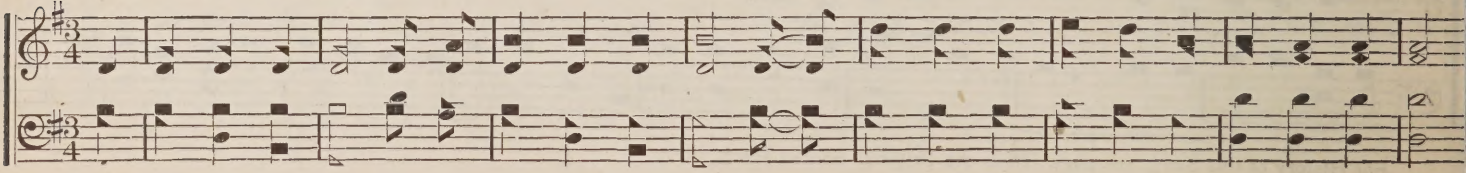
REVIVE US AGAIN.

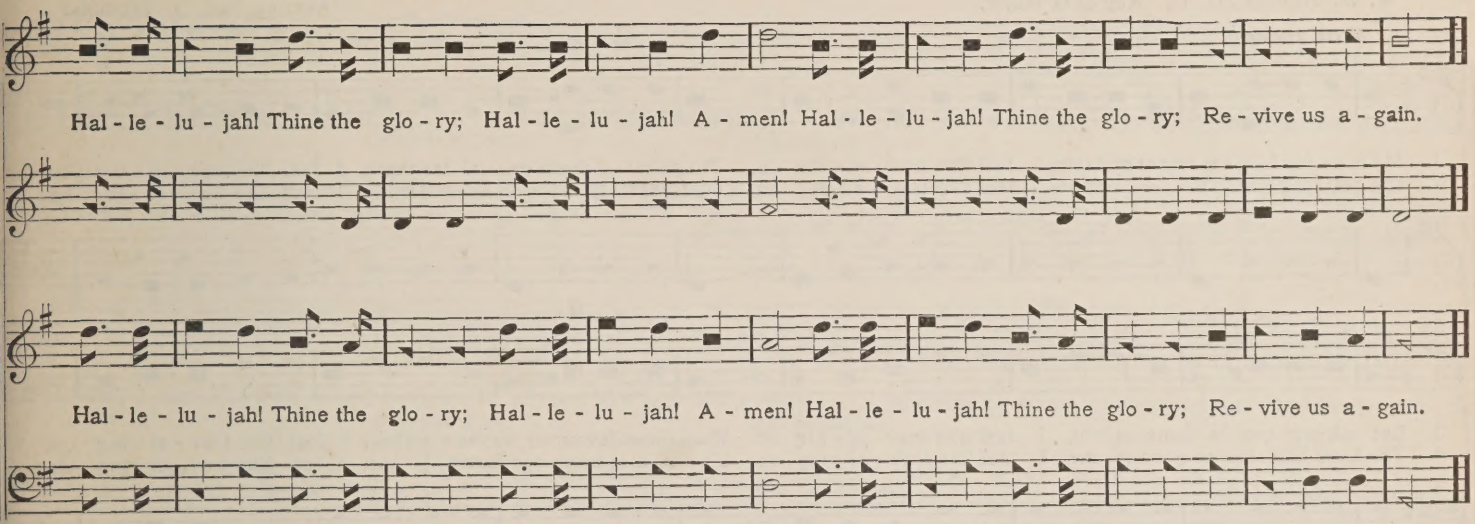
And rejoice in Christ Jesus."—PAIL. 3: 3.

WM. P. MACKAY. Key of G. J. J. HUSBAND.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav - iour and scat - tered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.




Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

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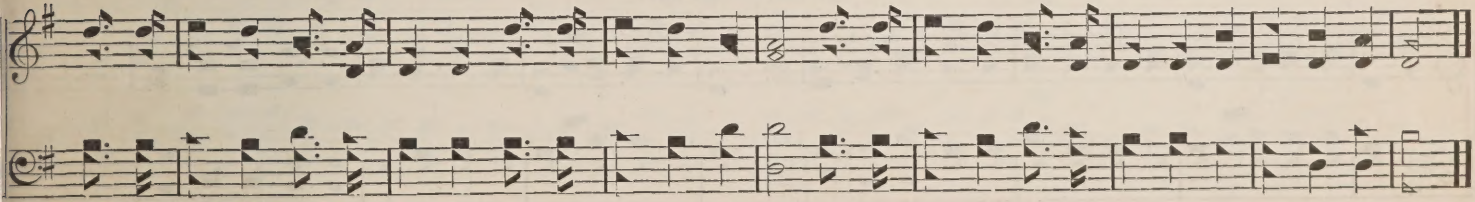


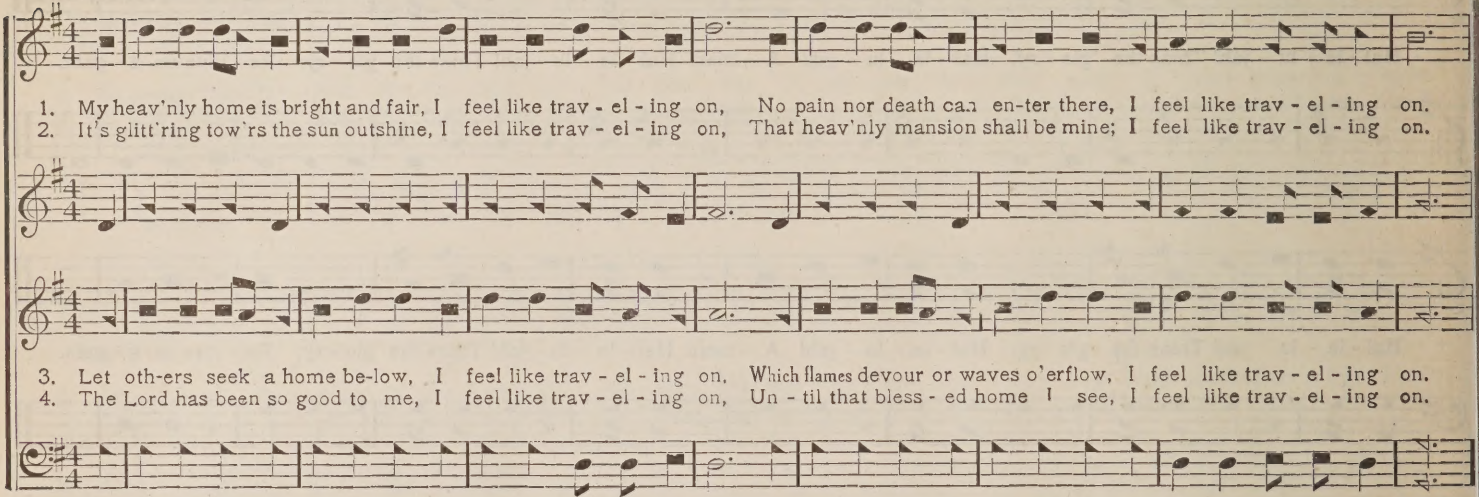
I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON. L. M.

"I am filled with comfort. I am exceeding joyful."—2 Cor. 7: 4.

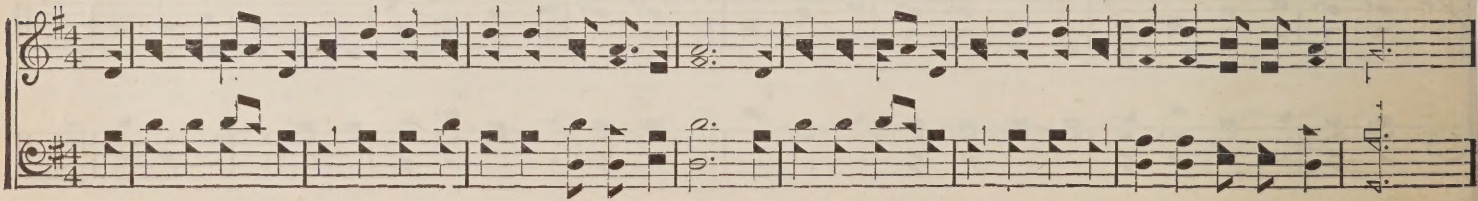
W. M. Hunter, D. D. Key of G Major.

Arr. by Jas. D. Vaughan.

With feeling.

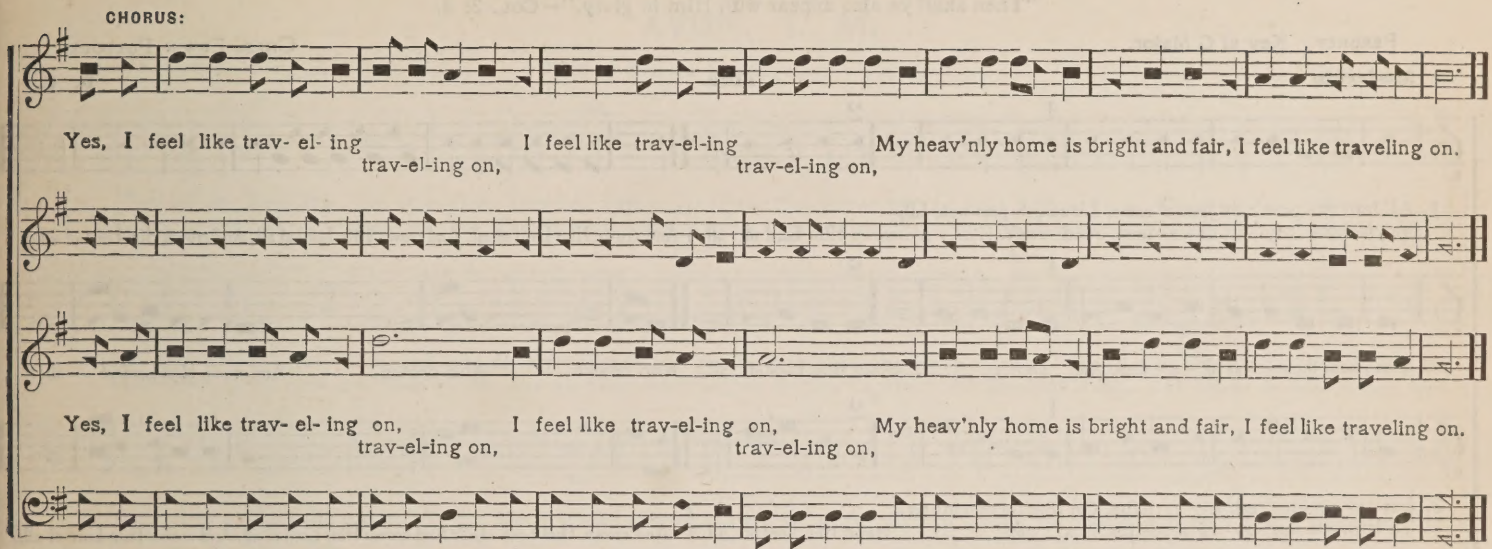

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav - el - ing on, No pain nor death can en-ter there, I feel like trav - el - ing on.
2. It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, I feel like trav - el - ing on, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine; I feel like trav - el - ing on.
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, I feel like trav - el - ing on, Which flames devour or waves o'erflow, I feel like trav - el - ing on.
4. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like trav - el - ing on, Un - til that bless - ed home I see, I feel like trav - el - ing on.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON. Concluded.

CHORUS:


Yes, I feel like trav- el- ing trav-el-ing on, I feel like trav-el-ing trav-el-ing on, My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like traveling on.
Yes, I feel like trav- el- ing on, trav-el-ing on, I feel like trav-el-ing on, trav-el-ing on, My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like traveling on.

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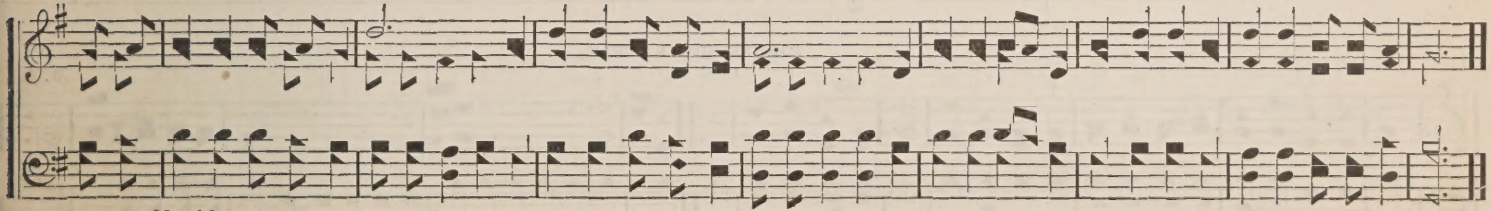


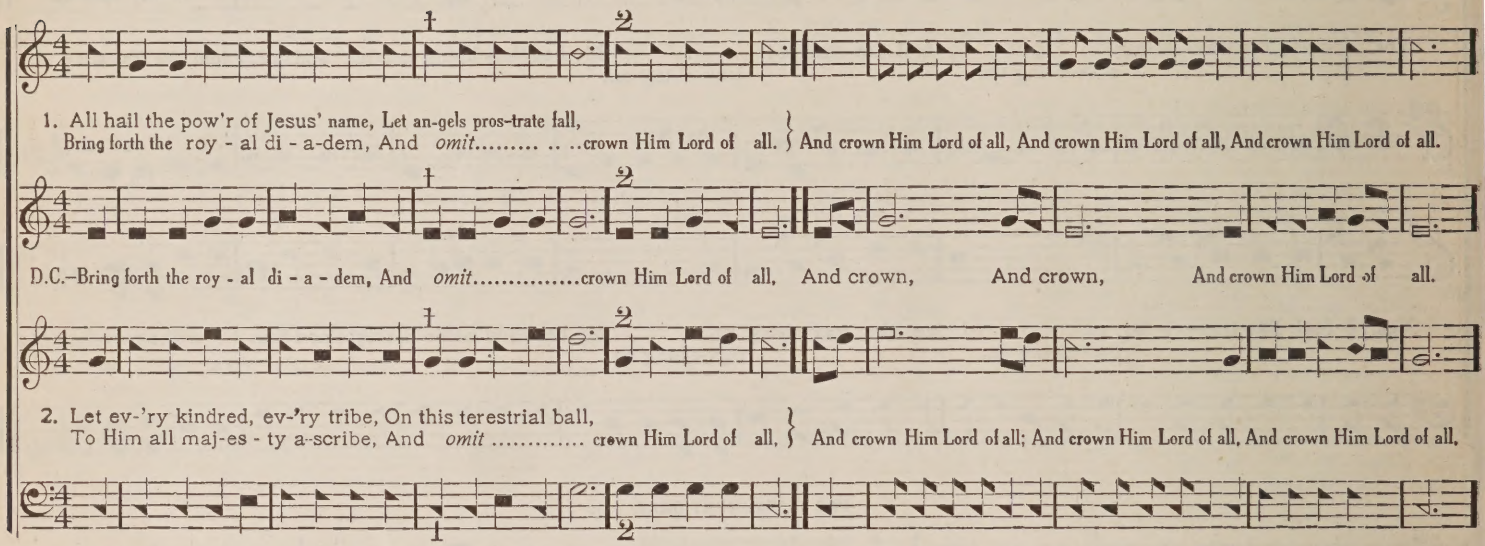
Used by per.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

"Then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. 3: 4.

PERONET. Key of C Major. CHAS. EDWIN POLLOCK.

Moderato **Fine.** **D. C.**


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And omit..... .. ..crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all.
D.C.–Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And omit.....crown Him Lord of all, And crown, And crown, And crown Him Lord of all.
2. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this terestrial ball,
To Him all maj-es - ty a-scribe, And omit ..... crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all,

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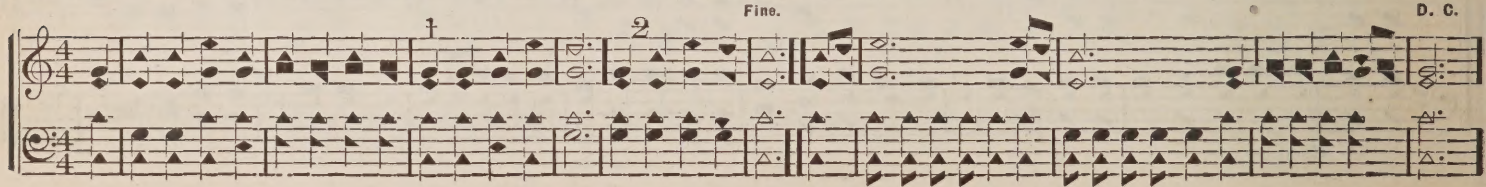
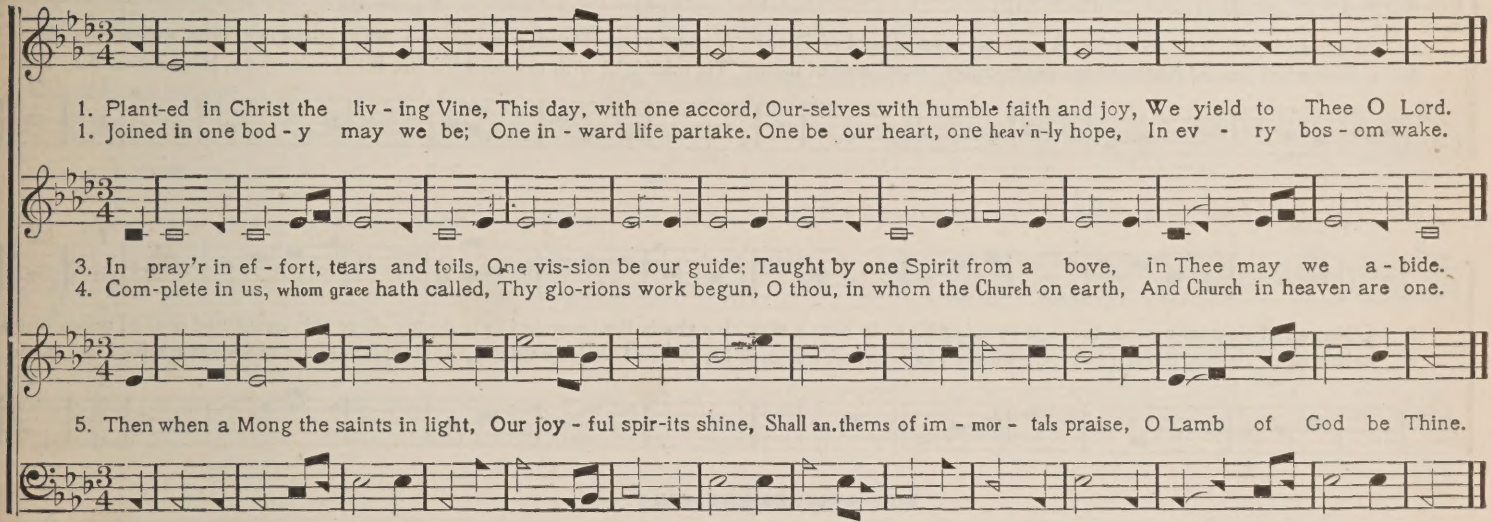
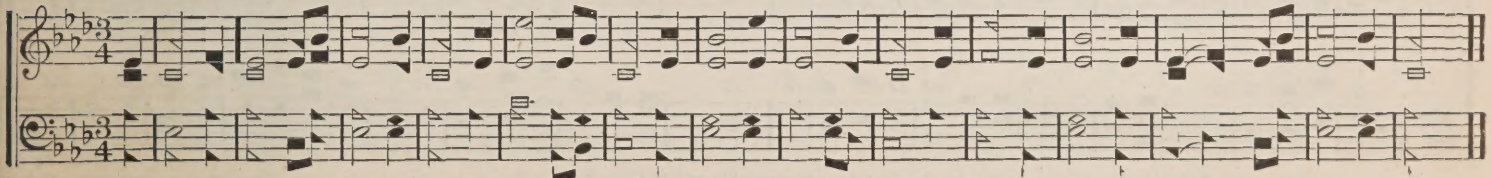

BE NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

AVON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Key of A Flat. "Christ died for the ungodly."—ROM. 6: 5. HUGH WILSON, 18th CENTURY.


1. Plant-ed in Christ the liv - ing Vine, This day, with one accord, Our-selves with humble faith and joy, We yield to Thee O Lord.
1. Joined in one bod - y may we be; One in - ward life partake. One be our heart, one heav'n-ly hope, In ev - ry bos - om wake.
3. In pray'r in ef - fort, tears and toils, One vis-sion be our guide: Taught by one Spirit from a bove, In Thee may we a - bide.
4. Com-plete in us, whom grace hath called, Thy glo-rions work begun, O thou, in whom the Church on earth, And Church in heaven are one.
5. Then when a Mong the saints in light, Our joy - ful spir-its shine, Shall an.thems of im - mor - tals praise, O Lamb of God be Thine.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

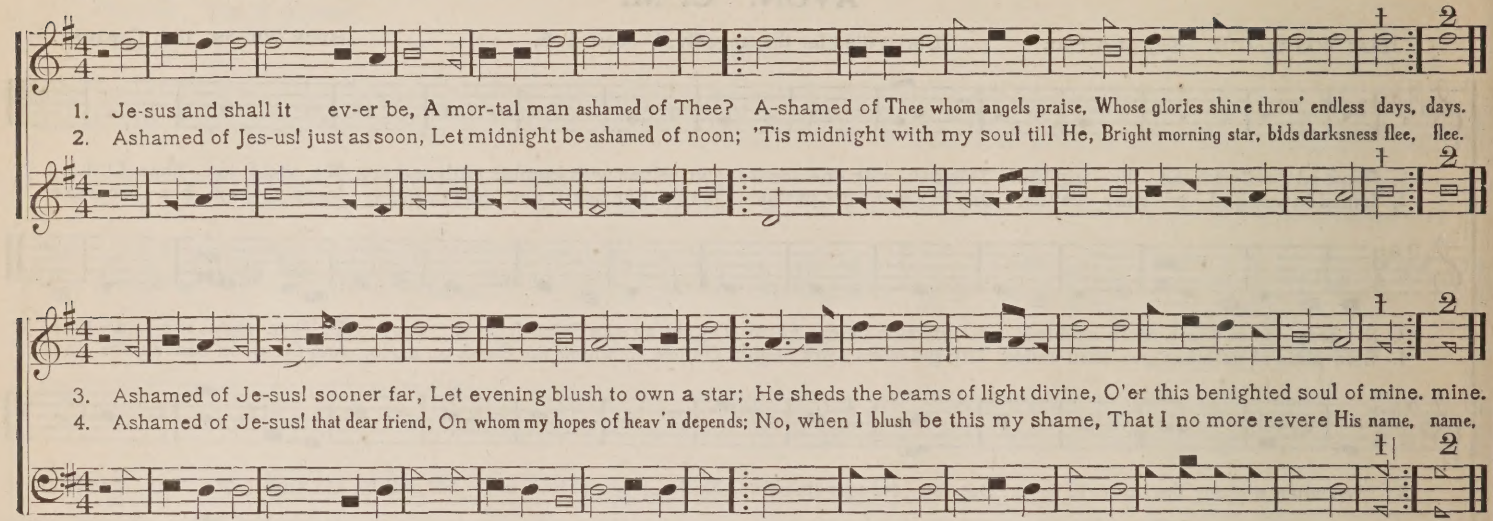


For history of this song see page 149 in the Union Harp, 1909.

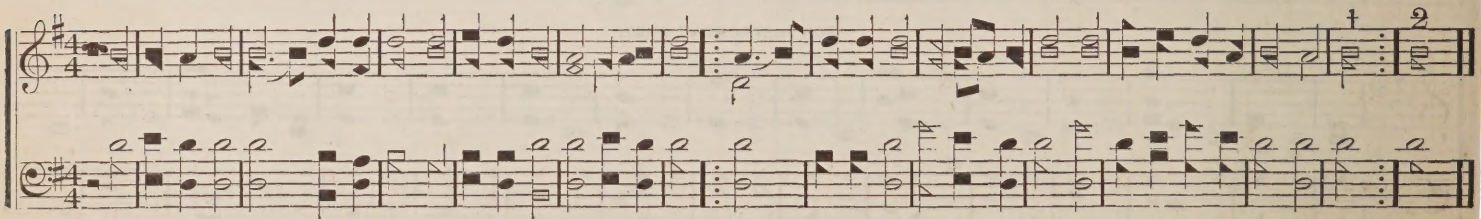
CORINTH. L. M.

"Whosoever therefor shall be ashamed of my words."—MARK 8:38.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765. Key of G Major. J. MASSENGALE.


1. Je-sus and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? A-shamed of Thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine throu' endless days, days.
2. Ashamed of Jes-us! just as soon, Let midnight be ashamed of noon; 'Tis midnight with my soul till He, Bright morning star, bids darksness flee, flee.
3. Ashamed of Je-sus! sooner far, Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divine, O'er this benighted soul of mine. mine.
4. Ashamed of Je-sus! that dear friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n depends; No, when I blush be this my shame, That I no more revere His name, name.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

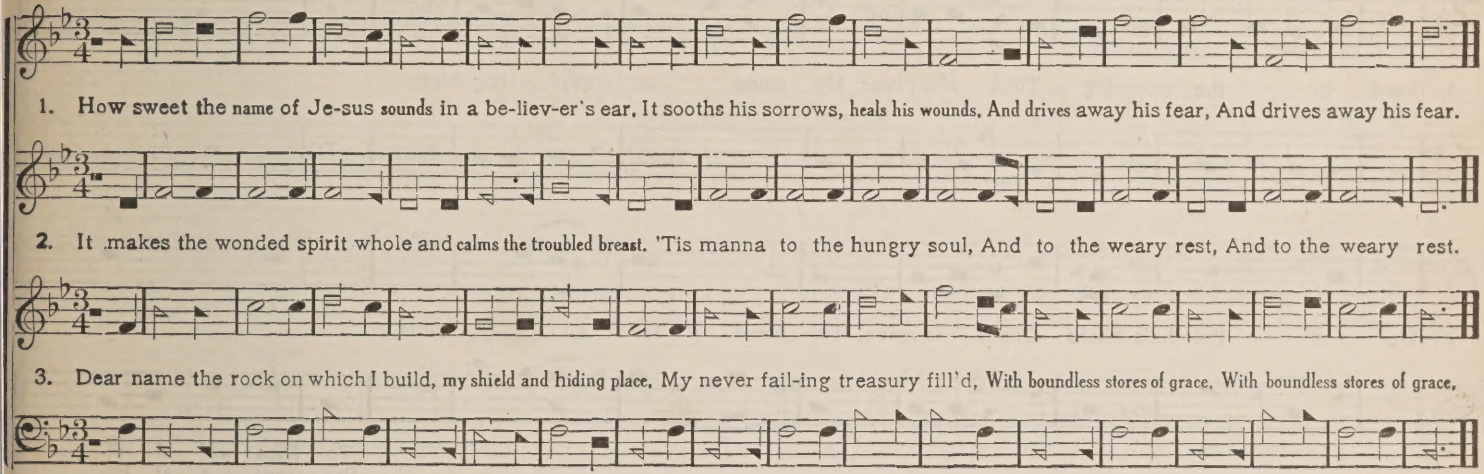


For History of this Song, see page 32, in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

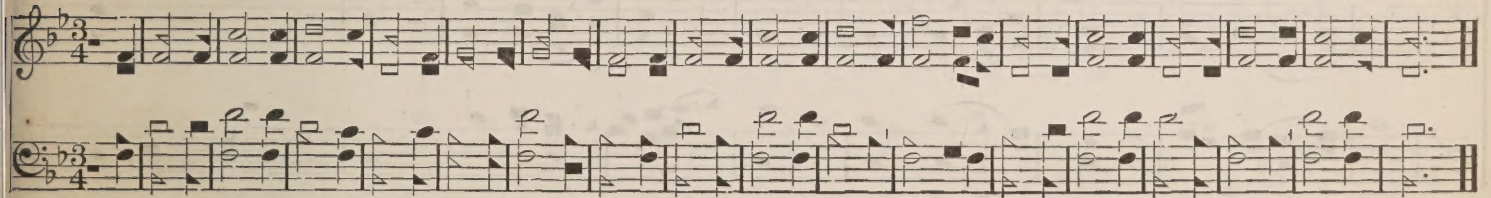
ORTONVILLE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. "Thy name is an ointment pouring forth."—S. SOLOMON, 1: 3. Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.

Key of B Flat Major! THOS. HASTINGS, 1830, Re-arranged by B. F, WHITE, 1858.

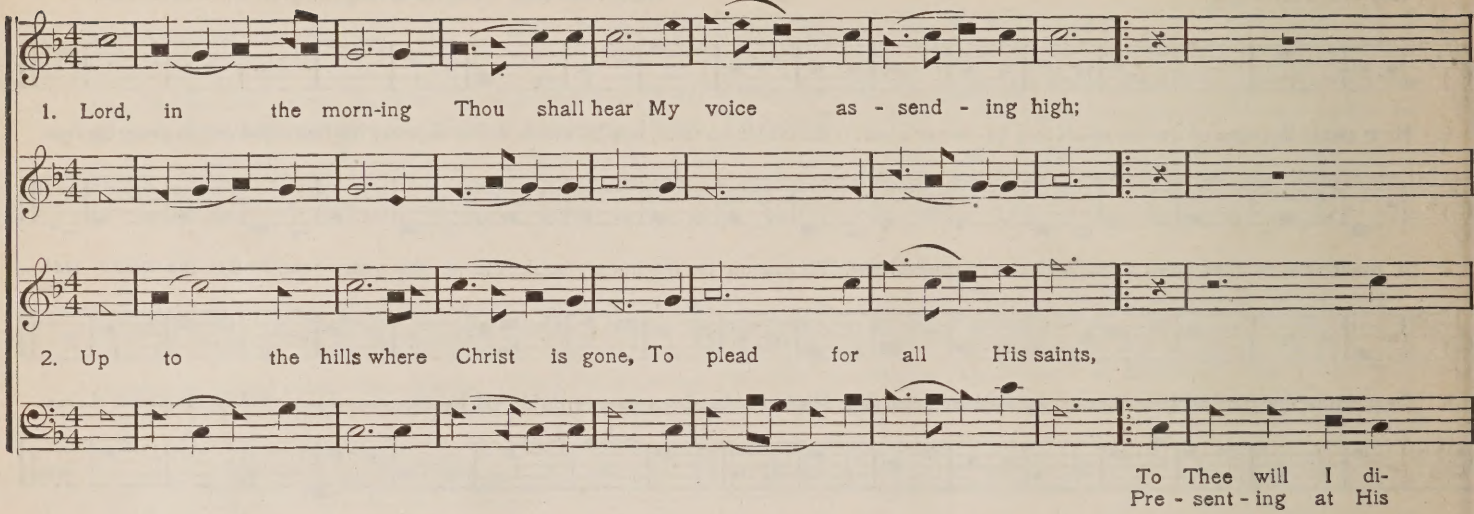

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds in a be-liev-er's ear, It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wonded spirit whole and calms the troubled breast. 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest, And to the weary rest.
3. Dear name the rock on which I build, my shield and hiding place, My never fail-ing treasury fill'd, With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.

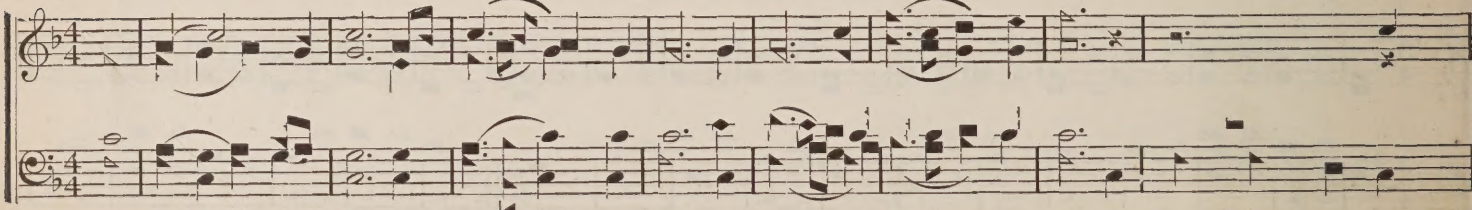
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

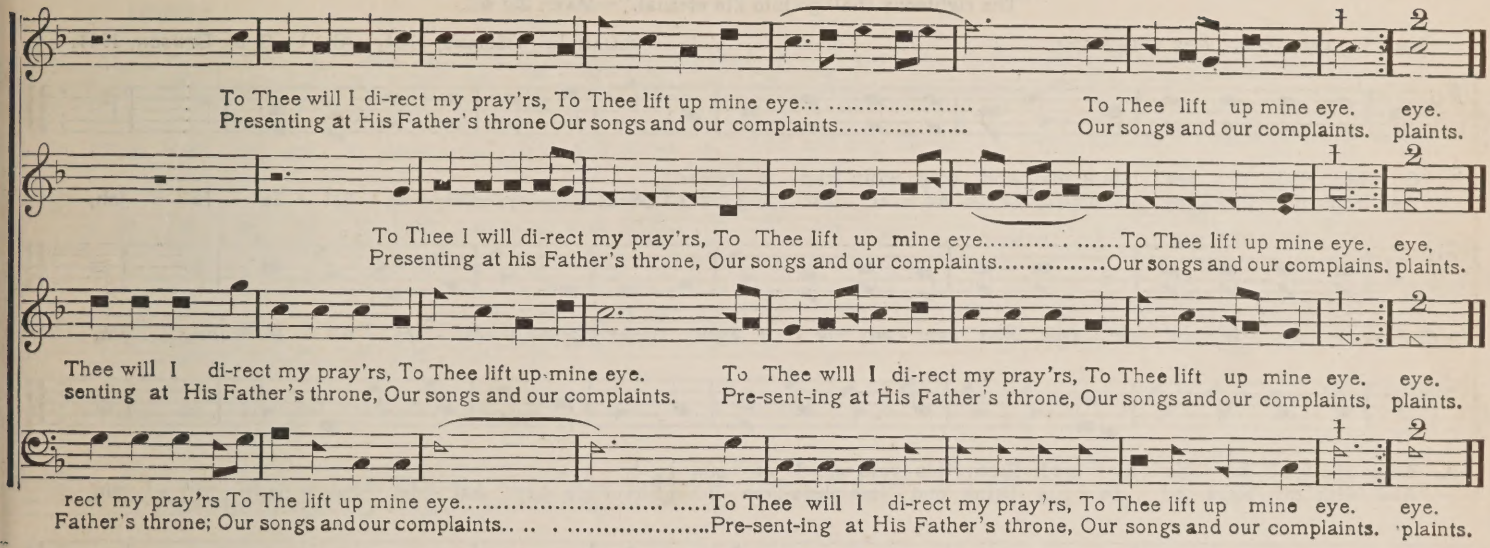


For History of this Song, see page 283 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

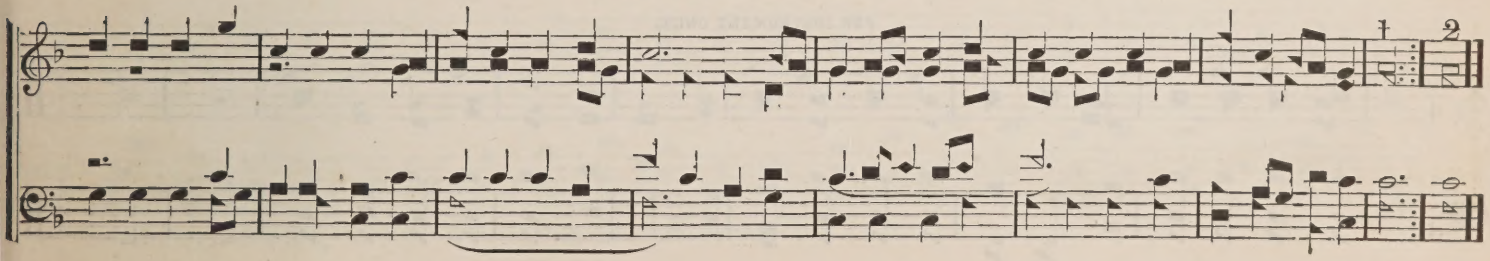
EXHORTATION. C. M.

"My precious voice Thou shalt hear in the morning, O Lord."—Ps. 5: 3.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shall hear My voice as - send - ing high;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints,
To Thee will I di-
Pre - sent - ing at His

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 171, in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

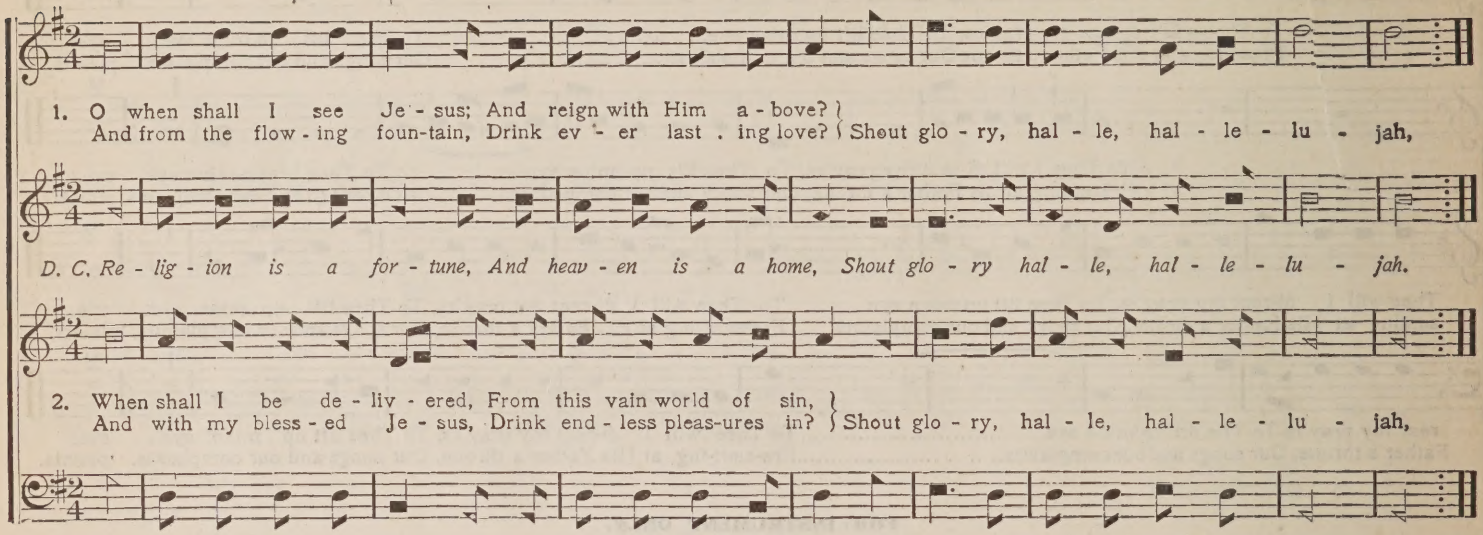

To Thee will I di-rect my pray'rs, To Thee lift up mine eye... .....
Presenting at His Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.....
To Thee lift up mine eye. eye.
Our songs and our complaints. plaints.
To Thee I will di-rect my pray'rs, To Thee lift up mine eye..... .....To Thee lift up mine eye. eye,
Presenting at his Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints.....Our songs and our complains. plaints.
Thee will I di-rect my pray'rs, To Thee lift up mine eye.
senting at His Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints.
To Thee will I di-rect my pray'rs, To Thee lift up mine eye. eye.
Pre-sent-ing at His Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints. plaints.
rect my pray'rs To The lift up mine eye..... .....To Thee will I di-rect my pray'rs, To Thee lift up mine eye. eye.
Father's throne; Our songs and our complaints.. .. . .Pre-sent-ing at His Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints. plaints.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

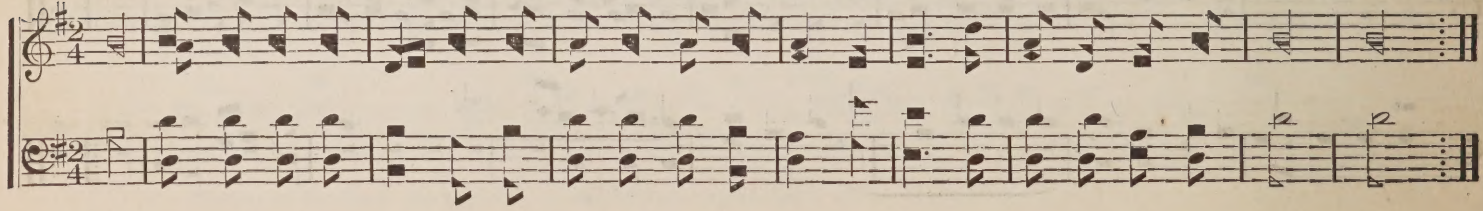


RELIGION IS A FORTUNE. 7s & 6s.

"The righteous shall go into life eternal."—MATT. 25: 46.

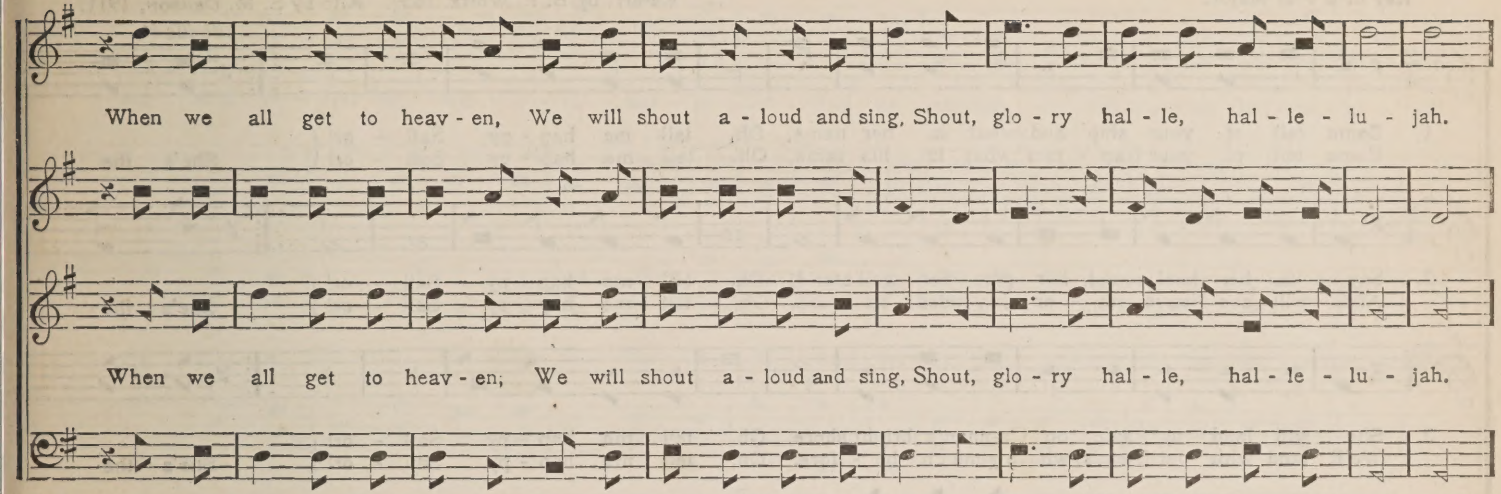
JOHN LELAND, 1835. Key of G Major. WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS, 1781, Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus; And reign with Him a - bove?
And from the flow - ing foun-tain, Drink ev - er last . ing love?
Shout glo - ry, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah,
D. C. Re - lig - ion is a for - tune, And heav - en is a home, Shout glo - ry hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.
2. When shall I be de - liv - ered, From this vain world of sin,
And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleas-ures in?
Shout glo - ry, hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

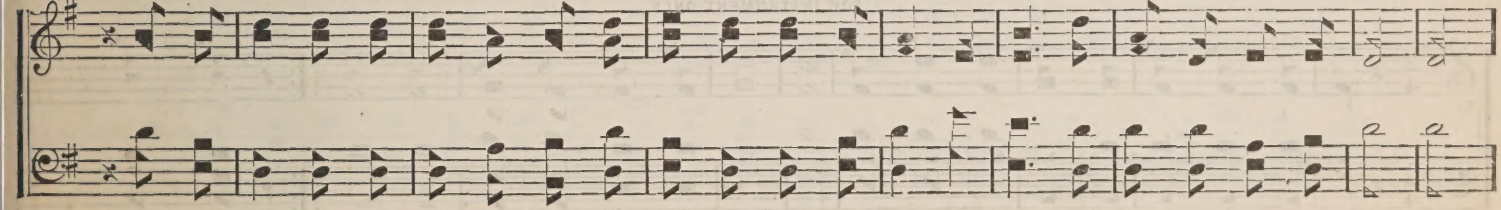


RELIGION IS A FORTUNE. Concluded.

CHORUS:


When we all get to heav - en, We will shout a - loud and sing, Shout, glo - ry hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.
When we all get to heav - en, We will shout a - loud and sing, Shout, glo - ry hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



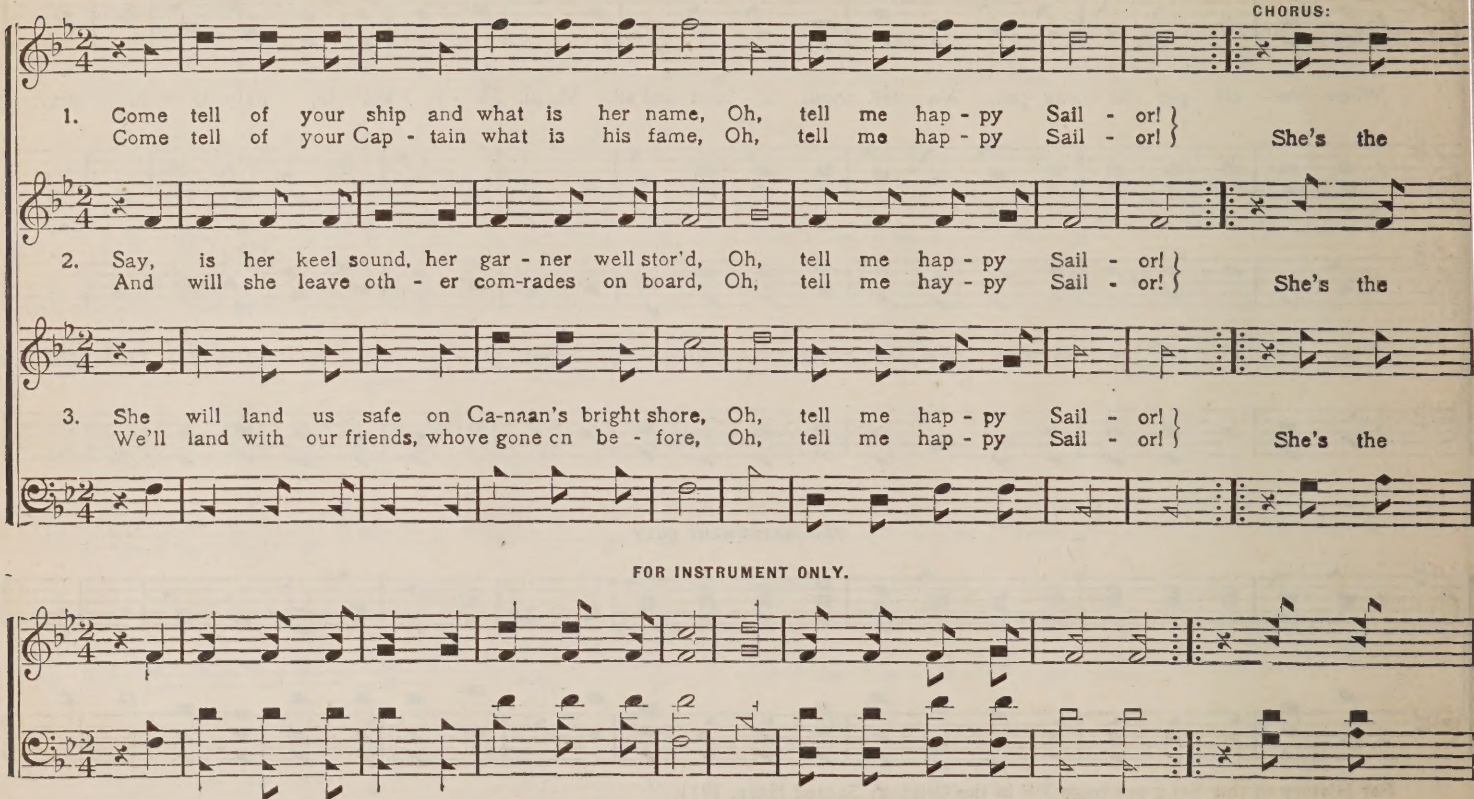
For History of this Song see page 319 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

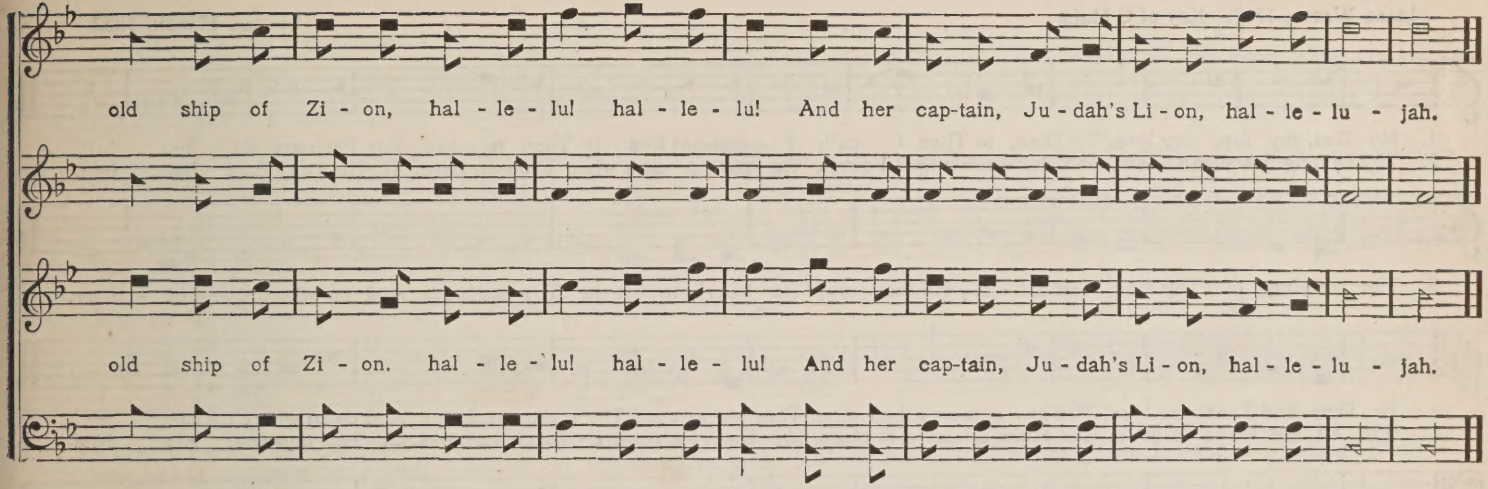
THE HAPPY SAILOR. 10s.

"Having your loins girt about you with truth."—EPHE. 6: 14.

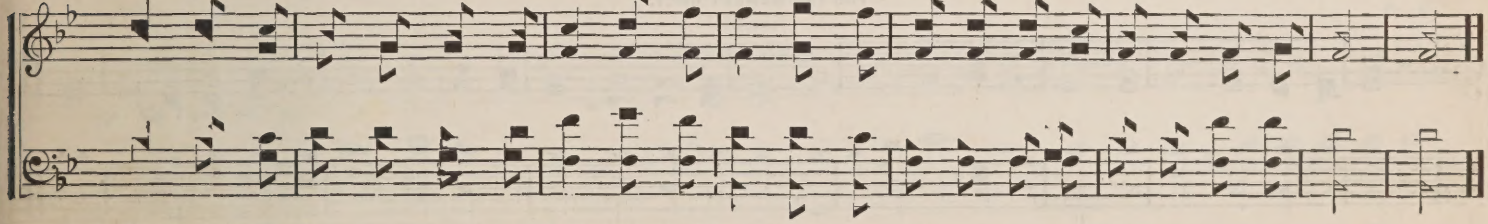
Key of B Flat Major.

Re-arr. by B. F. WHITE, 1859. Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.


CHORUS:
1. Come tell of your ship and what is her name, Oh, tell me hap - py Sail - or! }
Come tell of your Cap - tain what is his fame, Oh, tell me hap - py Sail - or! }
She's the
2. Say, is her keel sound, her gar - ner well stor'd, Oh, tell me hap - py Sail - or! }
And will she leave oth - er com-rades on board, Oh, tell me hay - py Sail - or! }
She's the
3. She will land us safe on Ca-naan's bright shore, Oh, tell me hap - py Sail - or! }
We'll land with our friends, whove gone cn be - fore, Oh, tell me hap - py Sail - or! }
She's the
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.


old ship of Zi - on, hal - le - lu! hal - le - lu! And her cap-tain, Ju - dah's Li - on, hal - le - lu - jah.
old ship of Zi - on. hal - le - lu! hal - le - lu! And her cap-tain, Ju - dah's Li - on, hal - le - lu - jah.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

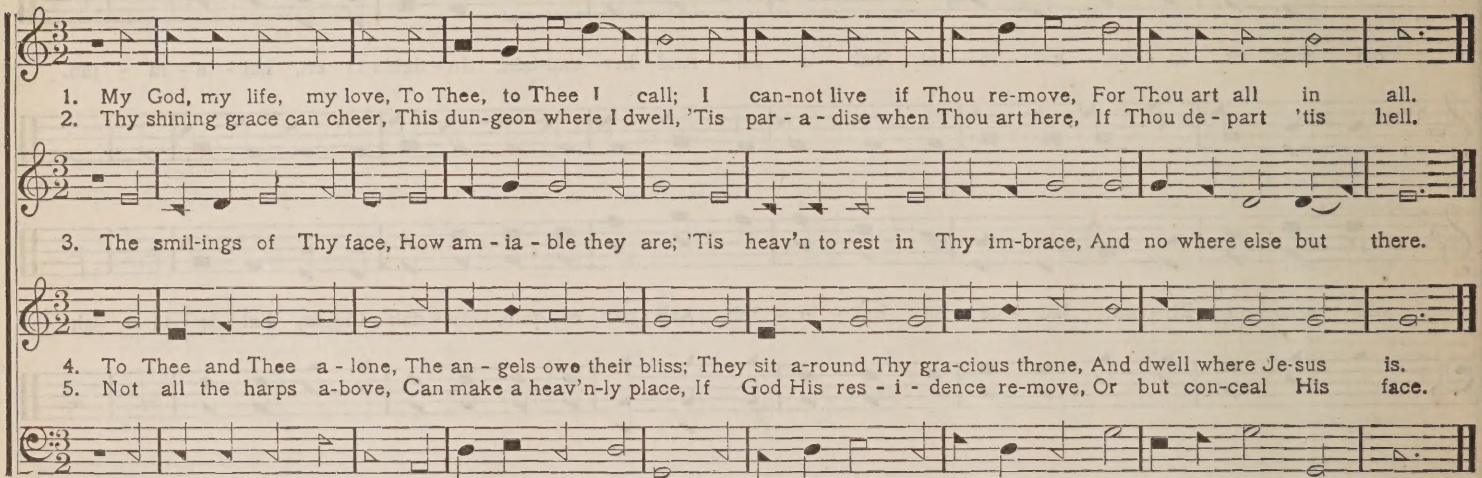


For History of this Song, see page 388 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

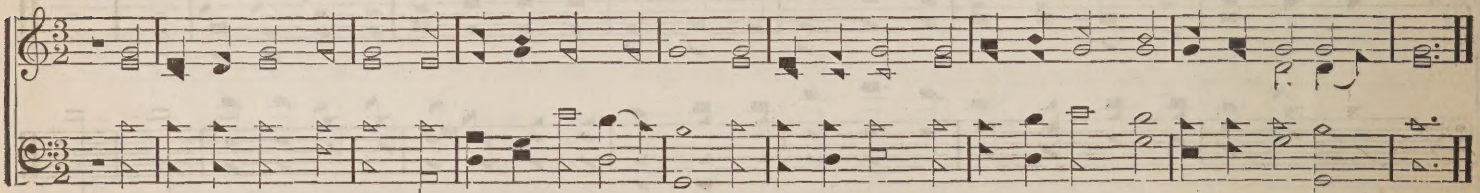
BOYLSTON. S. M.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?—Ps. 73: 25.

ISAAC WATTS, 1767. Key of C Major. LOWELL MASON, 1832.


1. My God, my life, my love, To Thee, to Thee I call; I can-not live if Thou re-move, For Thou art all in all.
2. Thy shining grace can cheer, This dun-geon where I dwell, 'Tis par - a - dise when Thou art here, If Thou de - part 'tis hell.
3. The smil-ings of Thy face, How am - ia - ble they are; 'Tis heav'n to rest in Thy im-brace, And no where else but there.
4. To Thee and Thee a - lone, The an - gels owe their bliss; They sit a-round Thy gra-cious throne, And dwell where Je-sus is.
5. Not all the harps a-bove, Can make a heav'n-ly place, If God His res - i - dence re-move, Or but con-ceal His face.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



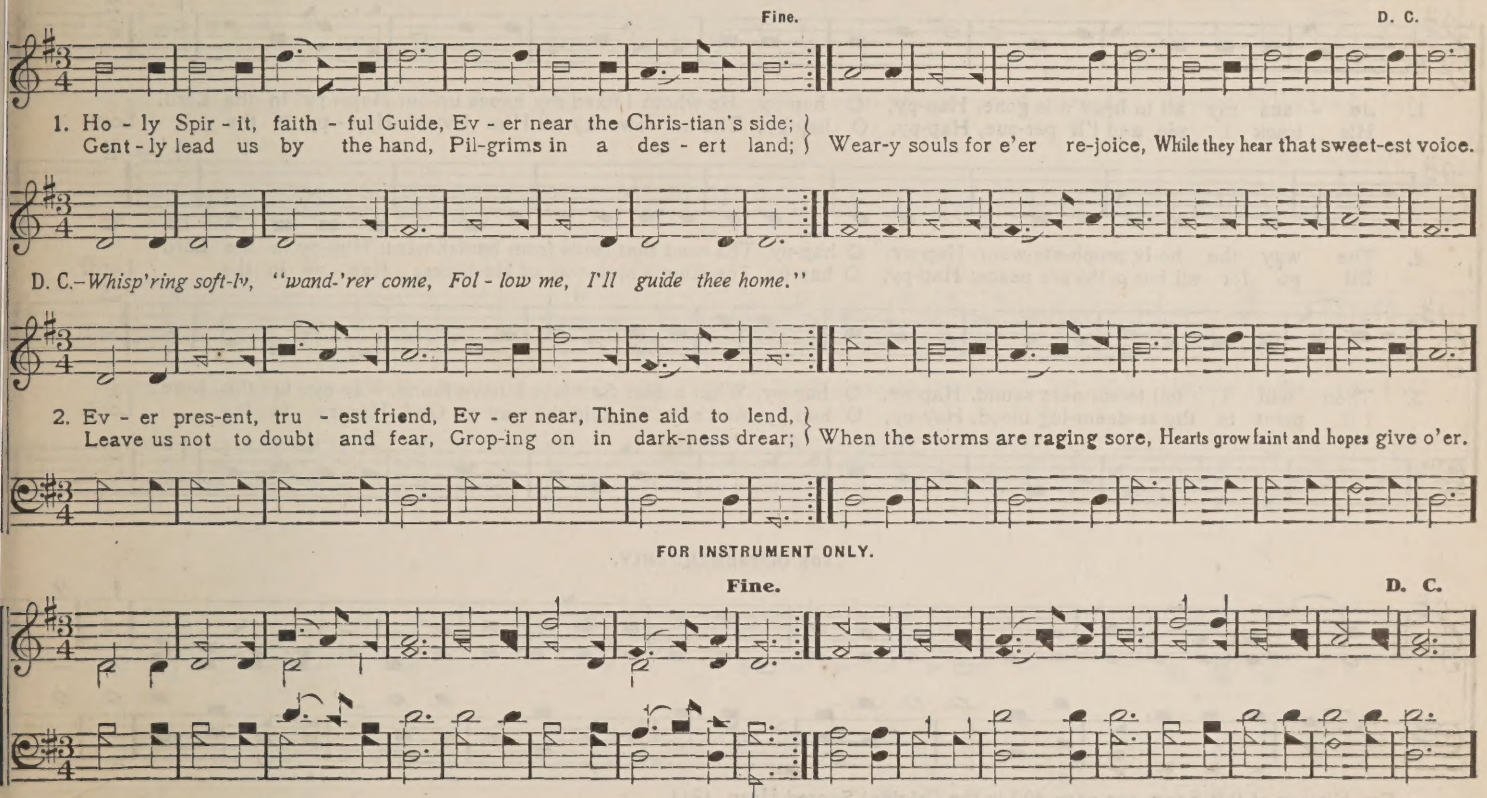
For History of this Song, see page 447 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"And where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—II Cor. 3: 17.

Key of G Major.

M. M. Wells.


Fine.
D. C.
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
Wear-y souls for e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice.
D. C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "wand-'rer come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear;
When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er.

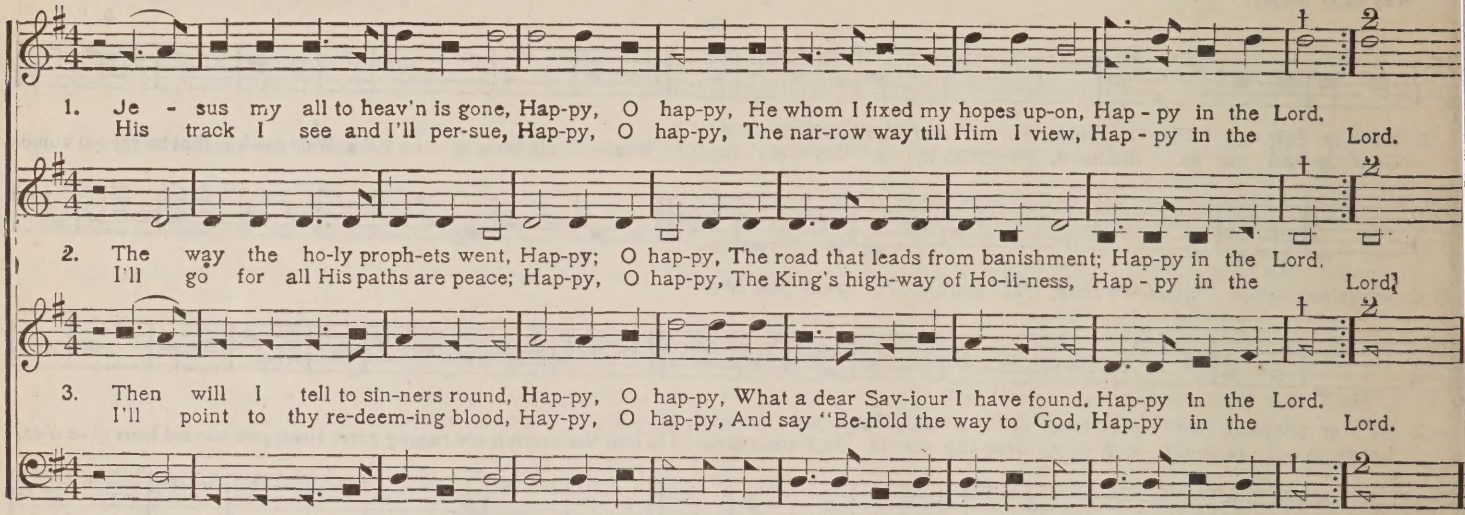
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

RIVER OF JORDAN. L. M.

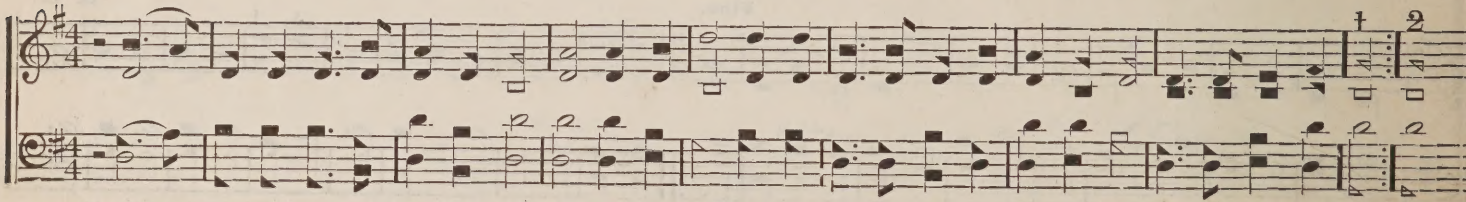
"Looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God."—Acts. 7: 55.

Key of G Major.

John G. McCurry, 1853. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

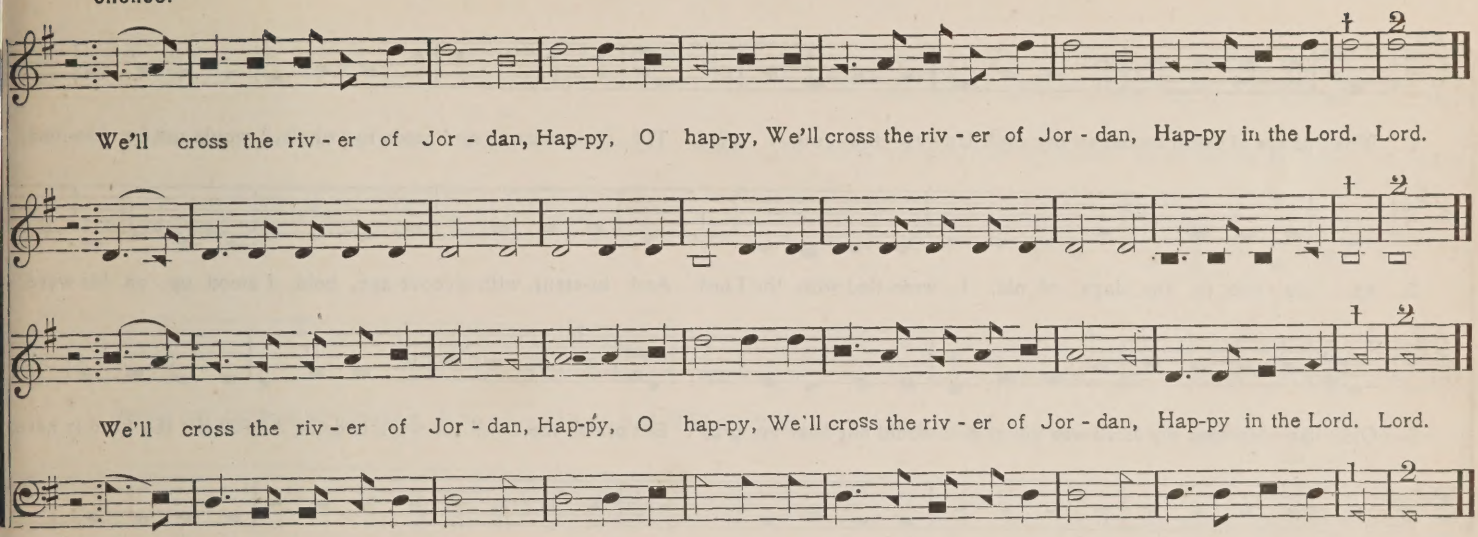

1. Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, Hap-py, O hap-py, He whom I fixed my hopes up-on, Hap - py in the Lord.
His track I see and I'll per-sue, Hap-py, O hap-py, The nar-row way till Him I view, Hap - py in the Lord.
2. The way the ho-ly proph-ets went, Hap-py; O hap-py, The road that leads from banishment; Hap-py in the Lord.
I'll go for all His paths are peace; Hap-py, O hap-py, The King's high-way of Ho-li-ness, Hap - py in the Lord.
3. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, Hap-py, O hap-py, What a dear Sav-iour I have found. Hap-py in the Lord.
I'll point to thy re-deem-ing blood, Hay-py, O hap-py, And say "Be-hold the way to God, Hap-py in the Lord.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

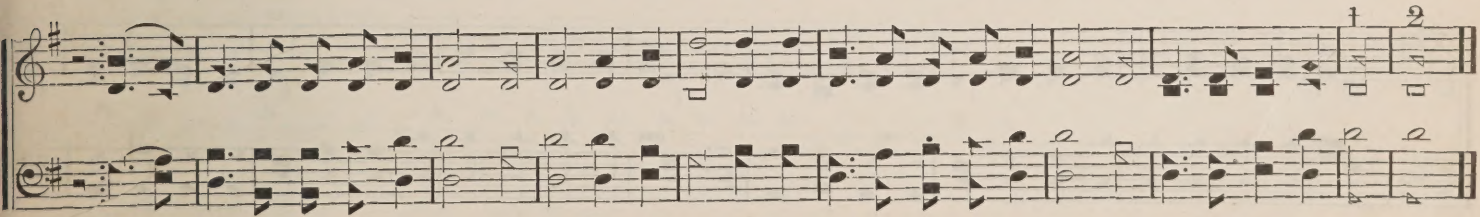


For History of this Song, see page 493 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

CHORUS:


We'll cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap-py, O hap-py, We'll cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap-py in the Lord. Lord.
We'll cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap-py, O hap-py, We'll cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap-py in the Lord. Lord.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



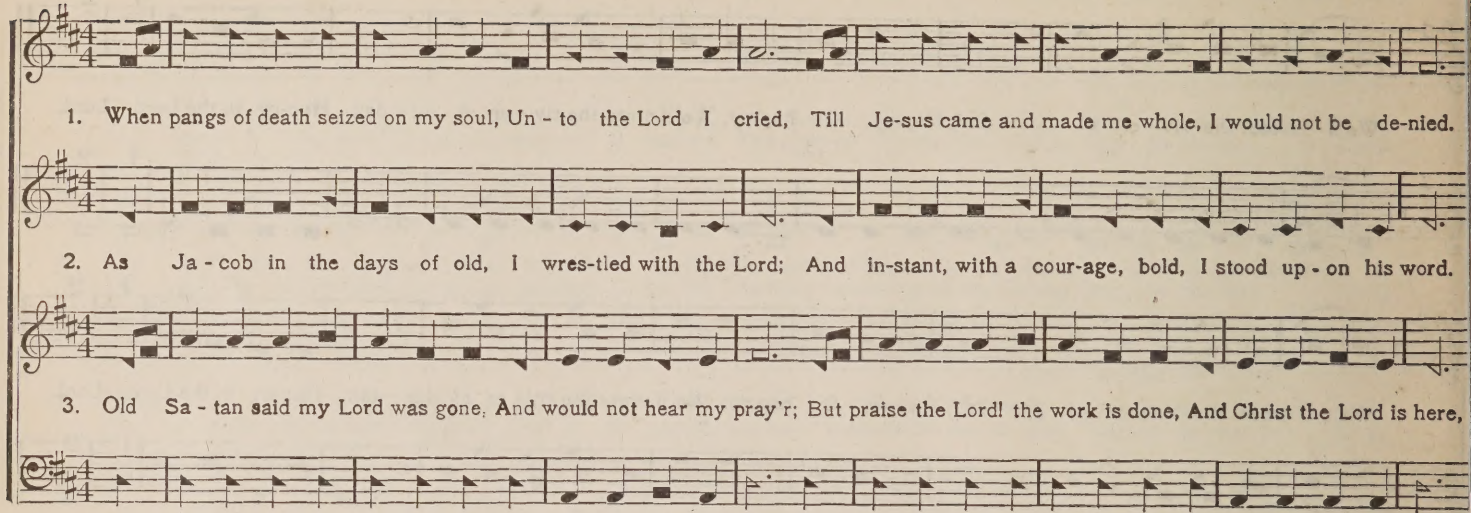
110

C. P. J.

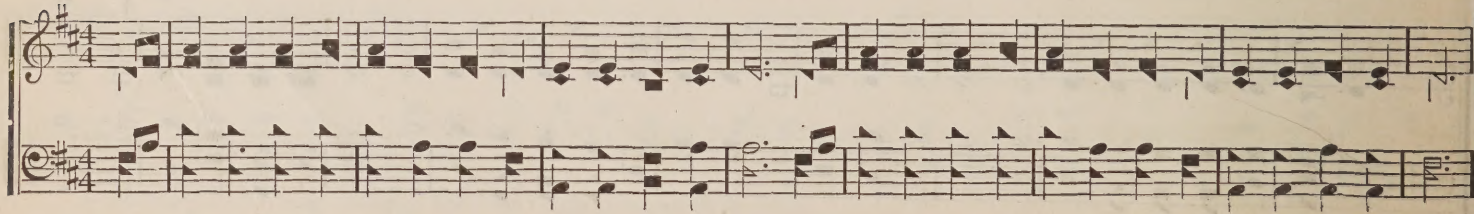
I WOULD NOT BE DENIED. C. M.

(Genesis 32: 24-28.)

C. P. Jones.

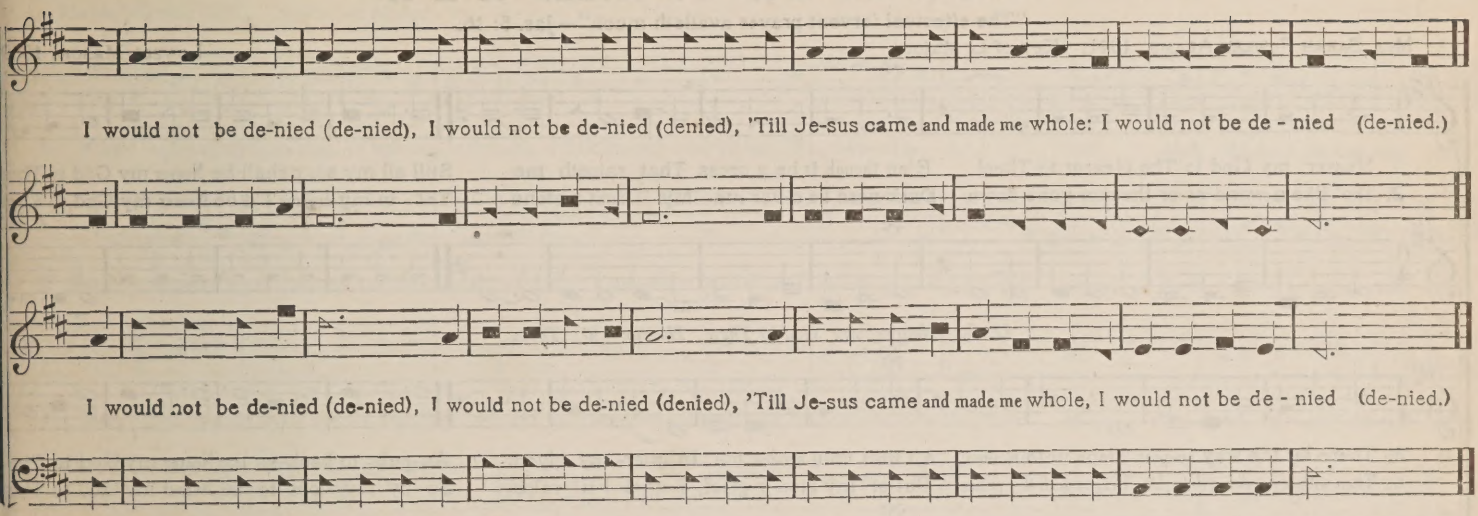

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried, Till Je-sus came and made me whole, I would not be de-nied.
2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord; And in-stant, with a cour-age, bold, I stood up - on his word.
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone, And would not hear my pray'r; But praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ the Lord is here,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

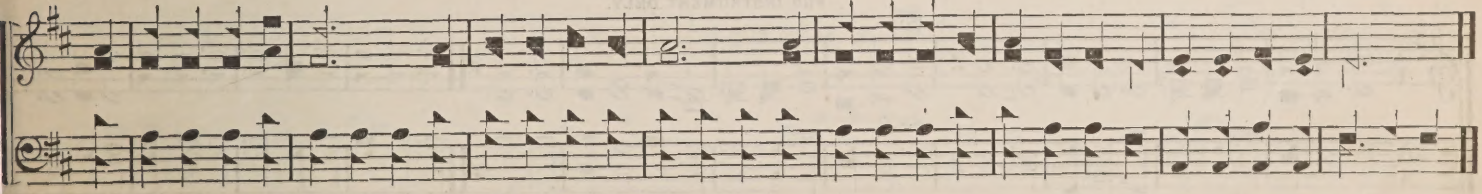


I WOULD NOT BE DENIED. Concluded.

CHORUS:


I would not be de-nied (de-nied), I would not be de-nied (denied), 'Till Je-sus came and made me whole: I would not be de - nied (de-nied.)
I would not be de-nied (de-nied), I would not be de-nied (denied), 'Till Je-sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied (de-nied.)

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



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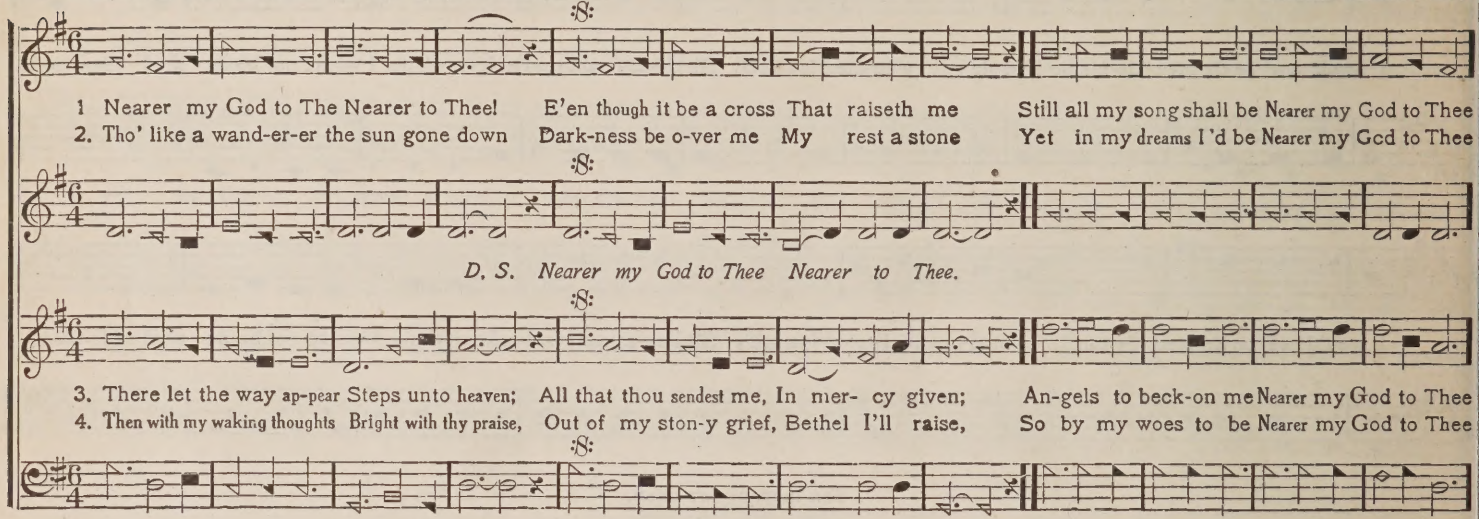
NEARER MY GOD TO THEE. 6s & 4s

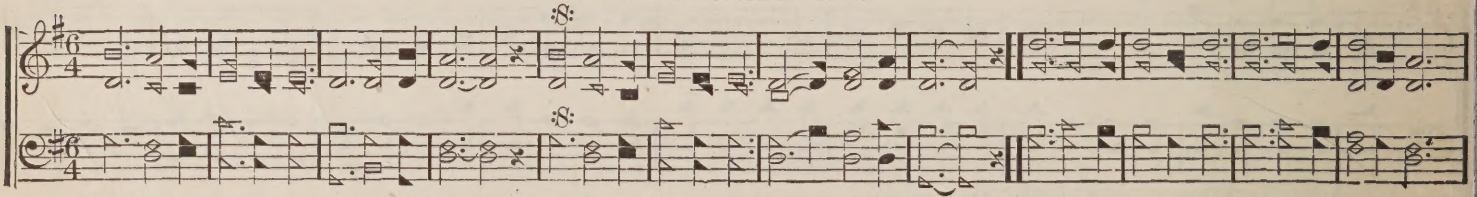
"The effectual fervent prayer availeth much"—Jas. 5: 16.

Mrs. Sarah Fowler Adams. 1841. Key of G Major

Lowell Mason. 1859.


1 Nearer my God to The Nearer to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me Still all my song shall be Nearer my God to Thee
2. Tho' like a wand-er-er the sun gone down Dark-ness be o-ver me My rest a stone Yet in my dreams I 'd be Nearer my God to Thee
D. S. Nearer my God to Thee Nearer to Thee.
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me, In mer- cy given; An-gels to beck-on me Nearer my God to Thee
4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston-y grief, Bethel I'll raise, So by my woes to be Nearer my God to Thee

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



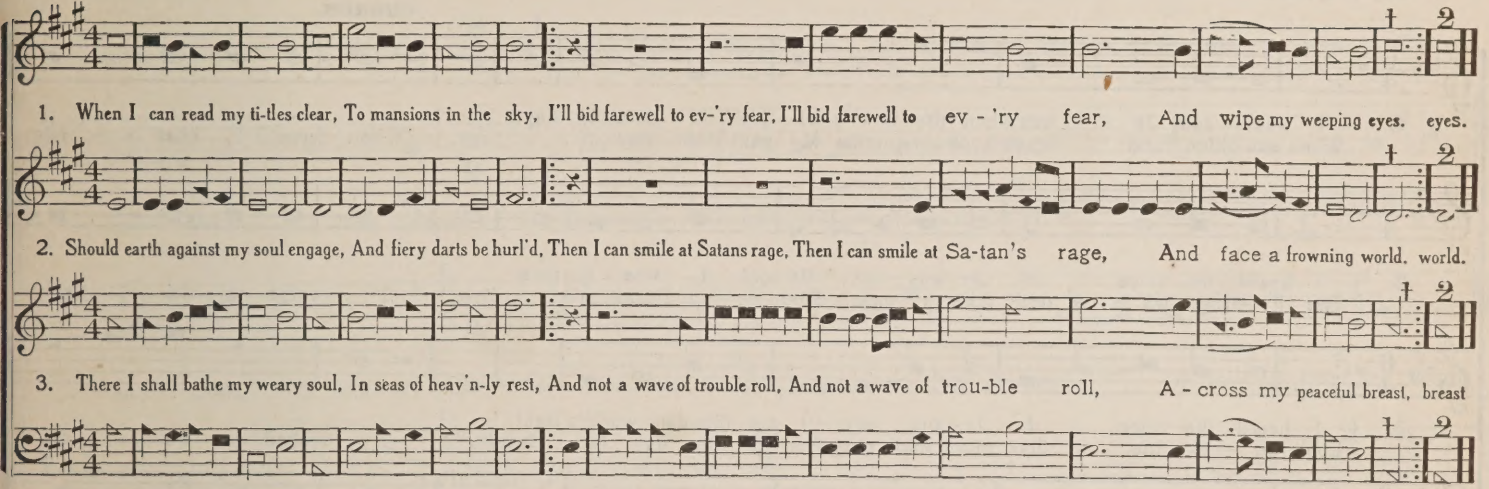
For History of this Song see page 34 in the Union Harp, 1909.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

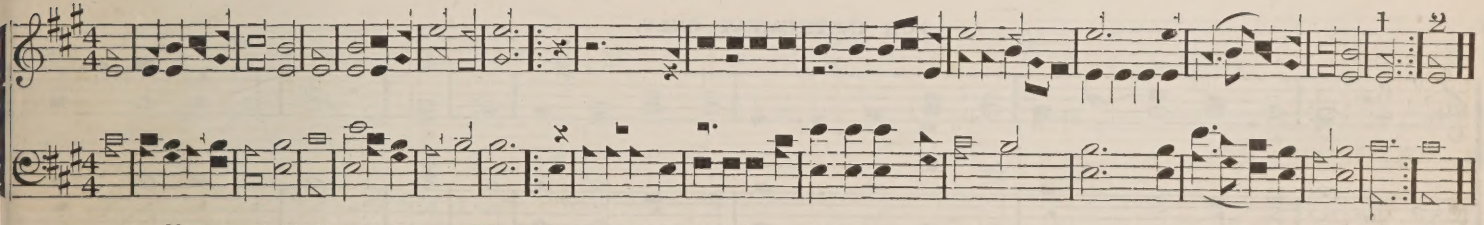
"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure."—2 PET. 1: 10.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Key of A Major.

COLTON.


1. When I can read my ti-tles clear, To mansions in the sky, I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Satans rage, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world. world.
3. There I shall bathe my weary soul, In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll, And not a wave of trou-ble roll, A - cross my peaceful breast, breast

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

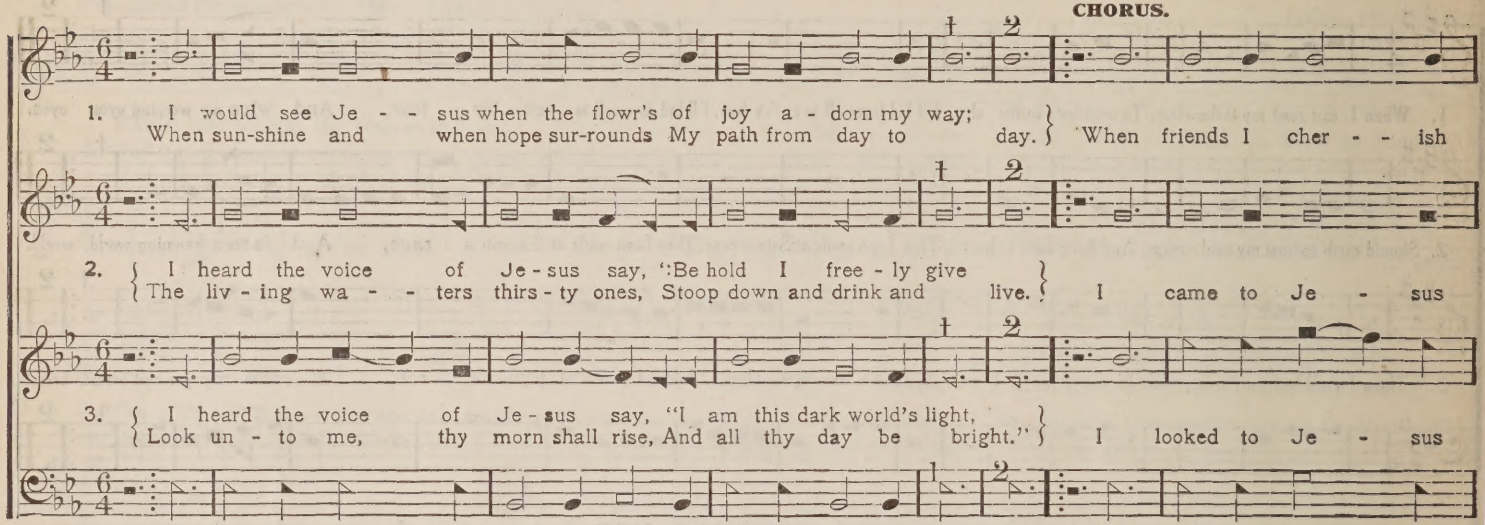


For History of this Song, see page 36, in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

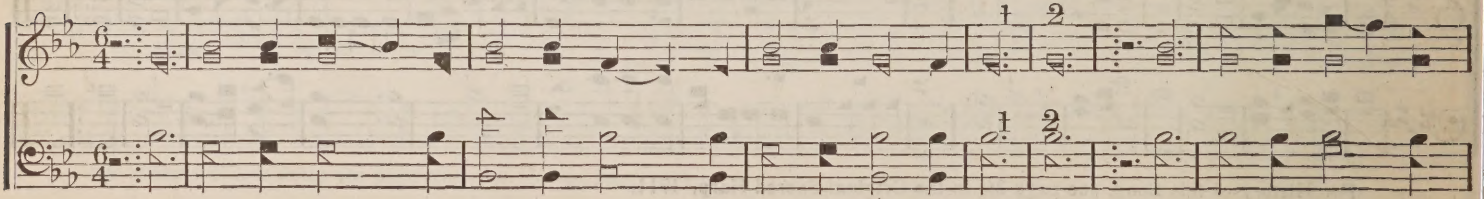
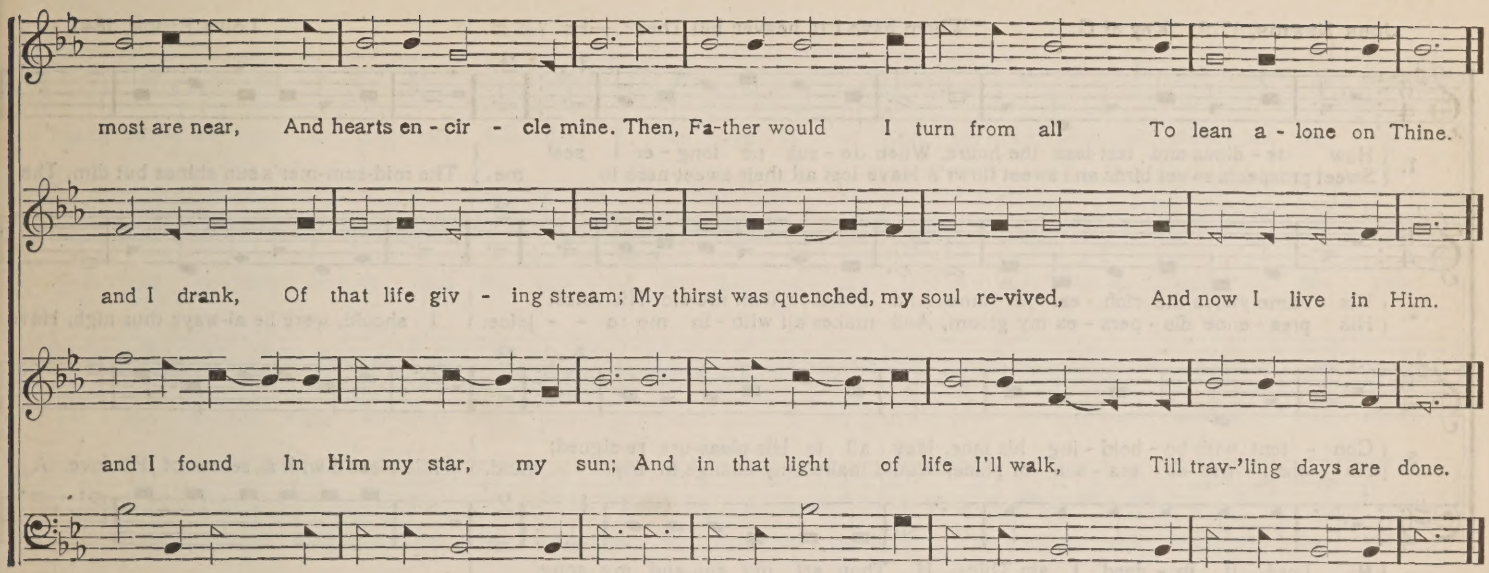
I WOULD SEE JESUS. C. M. D.

"And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their forehead."—Rev. 22: 4.

Key of E Flat.

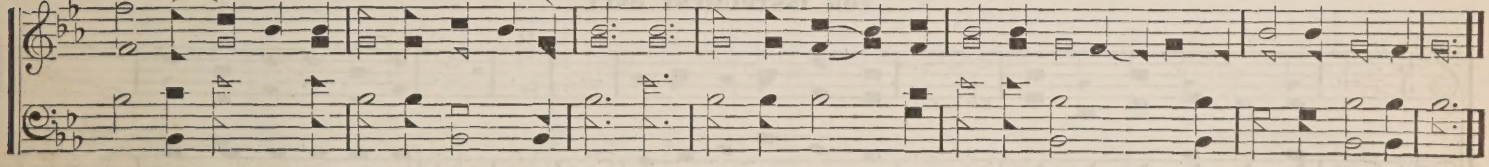
L. P. Breedlove, 1867. Alto by S. M. Denson.

CHORUS.
1. I would see Je - - sus when the flowr's of joy a - dorn my way; When sun-shine and when hope sur-rounds My path from day to day. When friends I cher - - ish
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be hold I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - - ters thirs - ty ones, Stoop down and drink and live. I came to Je - sus
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light, Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je - sus

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



most are near, And hearts en - cir - cle mine. Then, Fa-ther would I turn from all To lean a - lone on Thine.
and I drank, Of that life giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
and I found In Him my star, my sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav-'ling days are done.

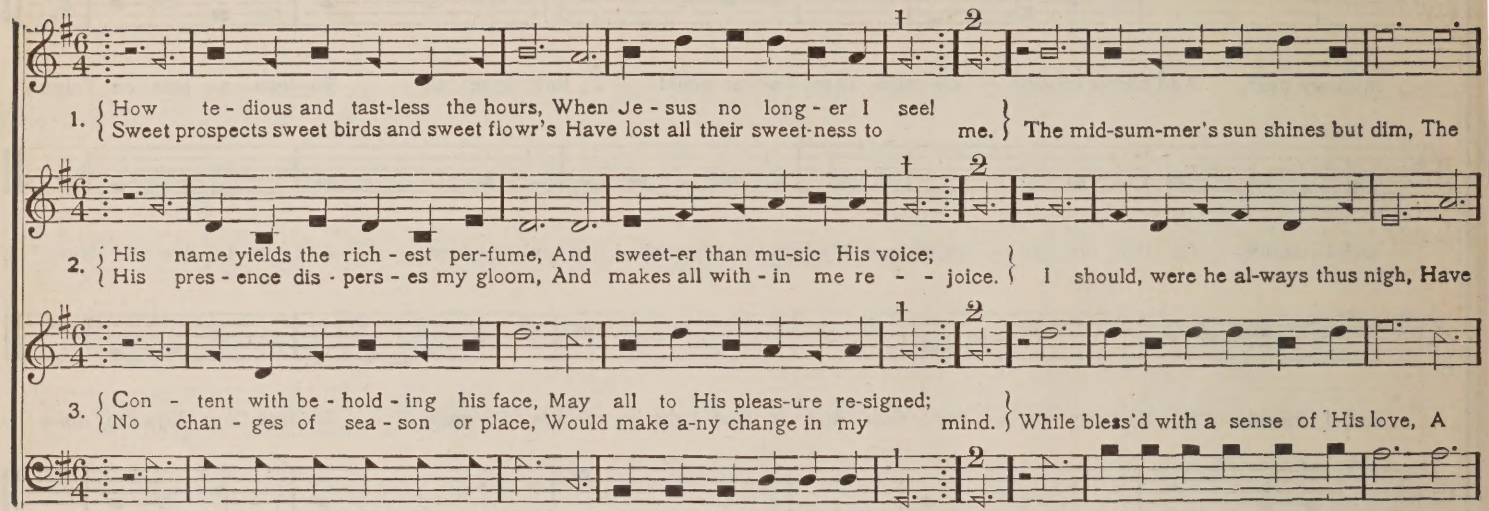
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY



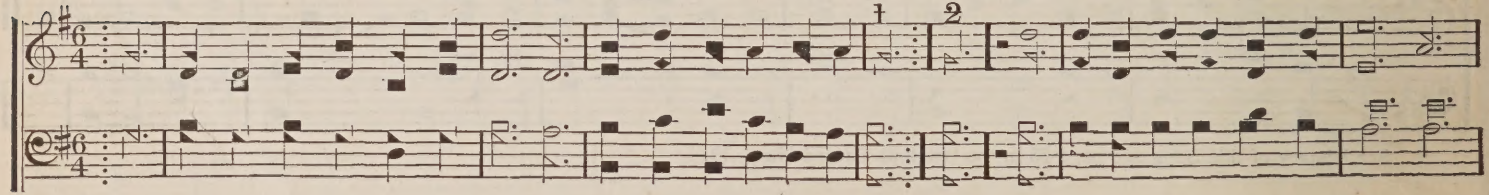
For History of this Song see page 75 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

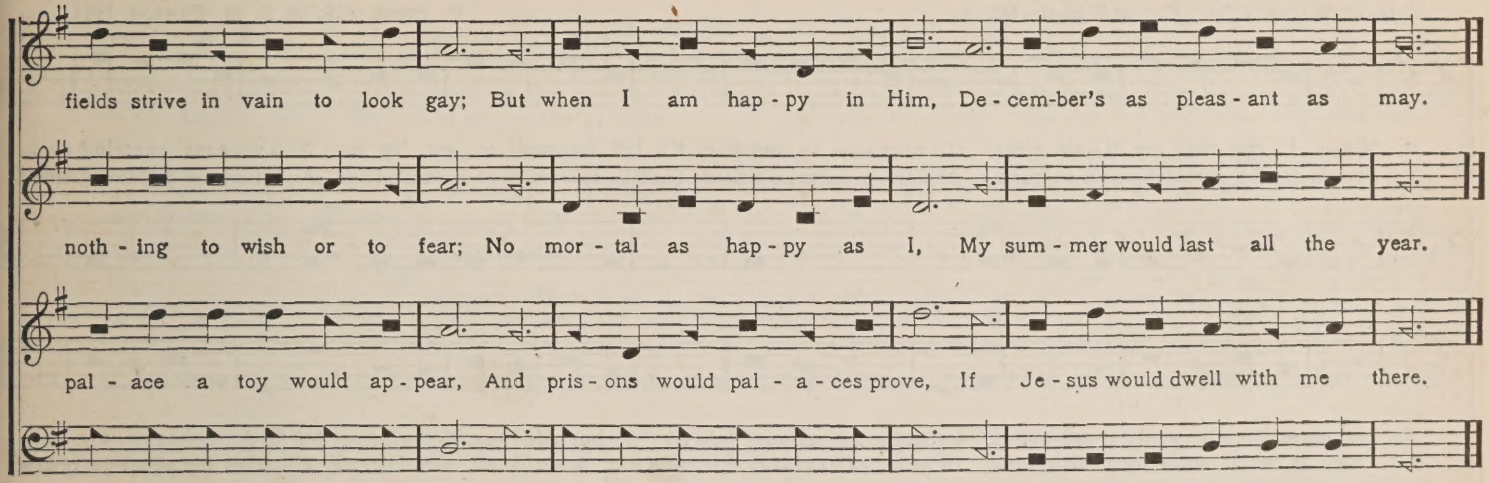
GREENFIELD. 8s.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. Key of G. "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?"—Ps. 73: 25. LOUIS EDSON, 1840.

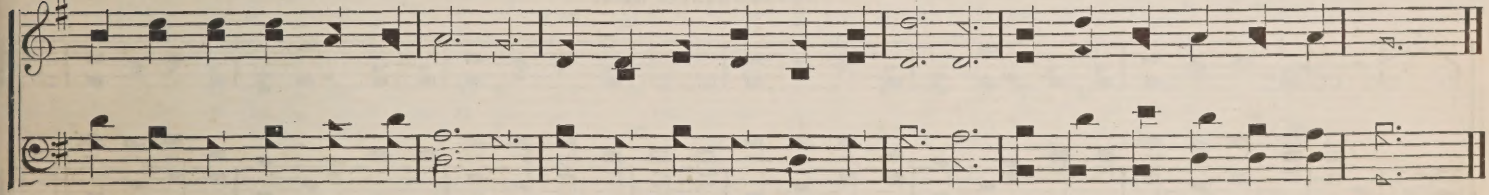

1. How te - dious and tast-less the hours, When Je - sus no long - er I see!
Sweet prospects sweet birds and sweet flowr's Have lost all their sweet-ness to me. The mid-sum-mer's sun shines but dim, The
2. His name yields the rich - est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
His pres - ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - - joice. I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have
3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing his face, May all to His pleas-ure re-signed;
No chan - ges of sea - son or place, Would make a-ny change in my mind. While bless'd with a sense of His love, A
4. My Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song:
Say, why do I lan - guish and pine, And why are my win - ters so long? O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY




fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas - ant as may.
noth - ing to wish or to fear; No mor - tal as hap - py as I, My sum - mer would last all the year.
pal - ace a toy would ap - pear, And pris - ons would pal - a - ces prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there.
soul cheer - ing pres - ence re - store; Or take me to Thee up on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

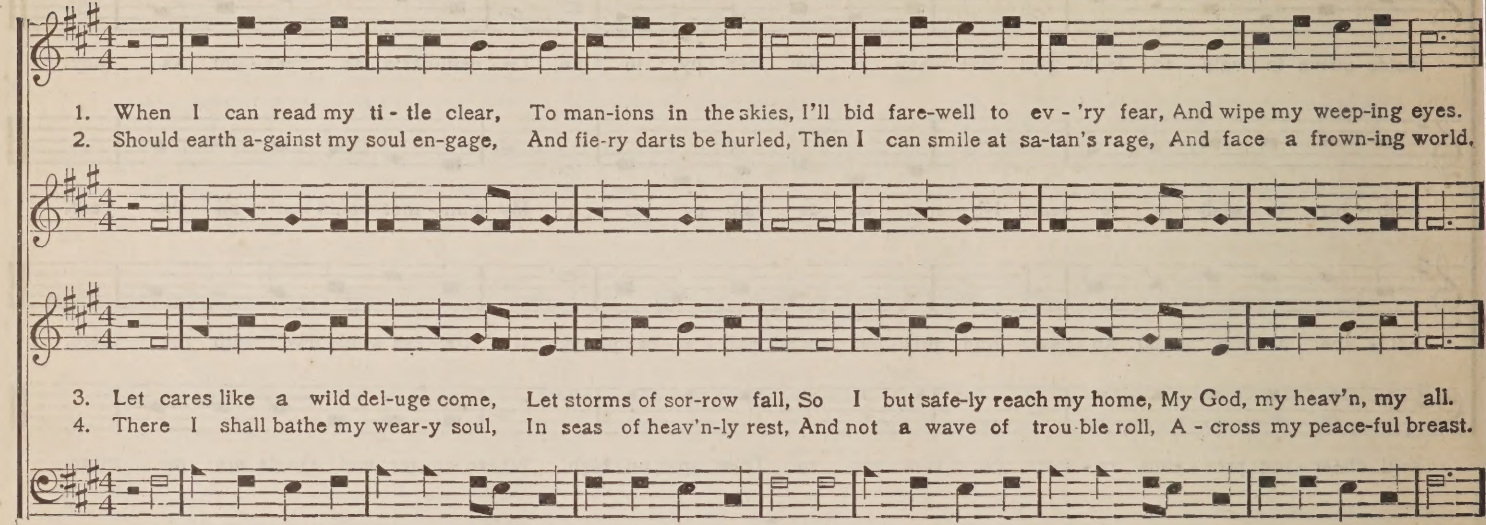


For History of this Song, see page 127 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,

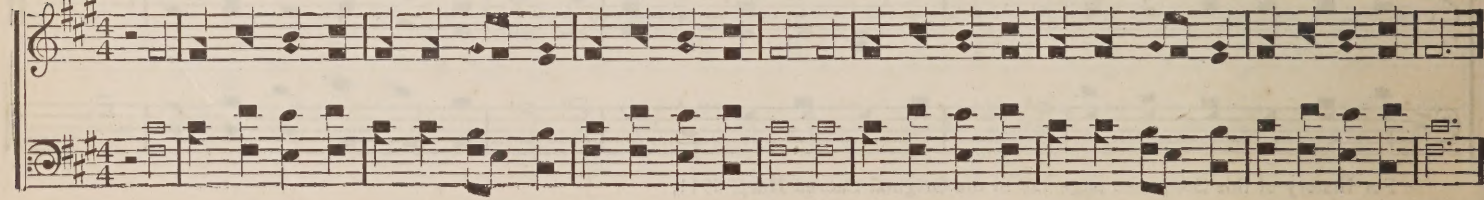
THE SAINTS DELIGHT. C. M.

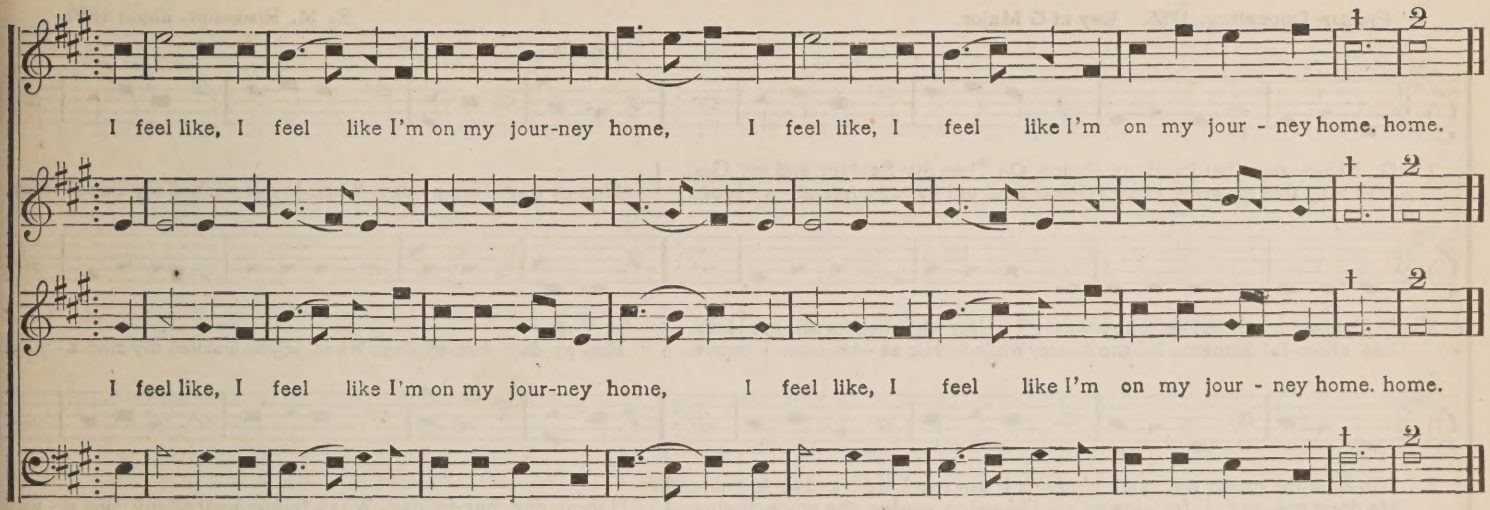
"Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure concience."—1 Tim. 2:'9

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Key of F Sharp Minor. F. PRICE. Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.

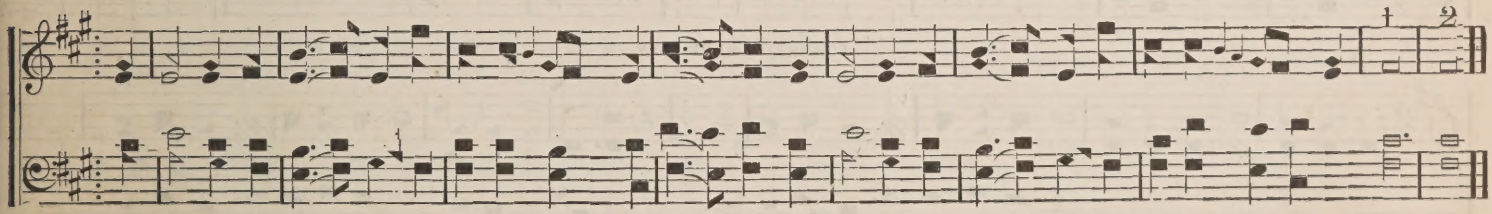

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-ions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fie-ry darts be hurled, Then I can smile at sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, Let storms of sor-row fall, So I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
4. There I shall bathe my wear-y soul, In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of trou-ble roll, A - cross my peace-ful breast.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



CHORUS:

I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour-ney home, I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour - ney home. home.
I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour-ney home, I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour - ney home. home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



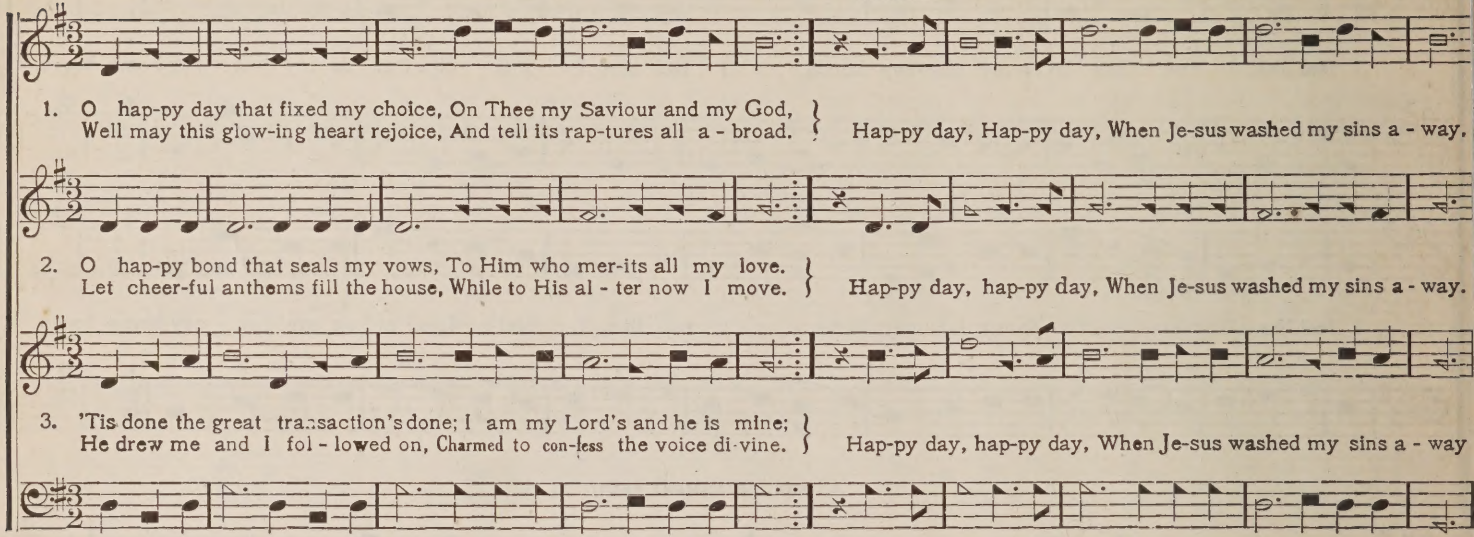
For History of this Song, see page 498 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

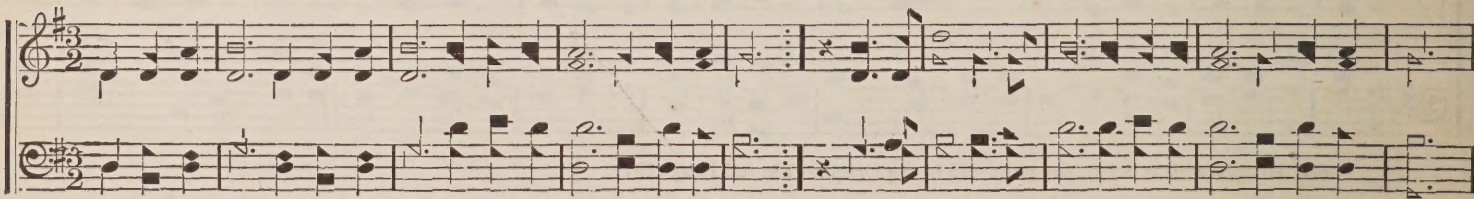
"Rejoice in the Lord."—PHIL. 5: 1.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. Key of G Major.

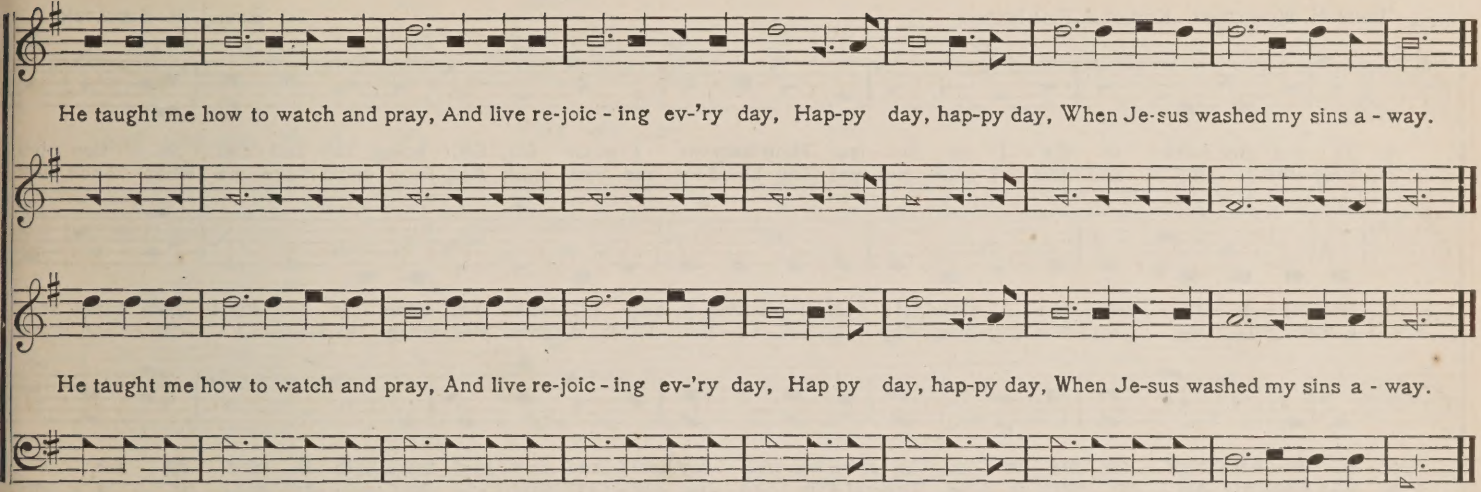
E. M. RIMBAULT, about 1850.

CHORUS:

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice, On Thee my Saviour and my God,
Well may this glow-ing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.
Hap-py day, Hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way.
2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love.
Let cheer-ful anthems fill the house, While to His al - ter now I move.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way.
3. 'Tis done the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way

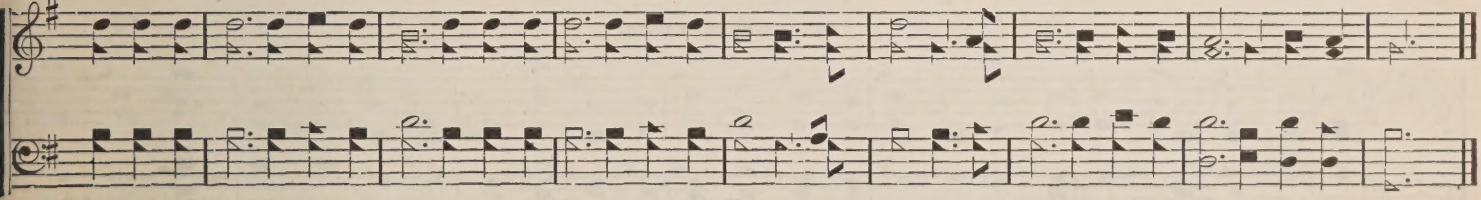
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



HAPPY DAY. Concluded.


He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev-'ry day, Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev-'ry day, Hap py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

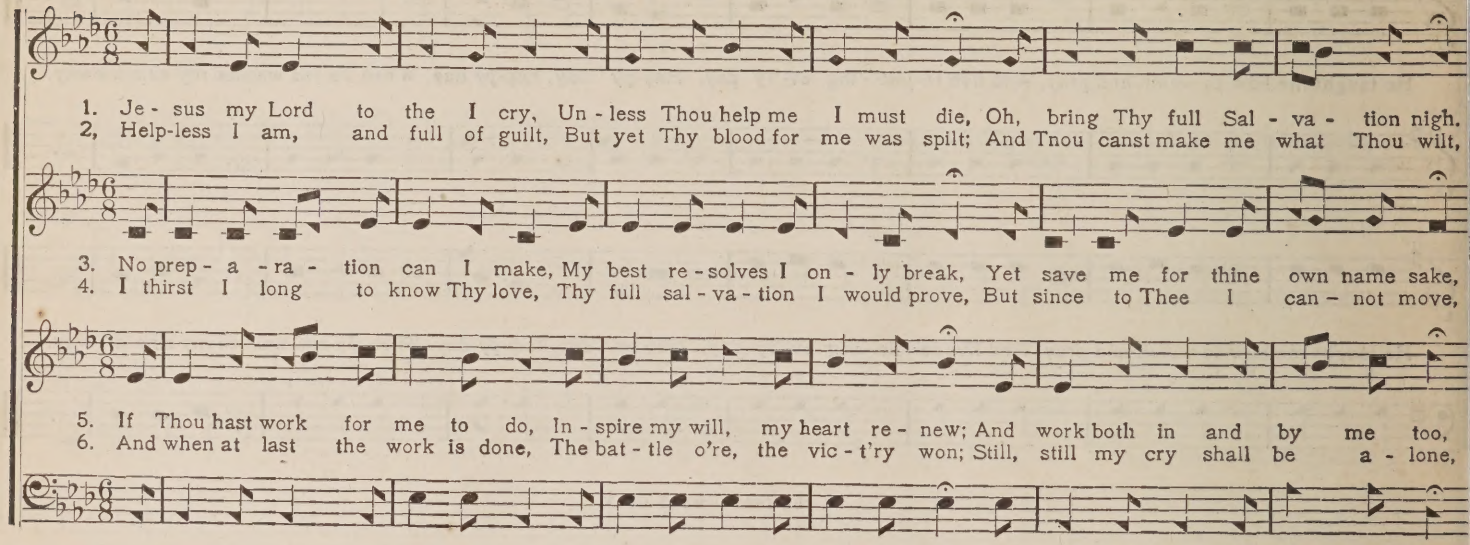


Copyright 1909, by J. S. James.

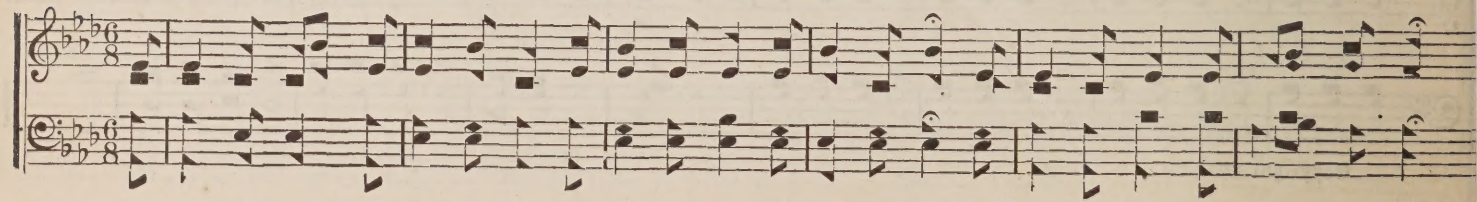
TAKE ME AS I AM. 8s, 6s.

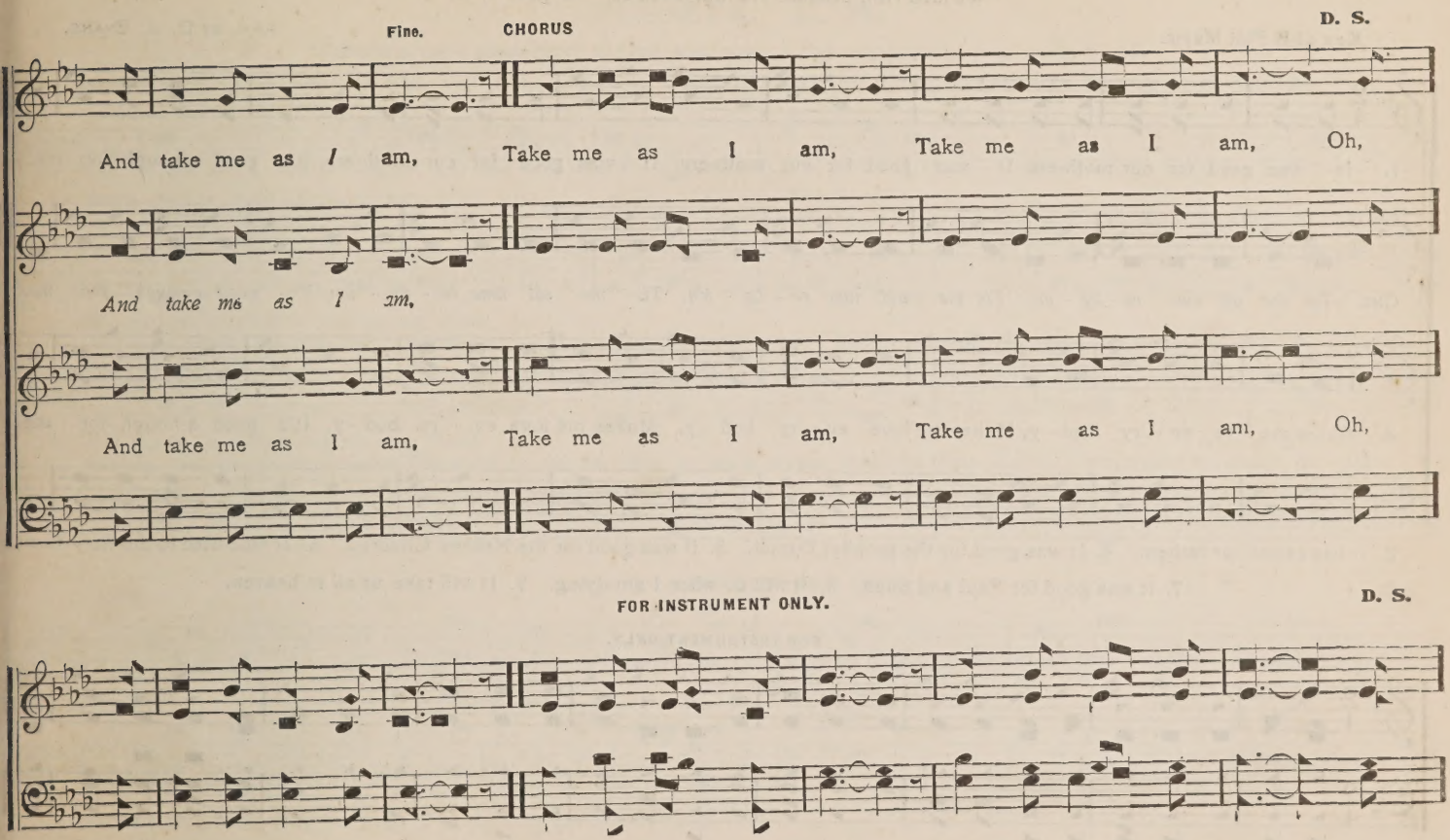
"Seek ye the Kingdom of God."—Luke 12, 31.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Key of A Flat Major. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Je - sus my Lord to the I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die, Oh, bring Thy full Sal - va - tion nigh.
2, Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt; And Tnou canst make me what Thou wilt,
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break, Yet save me for thine own name sake,
4. I thirst I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove, But since to Thee I can - not move,
5. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new; And work both in and by me too,
6. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o're, the vic - t'ry won; Still, still my cry shall be a - lone,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



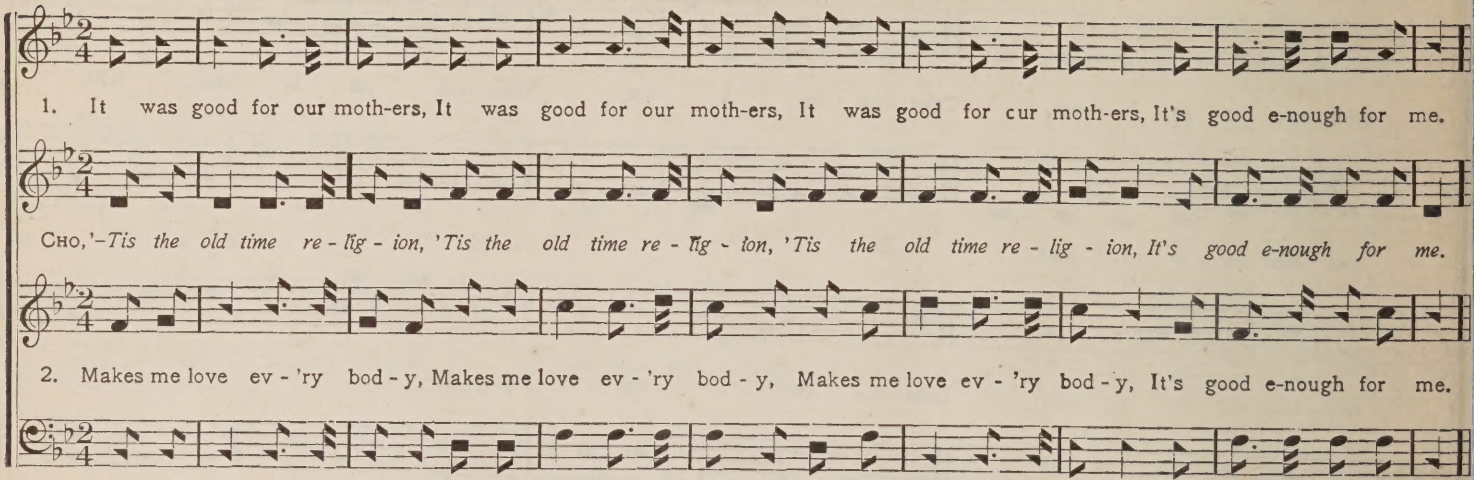

Fine.
CHORUS
D. S.
And take me as I am, Take me as I am, Take me as I am, Oh,
And take me as I am,
And take me as I am, Take me as I am, Take me as I am, Oh,
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
D. S.

RELIGION, OLD TIME. 7s, & 6s.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 JHON 4: 19.

Key of B Flat Major.

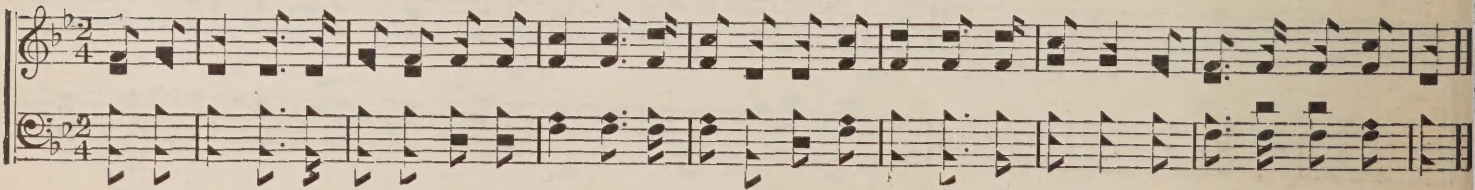
ARR. BY D. J. EVANS.


1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers, It's good e-nough for me.
CHO,'-Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, It's good e-nough for me.
2. Makes me love ev - 'ry bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry bod - y, It's good e-nough for me.

3, It has saved our fathers. 4. It was good for the prophet Daniel. 5. It was good for the Hebrew Children. 6. It was tried in the fiery furnace

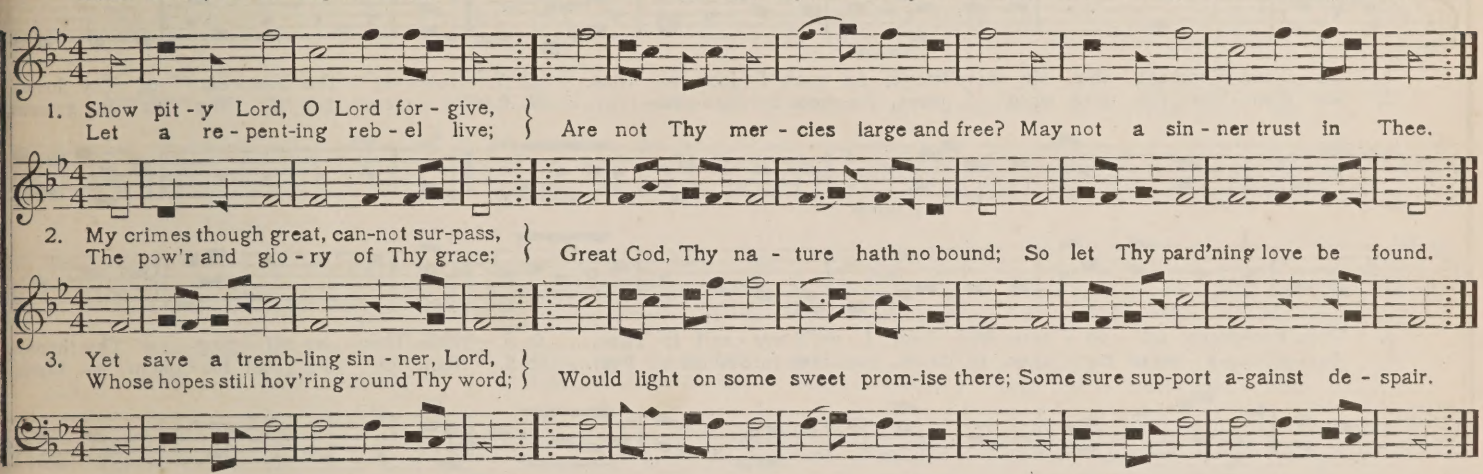
7. It was good for Paul and Silas. 8. It will do when I am dying. 9. It will take us all to heaven.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

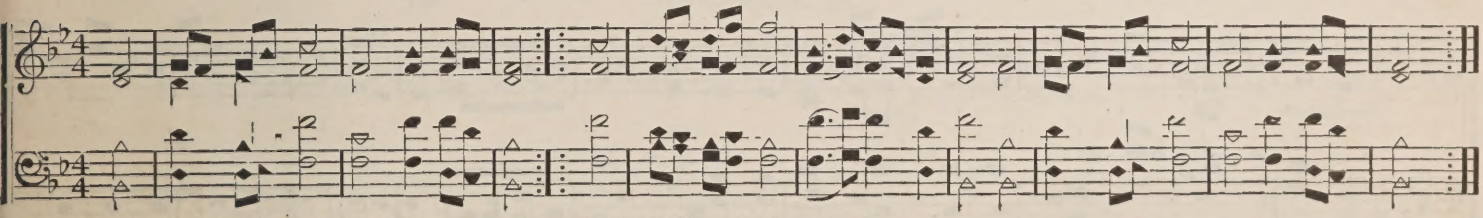


CUSSETA. L. M.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."—Ps. 51: 10.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Key of B Flat. Psalmist hymn 484. JOHN MASSENGALE, Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911,

1. Show pit - y Lord, O Lord for - give, Let a re - pent-ing reb - el live; Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee.
2. My crimes though great, can-not sur-pass, The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace; Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound; So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
3. Yet save a tremb-ling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hopes still hov'ring round Thy word; Would light on some sweet prom-ise there; Some sure sup-port a-gainst de - spair.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



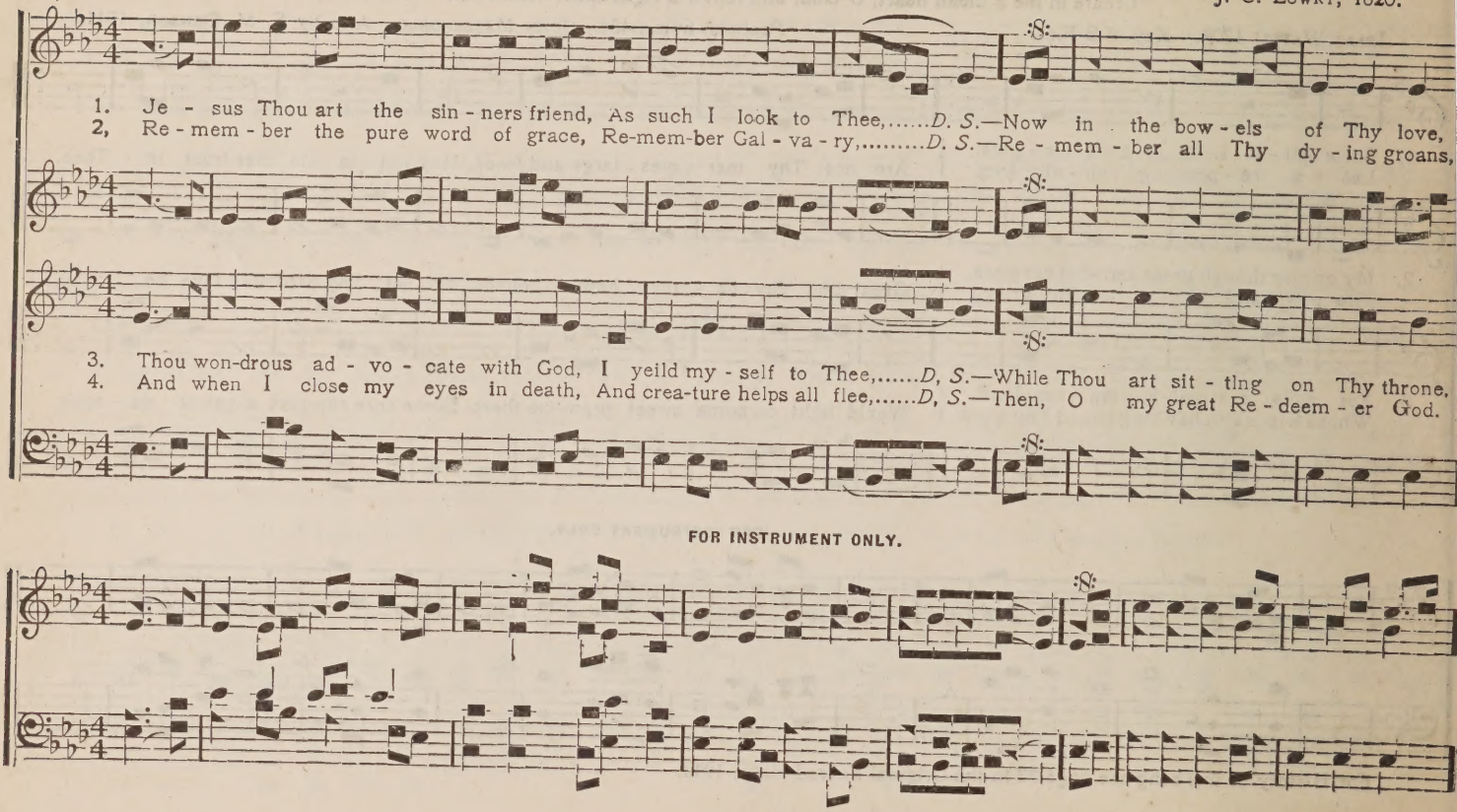
For History of this song see page 73 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

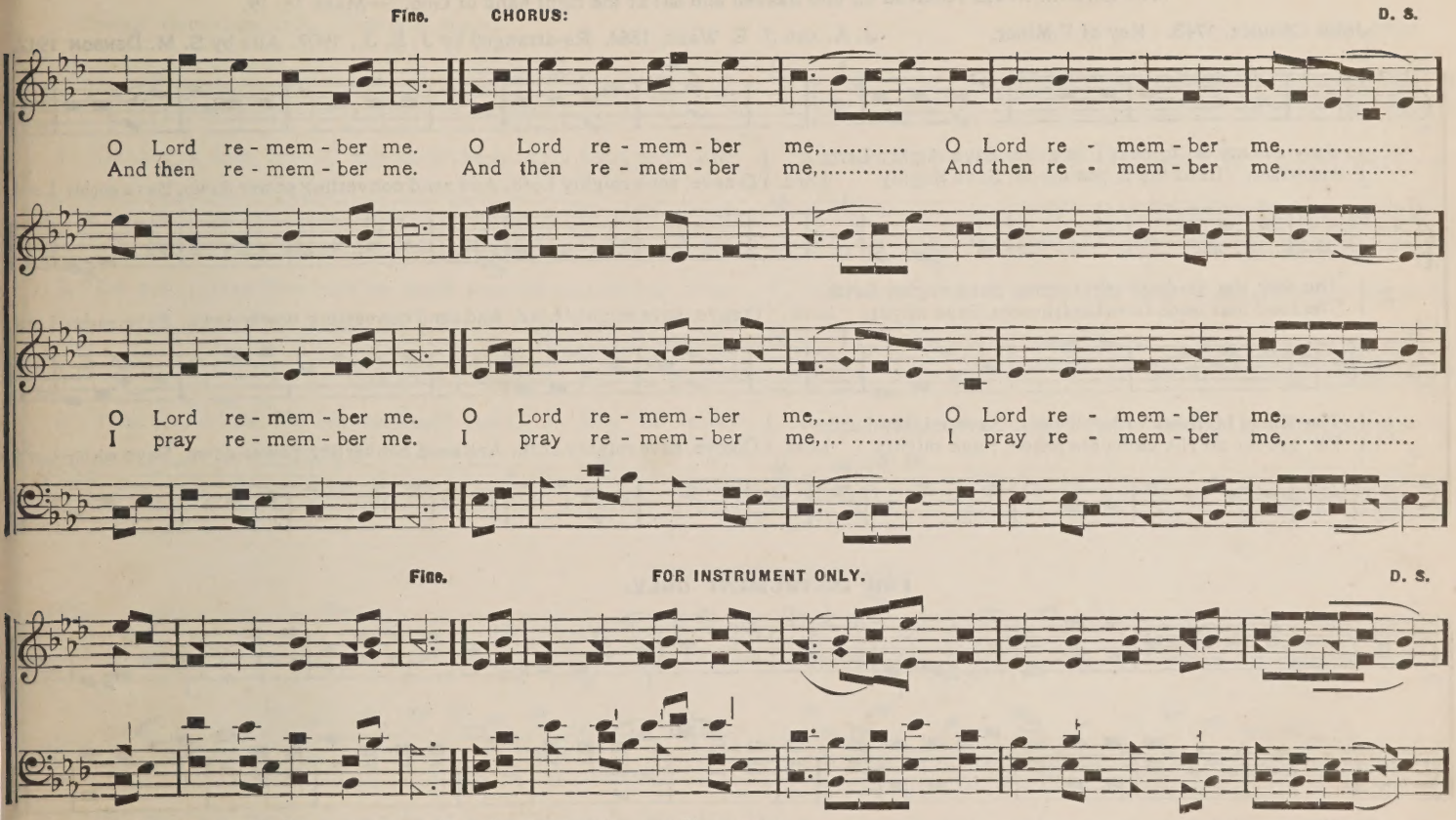
PISGAH. C. M.

"Lord remember me."—Luke 23; 42.

Rev. Richard Burnham, 1783. Key of A Flat.

J. C. Lowry, 1820.

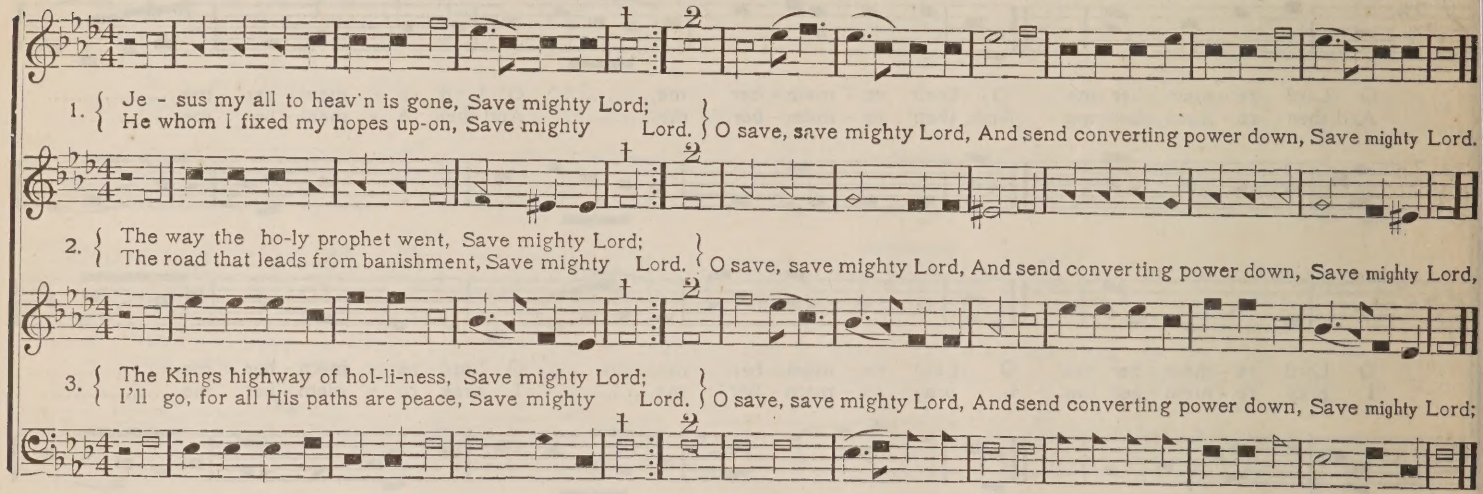

1. Je - sus Thou art the sin - ners friend, As such I look to Thee,.....D. S.—Now in the bow - els of Thy love,
2, Re - mem - ber the pure word of grace, Re-mem-ber Gal - va - ry,.....D. S.—Re - mem - ber all Thy dy - ing groans,
3. Thou won-drous ad - vo - cate with God, I yeild my - self to Thee,.....D, S.—While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne,
4. And when I close my eyes in death, And crea-ture helps all flee,.....D, S.—Then, O my great Re - deem - er God.
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

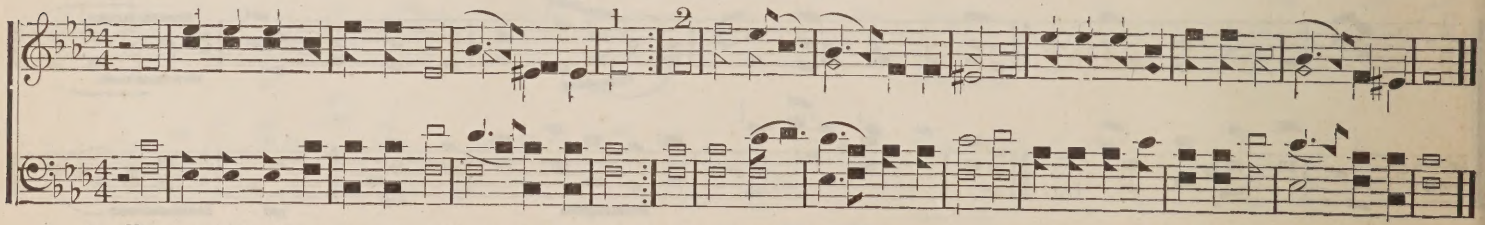
PISGAH. Concluded.

Fine.
CHORUS:
D. S.
O Lord re - mem - ber me. O Lord re - mem - ber me,..... O Lord re - mem - ber me,.....
And then re - mem - ber me. And then re - mem - ber me,..... And then re - mem - ber me,.....
O Lord re - mem - ber me. O Lord re - mem - ber me,..... O Lord re - mem - ber me, ...
I pray re - mem - ber me. I pray re - mem - ber me,..... I pray re - mem - ber me,.....
Fine.
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
D. S.

For History of this Song, see page 58 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.

SAVE, MIGHTY LORD. L. M.

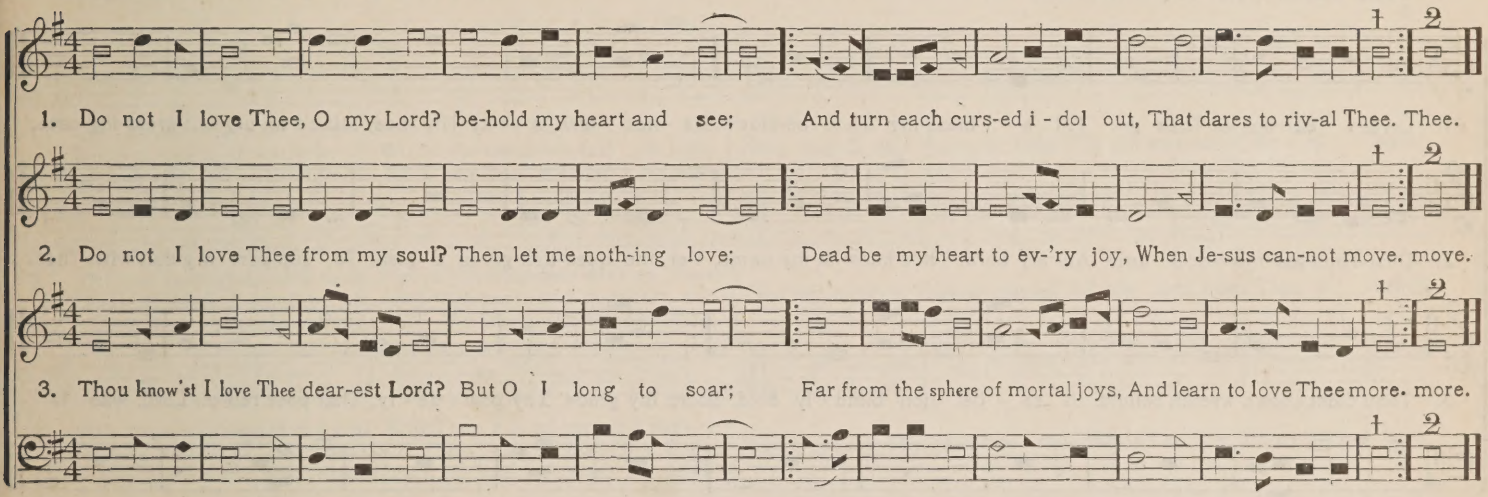
"The Lord.....was received up into heaven and sat at the right hand of God."—MARK 16: 19.

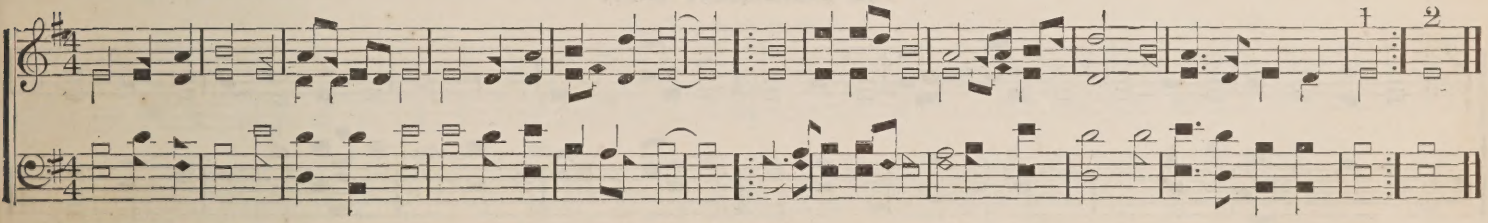
JOHN CENNICK, 1743. Key of F Minor. J. A. AND J. E. WADE, 1854. Re-arranged by J. S. J., 1909. Alto by S. M. DENSON 1912.

1. Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, Save mighty Lord;
He whom I fixed my hopes up-on, Save mighty Lord.
O save, save mighty Lord, And send converting power down, Save mighty Lord.
2. The way the ho-ly prophet went, Save mighty Lord;
The road that leads from banishment, Save mighty Lord.
O save, save mighty Lord, And send converting power down, Save mighty Lord,
3. The Kings highway of hol-li-ness, Save mighty Lord;
I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Save mighty Lord.
O save, save mighty Lord, And send converting power down, Save mighty Lord;

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 70 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,

DETROIT. C. M.

"He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord, Thou knoweth I love Thee."—JOHN 21: 15.

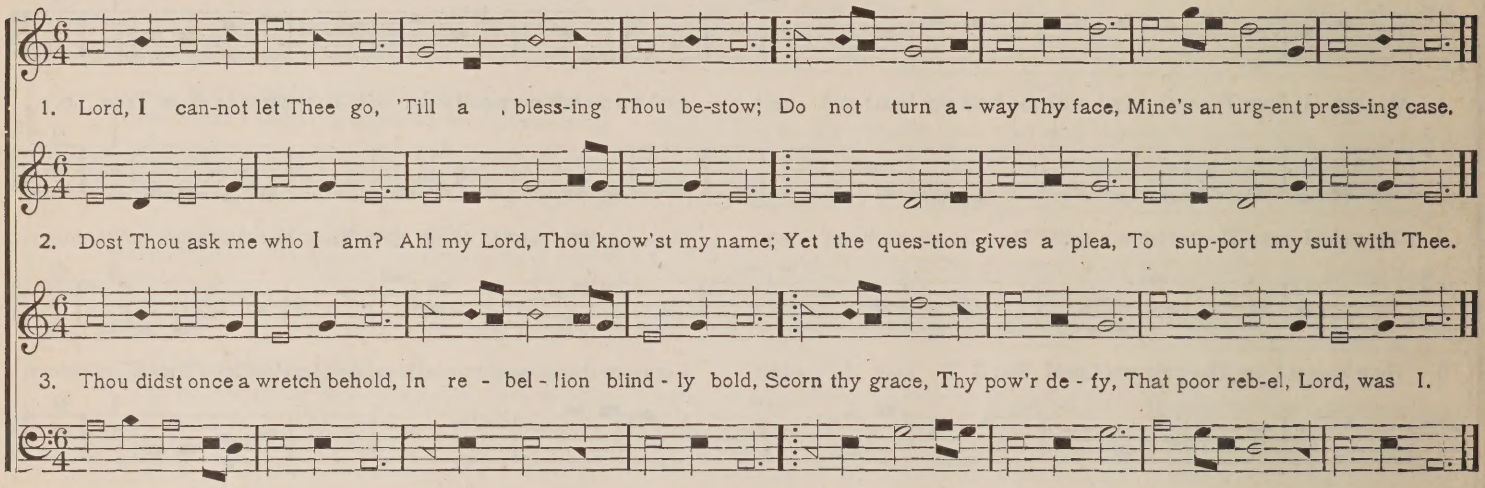
PHILLIP DODDRDGE, 1775. Key of E Minor. BRADSHAW.

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? be-hold my heart and see; And turn each curs-ed i - dol out, That dares to riv-al Thee. Thee.
2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me noth-ing love; Dead be my heart to ev-'ry joy, When Je-sus can-not move. move.
3. Thou know'st I love Thee dear-est Lord? But O I long to soar; Far from the sphere of mortal joys, And learn to love Thee more. more.

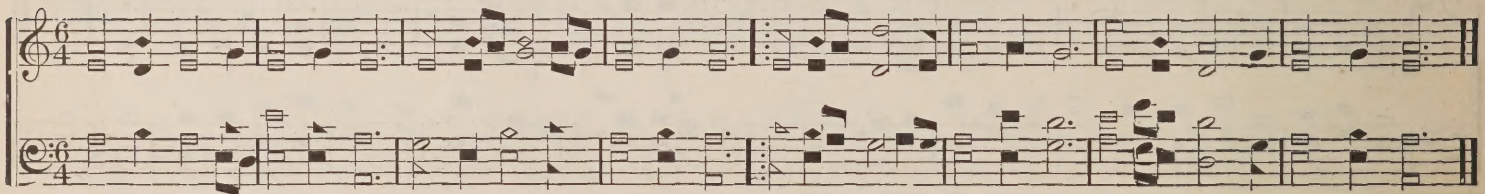
*FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 39 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

KING OF PEACE. 7s.

"No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."—Ps. 74: 11.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Key of A Minor. F. PRICE. Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.


1. Lord, I can-not let Thee go, 'Till a , bless-ing Thou be-stow; Do not turn a - way Thy face, Mine's an urg-ent press-ing case.
2. Dost Thou ask me who I am? Ah! my Lord, Thou know'st my name; Yet the ques-tion gives a plea, To sup-port my suit with Thee.
3. Thou didst once a wretch behold, In re - bel - lion blind - ly bold, Scorn thy grace, Thy pow'r de - fy, That poor reb-el, Lord, was I.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 74 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

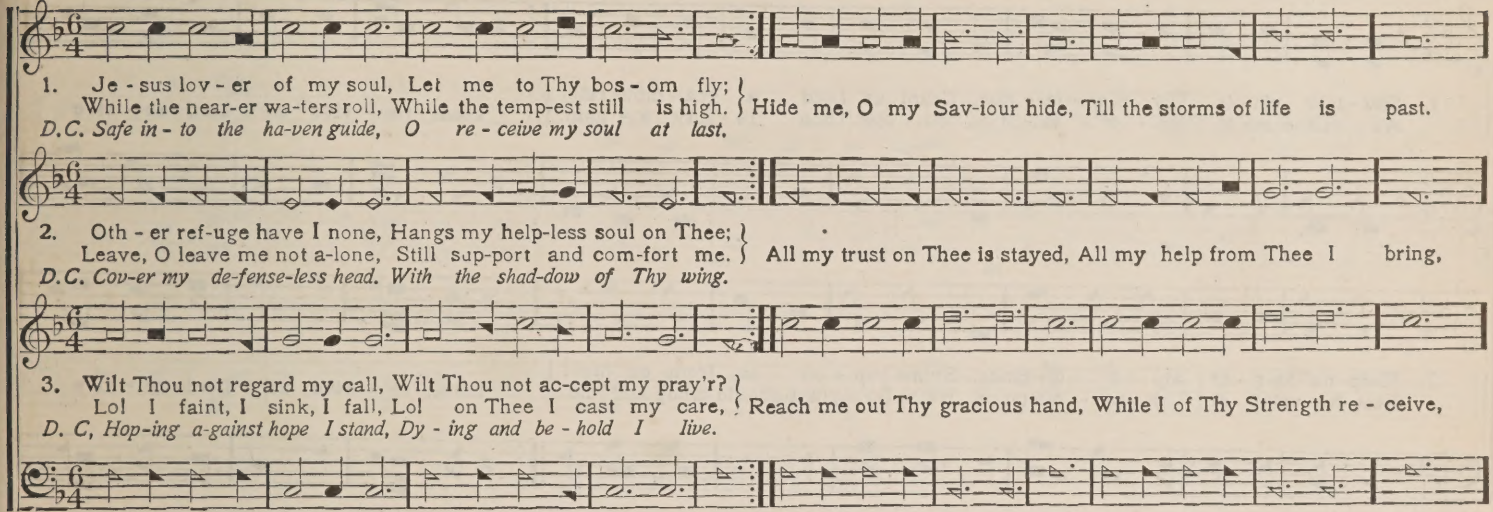
MARTIN. 7s.

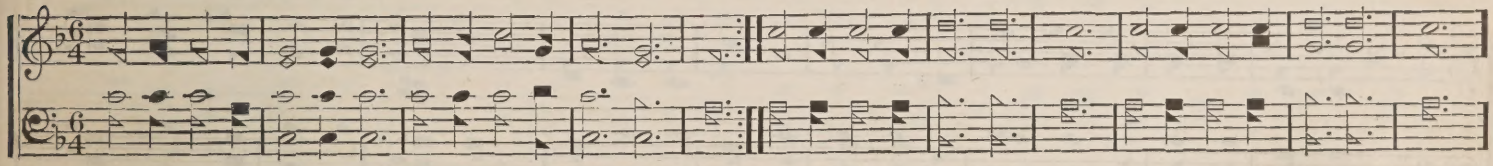
"A hiding place from the wind."—Isa. 32: 2.

Chas. Wesley, 1740. Key of F Major.

S. B. Marsh, 1836. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

Fine. D. C.

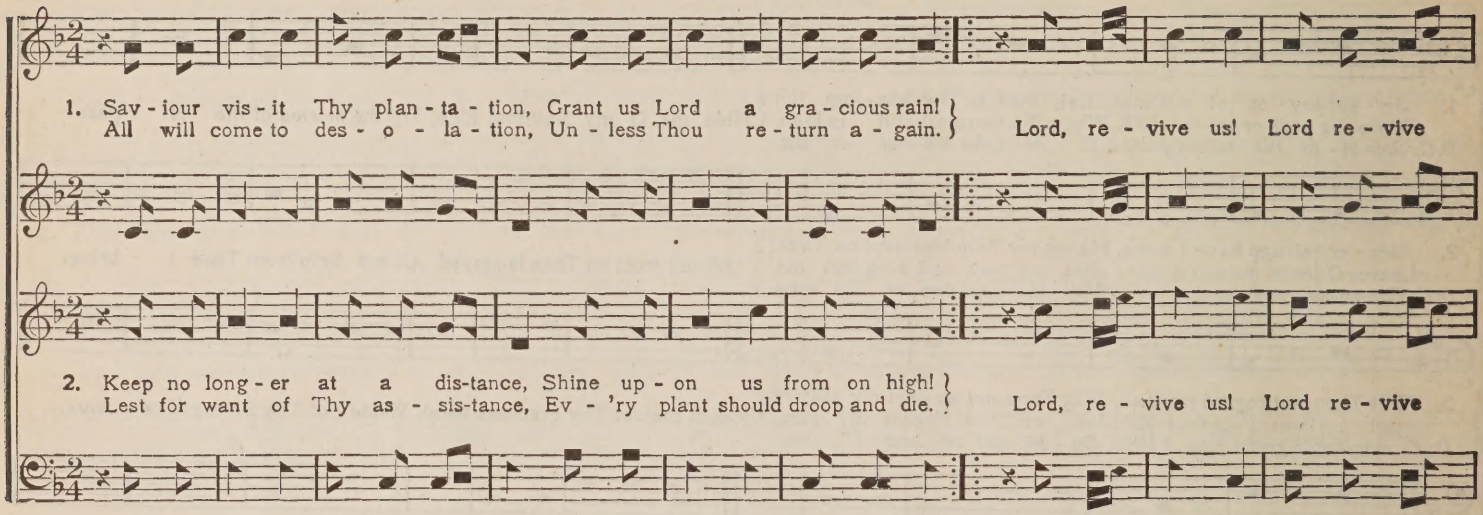

1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly;
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the temp-est still is high. Hide me, O my Sav-iour hide, Till the storms of life is past.
D.C. Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring,
D.C. Cov-er my de-fense-less head. With the shad-dow of Thy wing.
3. Wilt Thou not regard my call, Wilt Thou not ac-cept my pray'r?
Lo! I faint, I sink, I fall, Lo! on Thee I cast my care, Reach me out Thy gracious hand, While I of Thy Strength re - ceive,
D. C, Hop-ing a-gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing and be - hold I live.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 452 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

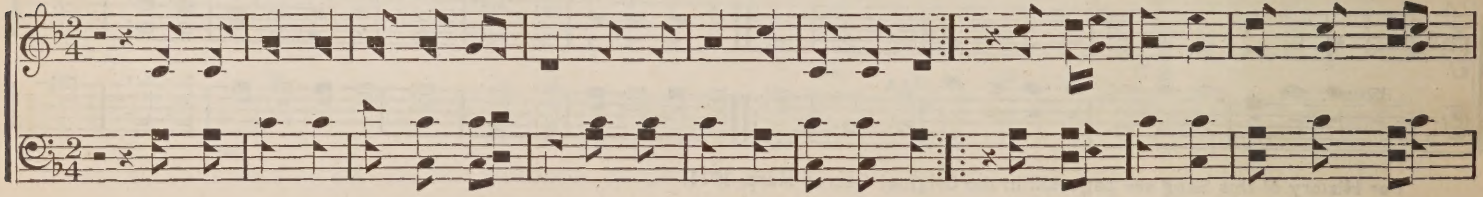
RETURN AGAIN. 8s. & 7s.

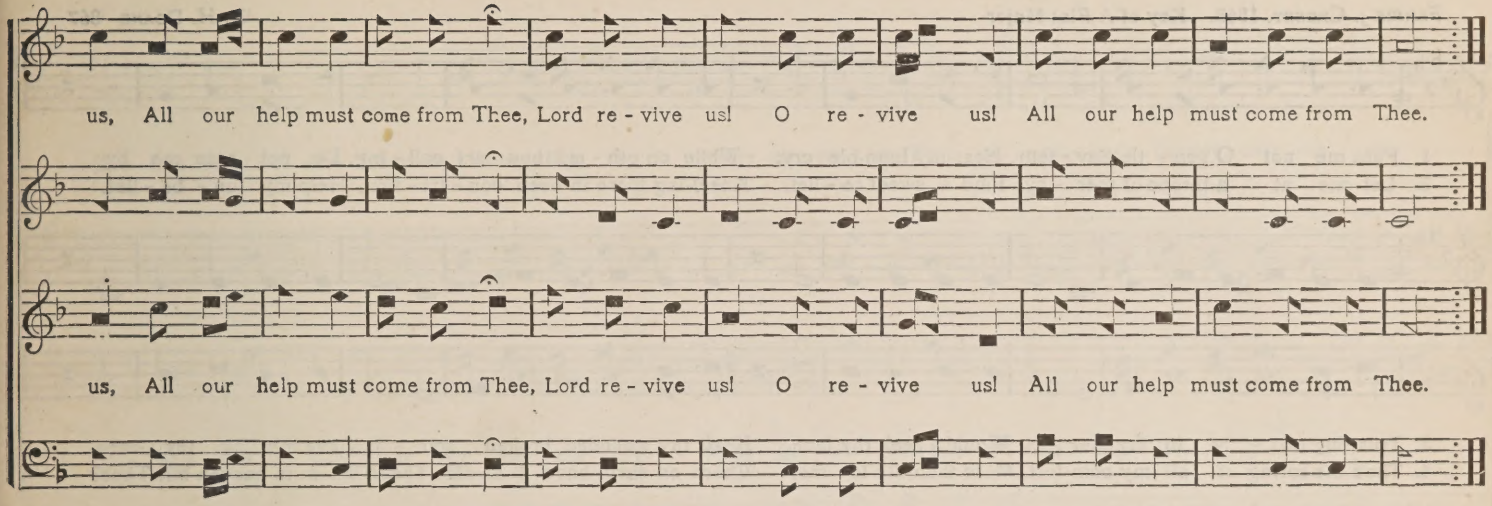
"Wilt Thou not revive us again that the people may rejoice in Thee?"—Ps. 85: 6.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. Key of F.

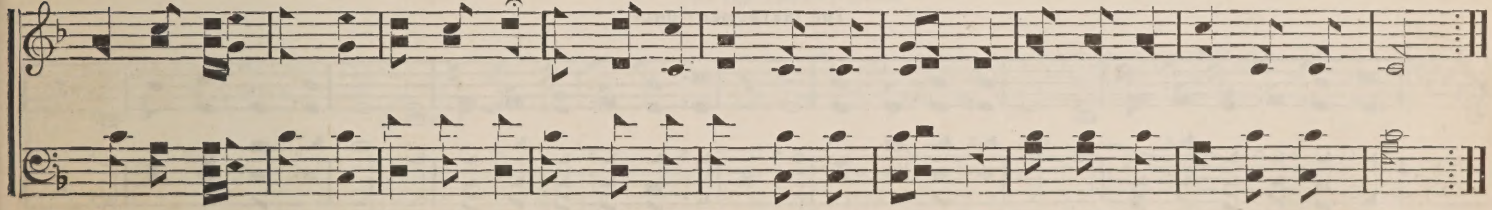
ARR. BY WM. L. WILLIAMS, 1851.

1. Sav - iour vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us Lord a gra - cious rain!
All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re - turn a - gain.
Lord, re - vive us! Lord re - vive
2. Keep no long - er at a dis-tance, Shine up - on us from on high!
Lest for want of Thy as - sis-tance, Ev - 'ry plant should droop and die.
Lord, re - vive us! Lord re - vive

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.




us, All our help must come from Thee, Lord re - vive us! O re - vive us! All our help must come from Thee.
us, All our help must come from Thee, Lord re - vive us! O re - vive us! All our help must come from Thee.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



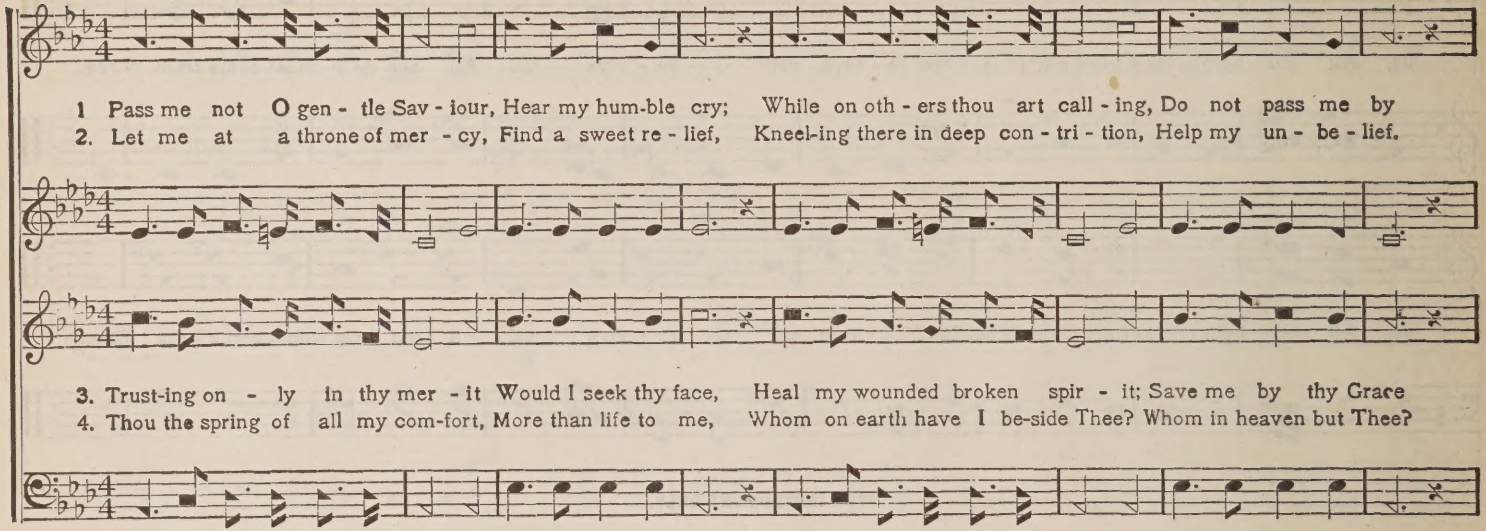
For History of this Song see page 335 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

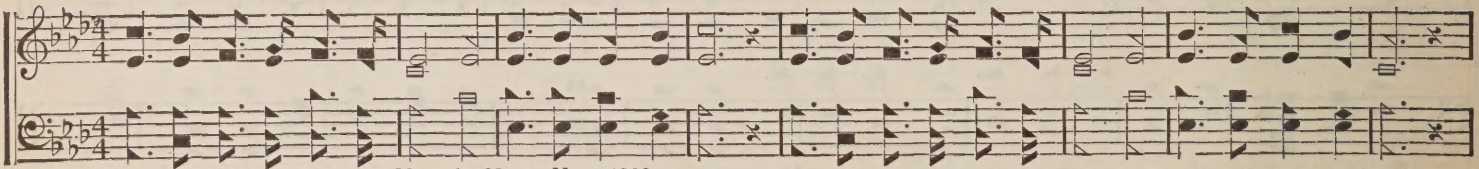
PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord, shall be saved,"—Acts 2-21.

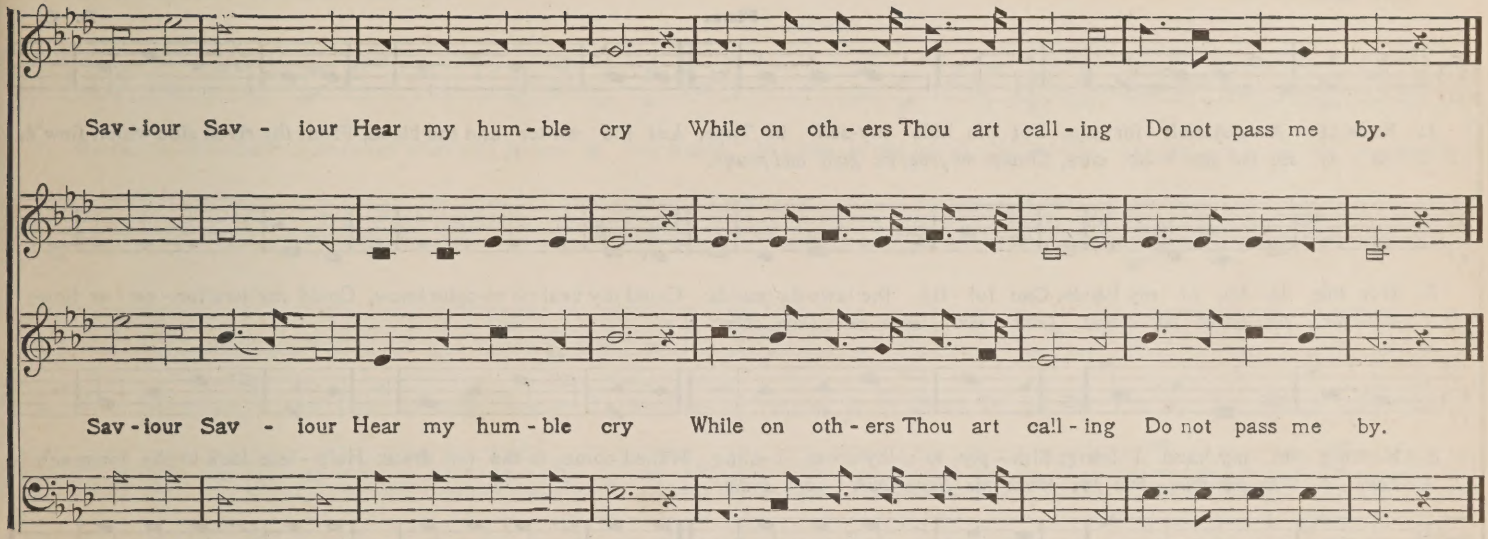
FANNIE J. CROSBY. 1868. Key of A Flat Major

W. H. DOANE 867

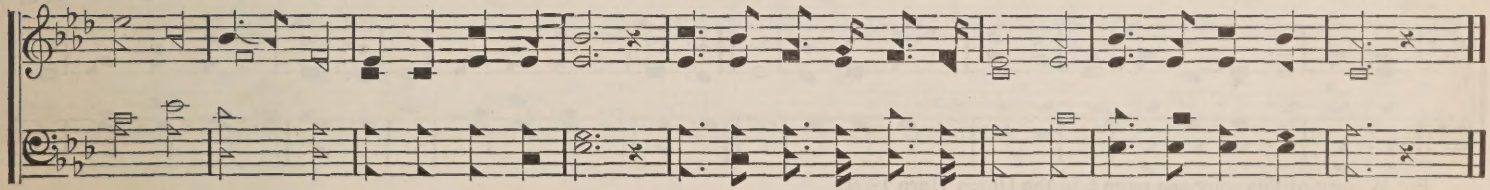

1 Pass me not O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy, Find a sweet re - lief, Kneel-ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
3. Trust-ing on - ly in thy mer - it Would I seek thy face, Heal my wounded broken spir - it; Save me by thy Grace
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom on earth have I be-side Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this song see pege 33 in the Union Harp 1909.

PASS ME NOT. Conluded.

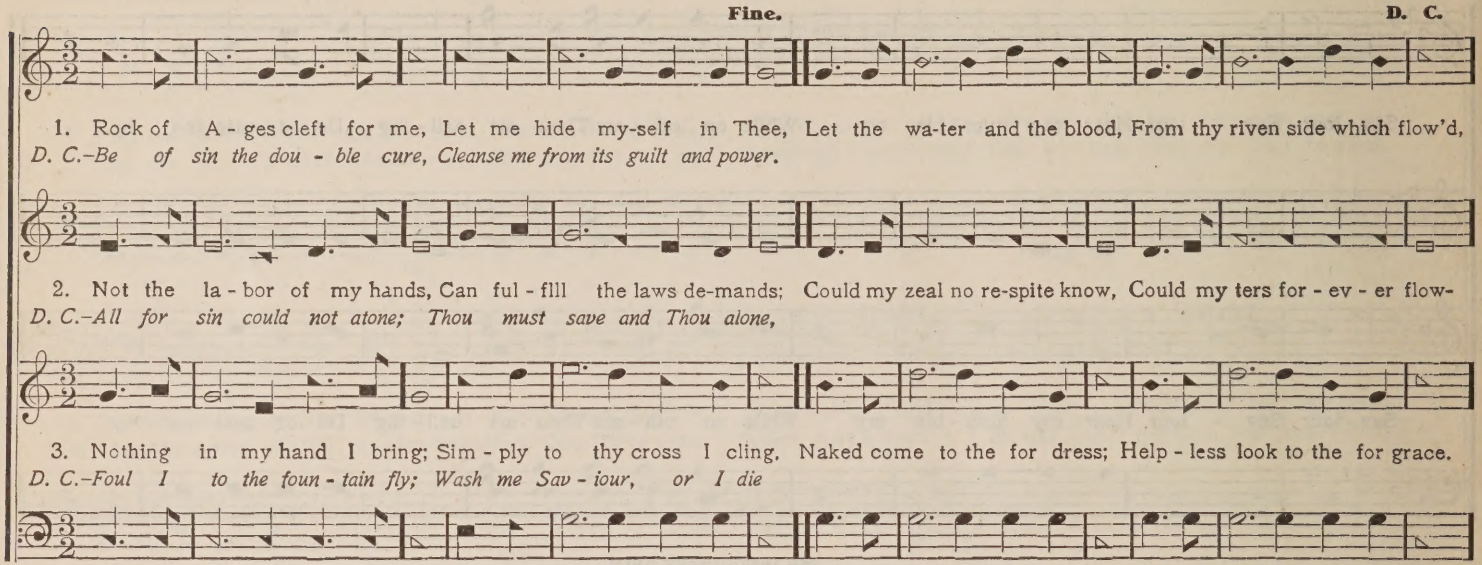

Sav - iour Sav - iour Hear my hum - ble cry While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing Do not pass me by.
Sav - iour Sav - iour Hear my hum - ble cry While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing Do not pass me by.

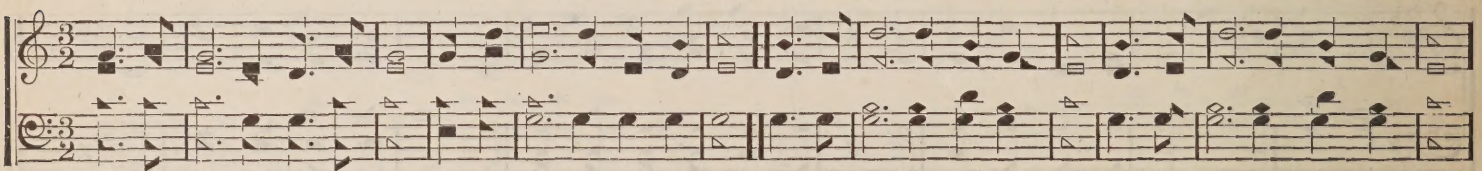
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6s.

"Jehovah is the Rock of Ages cleft for me."—PSALMS 78: 15.

REV. AUGSTUS TOPLADY, 1776. Key of C. DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1830.

Fine.
D. C.
1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee, Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy riven side which flow'd,
D. C.–Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fill the laws de-mands; Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my ters for - ev - er flow-
D. C.–All for sin could not atone; Thou must save and Thou alone,
3. Nothing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling, Naked come to the for dress; Help - less look to the for grace.
D. C.–Foul I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me Sav - iour, or I die

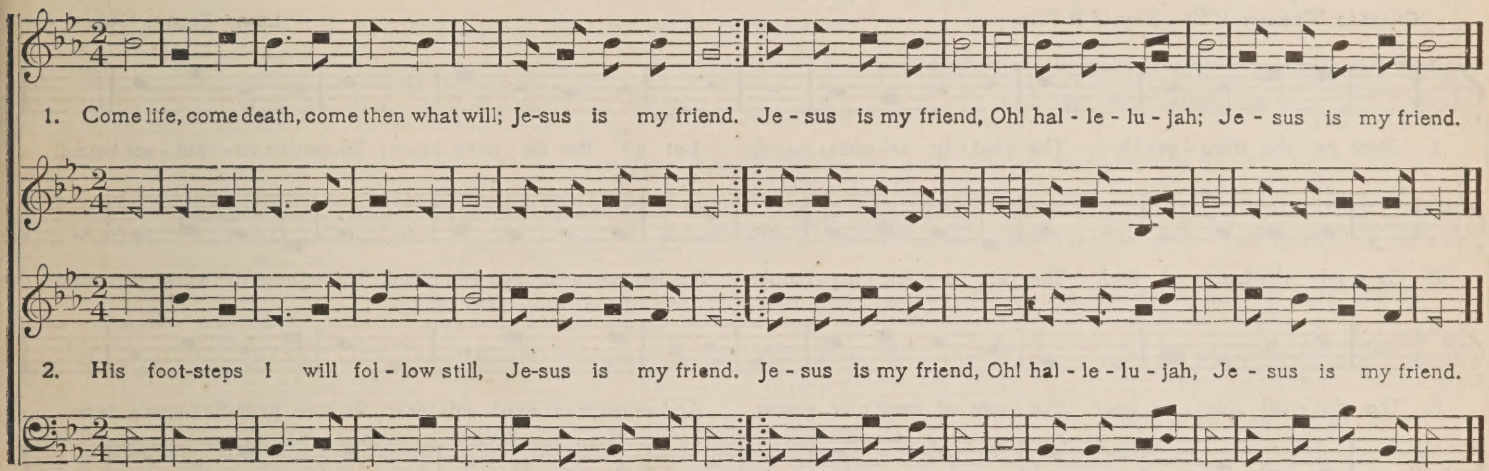


For History of this song see pege 6 in the Union Harp 1909.

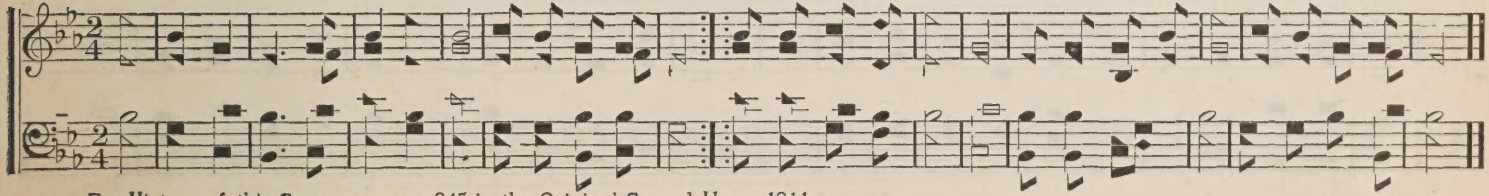
JESUS IS MY FRIEND. L. M. Original.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—St. John, 15: 14.

J. P. R., 1859. Key of E Flat Major. J. P. Rees, 1859

CHORUS:

1. Come life, come death, come then what will; Je-sus is my friend. Je - sus is my friend, Oh! hal - le - lu - jah; Je - sus is my friend.
2. His foot-steps I will fol - low still, Je-sus is my friend. Je - sus is my friend, Oh! hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus is my friend.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

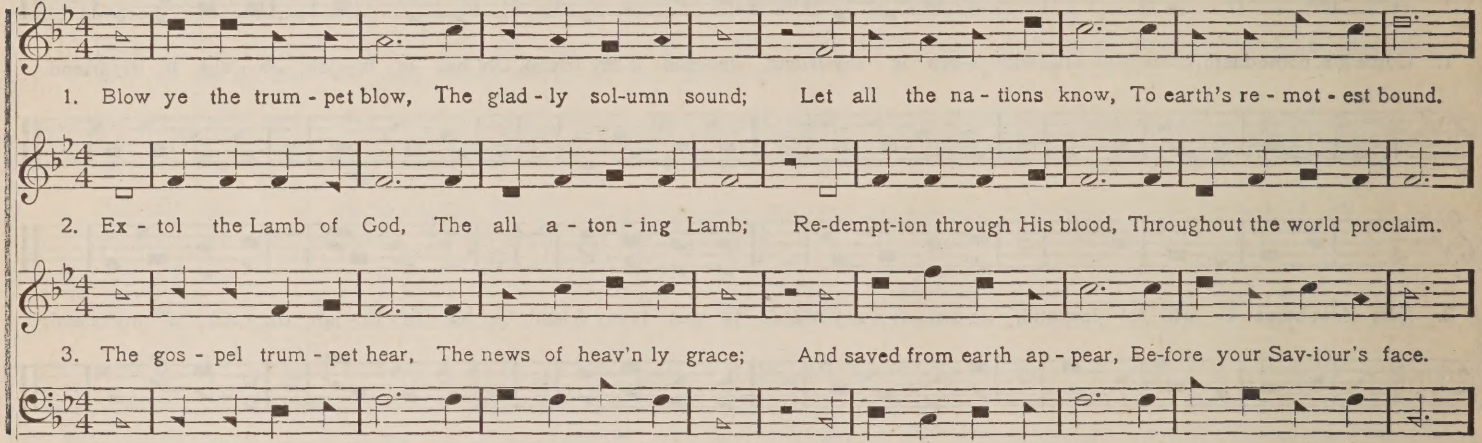


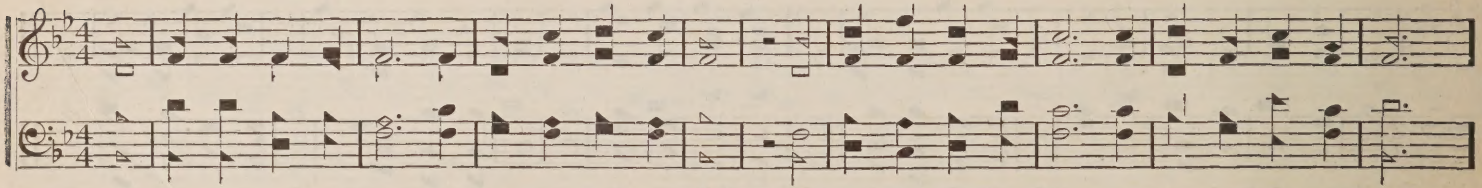
For History of this Song, see page 345 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,

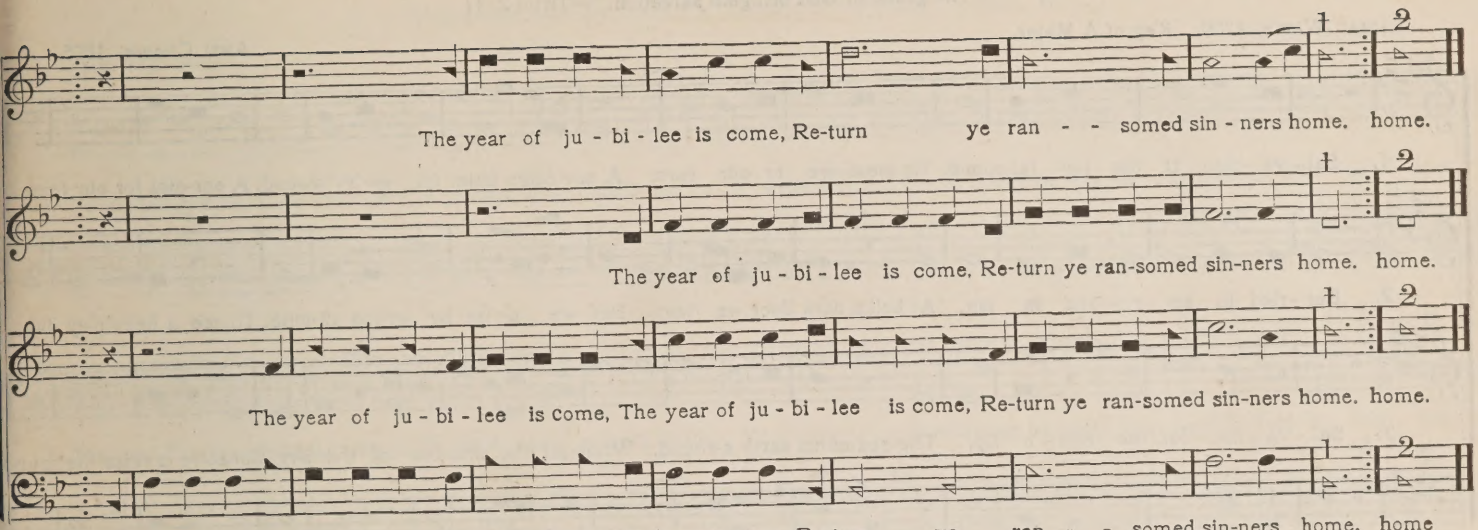
138 GOSPEL TRUMPET OF REDEMPTION and SALVATION,

LENOX. P. M.

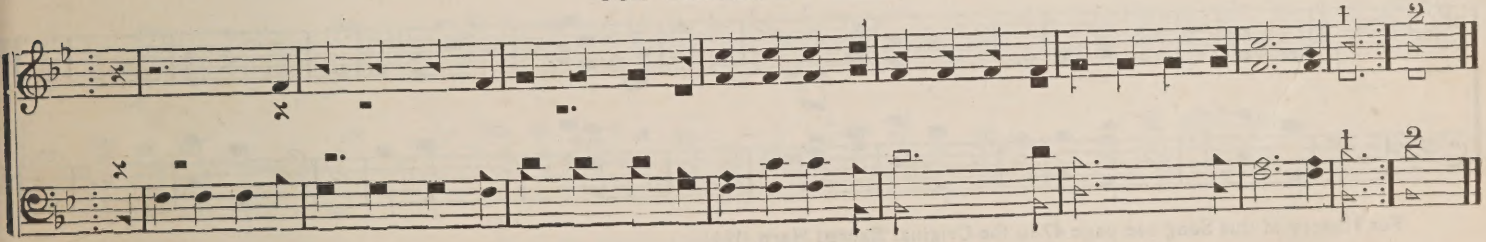
"Blow Trumpet, tenth, 7 Month."—Lev. 25; 9.

Charlss Wesley, 1750. Key of B Flat. Lewis Edson, 1785.

1. Blow ye the trum - pet blow, The glad - ly sol-umn sound; Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound.
2. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all a - ton - ing Lamb; Re-dempt-ion through His blood, Throughout the world proclaim.
3. The gos - pel trum - pet hear, The news of heav'n ly grace; And saved from earth ap - pear, Be-fore your Sav-iour's face.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 40 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,


The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn ye ran - - somed sin - ners home. home.
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn ye ran-somed sin-ners home. home.
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn ye ran-somed sin-ners home. home.
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn ye ran - - somed sin-ners home. home

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

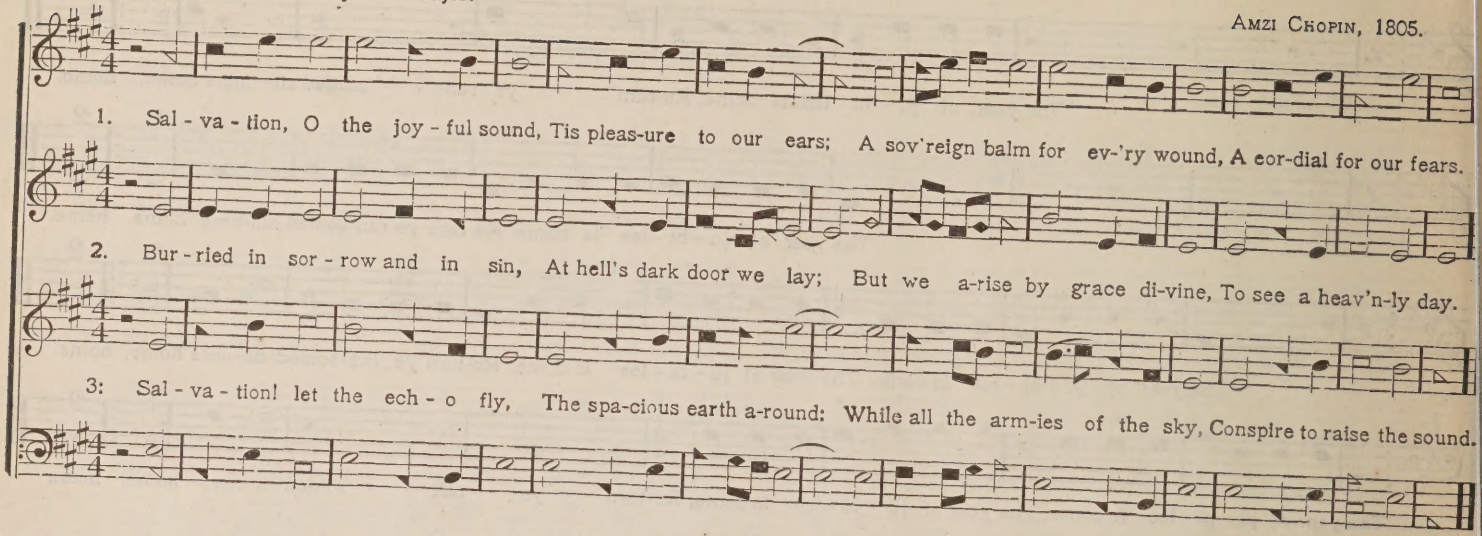


PRIMROSE. C. M.

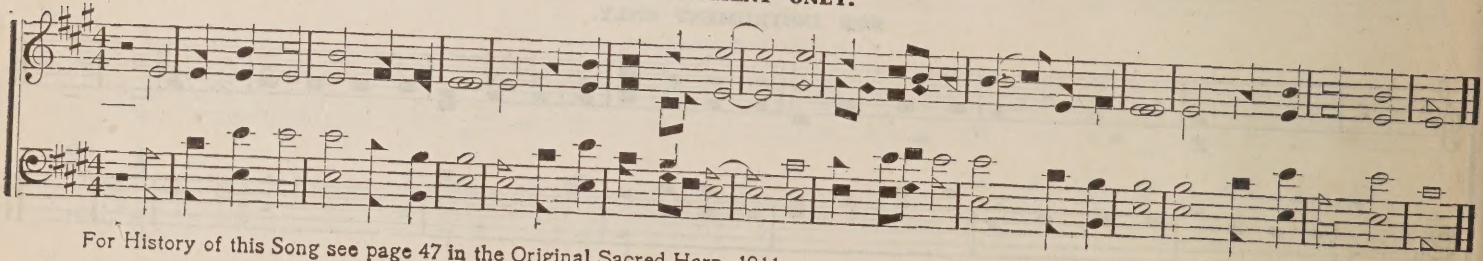
"The grace of God bringeth salvation."—Titus 2: 11.

Isaac Watts, 1709. Key of A Major.

Amzi Chopin, 1805.


1. Sal - va - tion, O the joy - ful sound, Tis pleas-ure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
2. Bur - ried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.
3: Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly, The spa-cious earth a-round: While all the arm-ies of the sky, Conspire to raise the sound.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



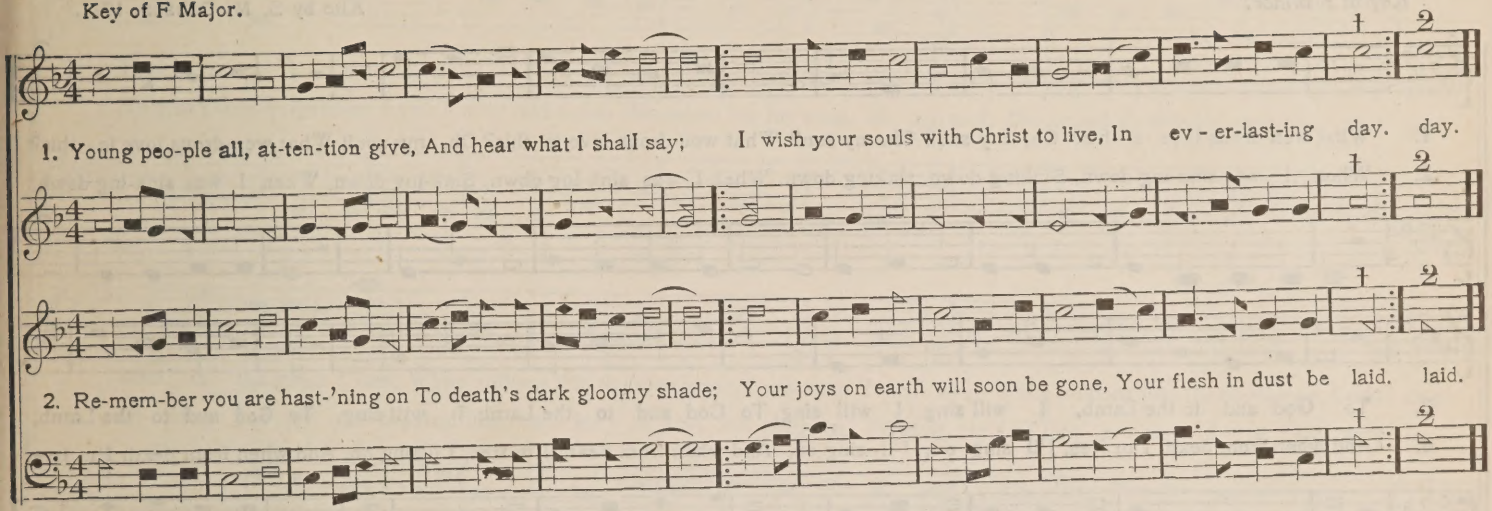
For History of this Song see page 47 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

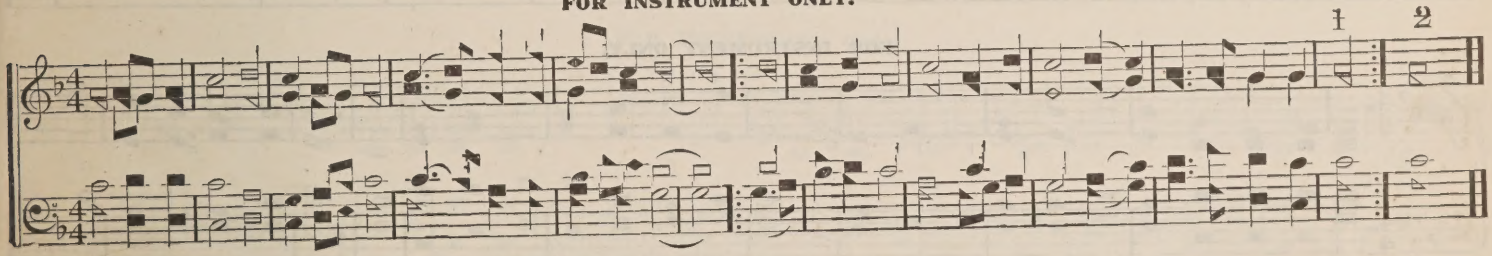
"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. 12: 1.

M. C. H. Davis.

Key of F Major.


1. Young peo-ple all, at-ten-tion give, And hear what I shall say; I wish your souls with Christ to live, In ev - er-last-ing day. day.
2. Re-mem-ber you are hast-'ning on To death's dark gloomy shade; Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid. laid.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



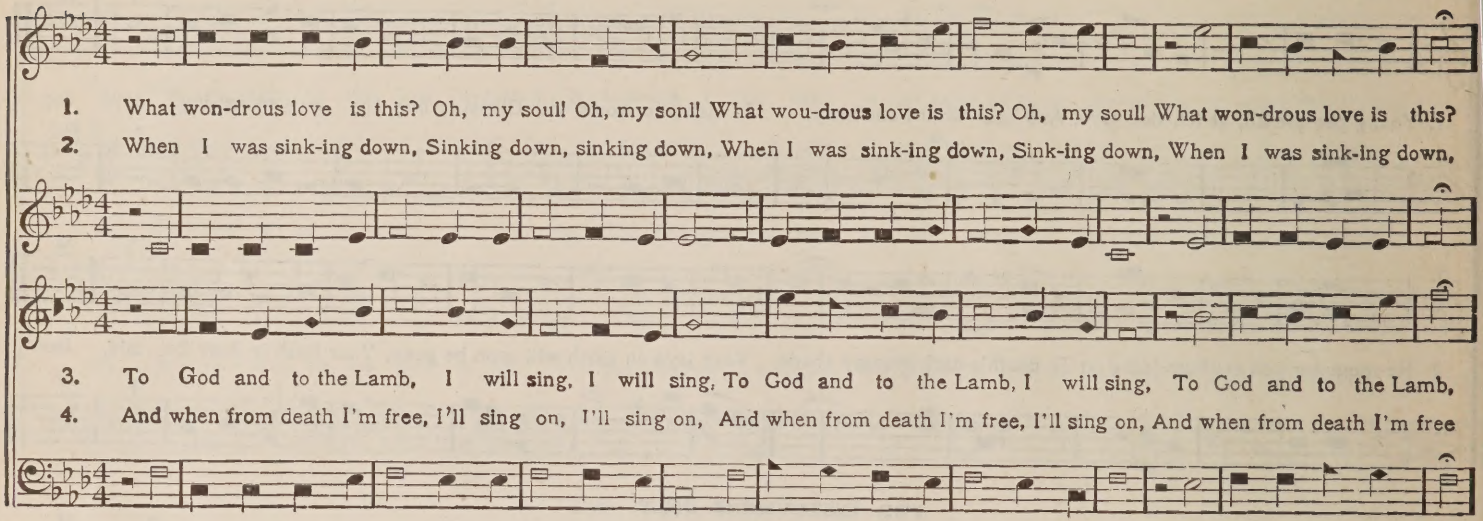
For History of this Song, see page 37, in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

WONDROUS LOVE. 12, 9, 6, 6, 12, 9.

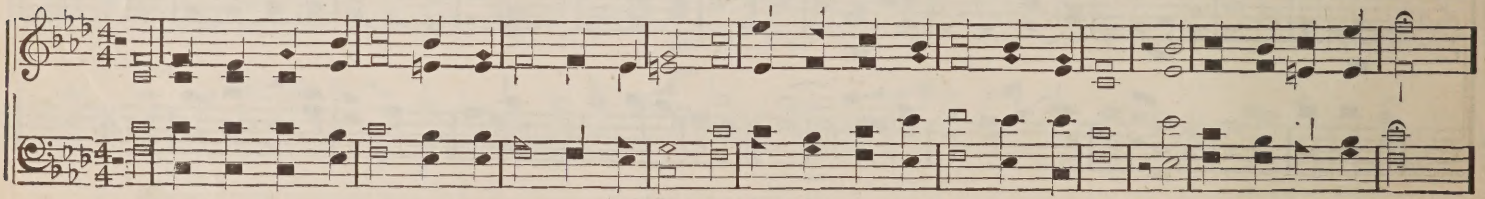
"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son."—JOHN 3: 16.

Key of F Minor.

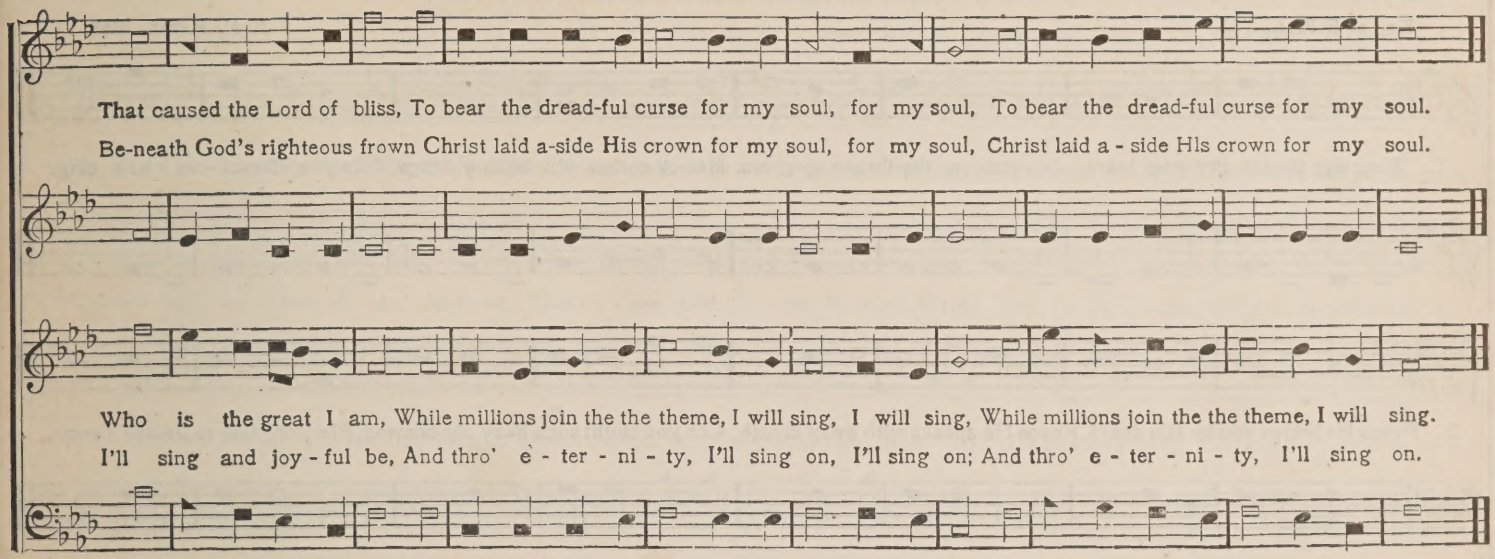
Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.


1. What won-drous love is this? Oh, my soul! Oh, my soul! What won-drous love is this? Oh, my soul! What won-drous love is this?
2. When I was sink-ing down, Sinking down, sinking down, When I was sink-ing down, Sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing down,
3. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing, To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, To God and to the Lamb,
4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on, And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, And when from death I'm free

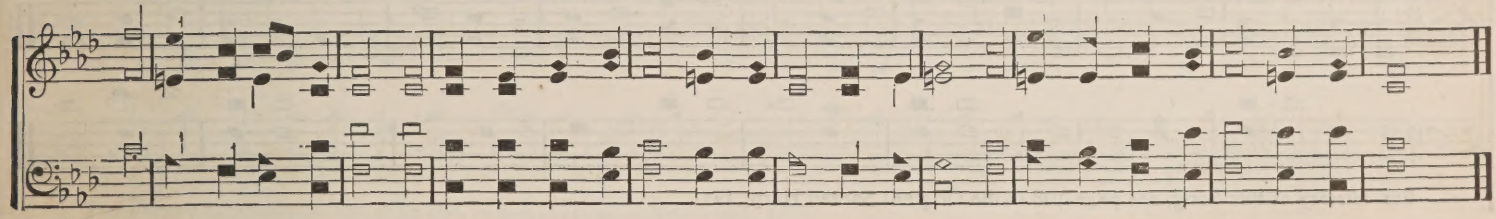
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



For History of this Song, see page 159 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.


That caused the Lord of bliss, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.
Be-neath God's righteous frown Christ laid a-side His crown for my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown for my soul.
Who is the great I am, While millions join the the theme, I will sing, I will sing, While millions join the the theme, I will sing.
I'll sing and joy - ful be, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And thro' e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

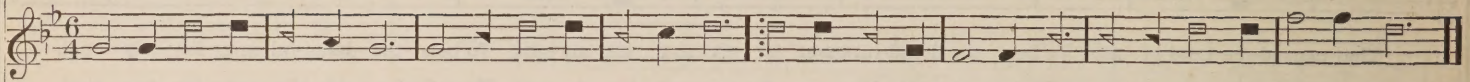


WEEPING SINNERS. 7s. (Original.)

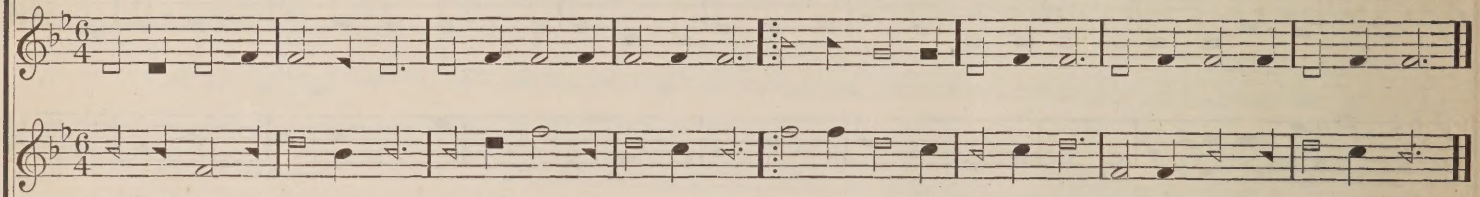
"Blessed are they that morn: for they shall be comforted."— MATT. 5: 4.

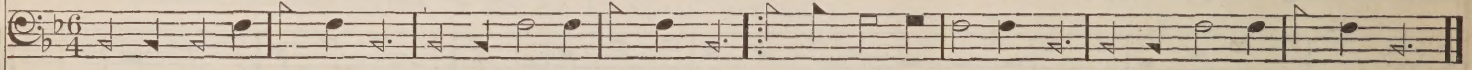
Key of B Flat.

J. P. REESE, 1868.



1. Weep-ing sin-ers, dry your tears, Je - sus on the throne ap-pears; Mer-cy comes with balm-y wings, Bids you His sal - va - tion sing.



2. Peace He brings you by His death, Peace He speaks with ev'ry breath; Can you slight such heav'nly charms, Flee, oh, flee to Je-sus' arms,

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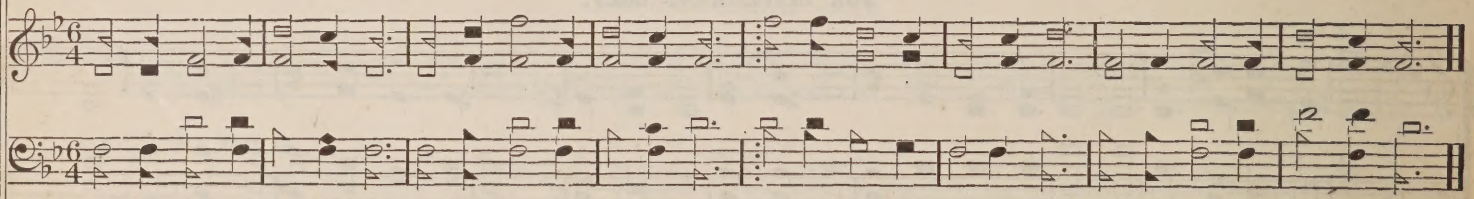


For History of this Song, see page 108 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

REMEMBER ME. C. M.

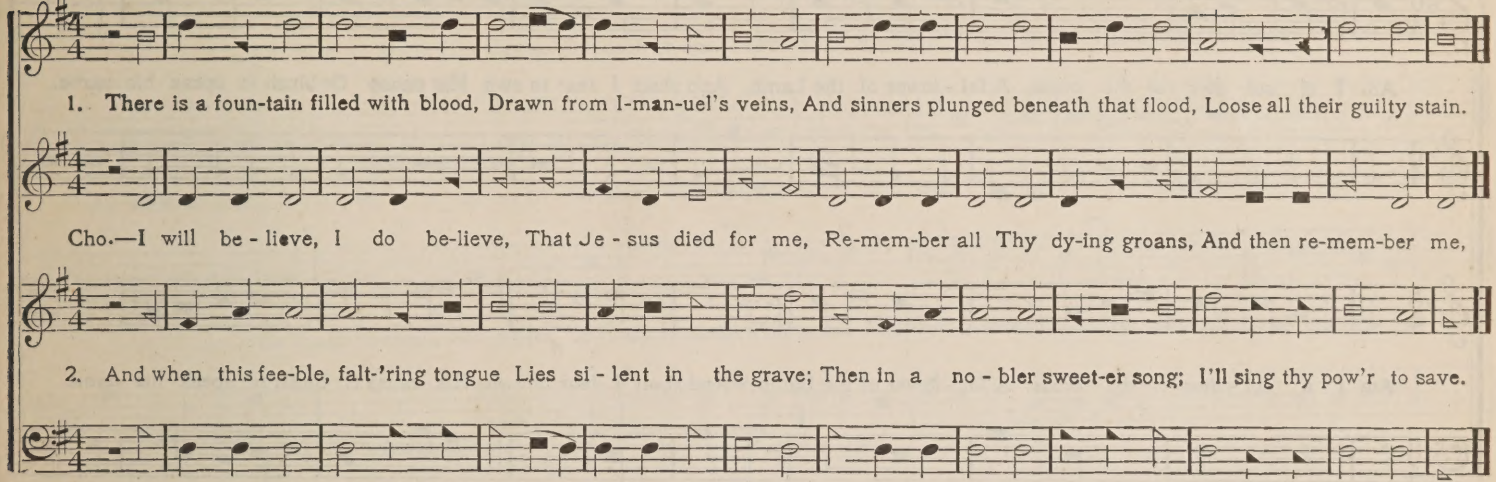
"In whom we have redemption through His blood."—Col. 1: 14.

Alto by S. M. Denson, 1912.

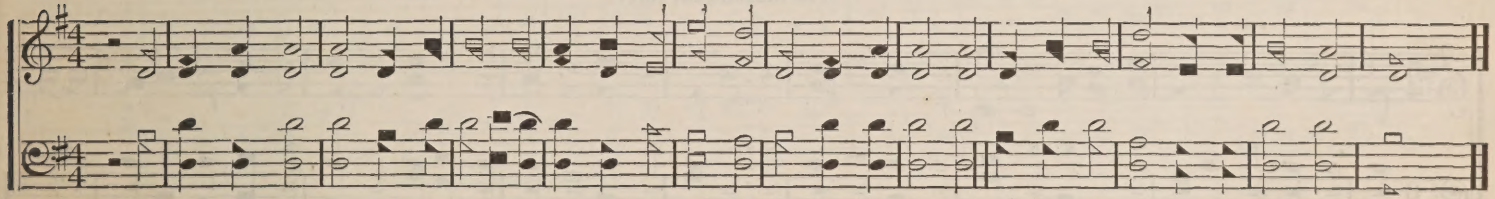
Key of G Major.

B. F. White & L. L. Leadbetter, 1859.

Da Capo for Chorus.


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from I-man-uel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Loose all their guilty stain.
Cho.—I will be - lieve, I do be-lieve, That Je - sus died for me, Re-mem-ber all Thy dy-ing groans, And then re-mem-ber me,
2. And when this fee-ble, falt-'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave; Then in a no - bler sweet-er song; I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

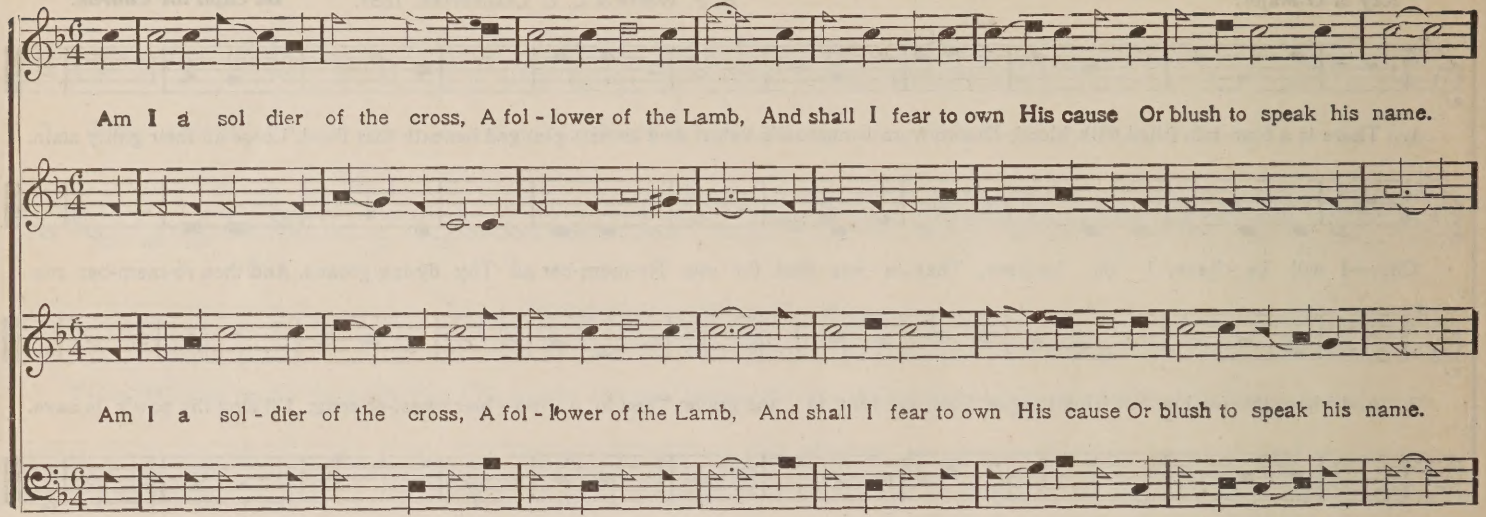
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



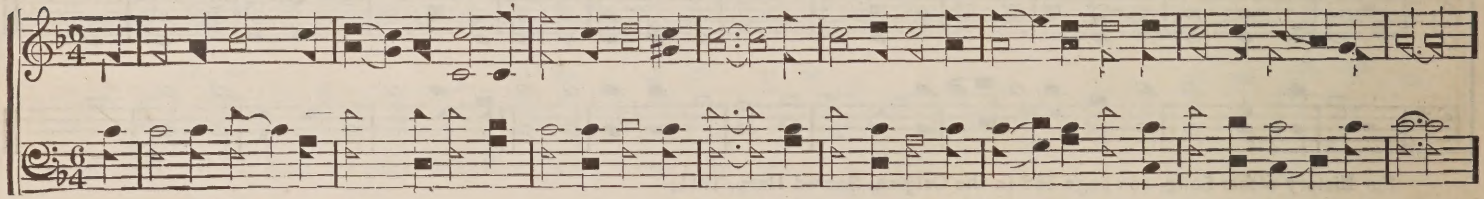
For History ofthis Song, see page 368 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

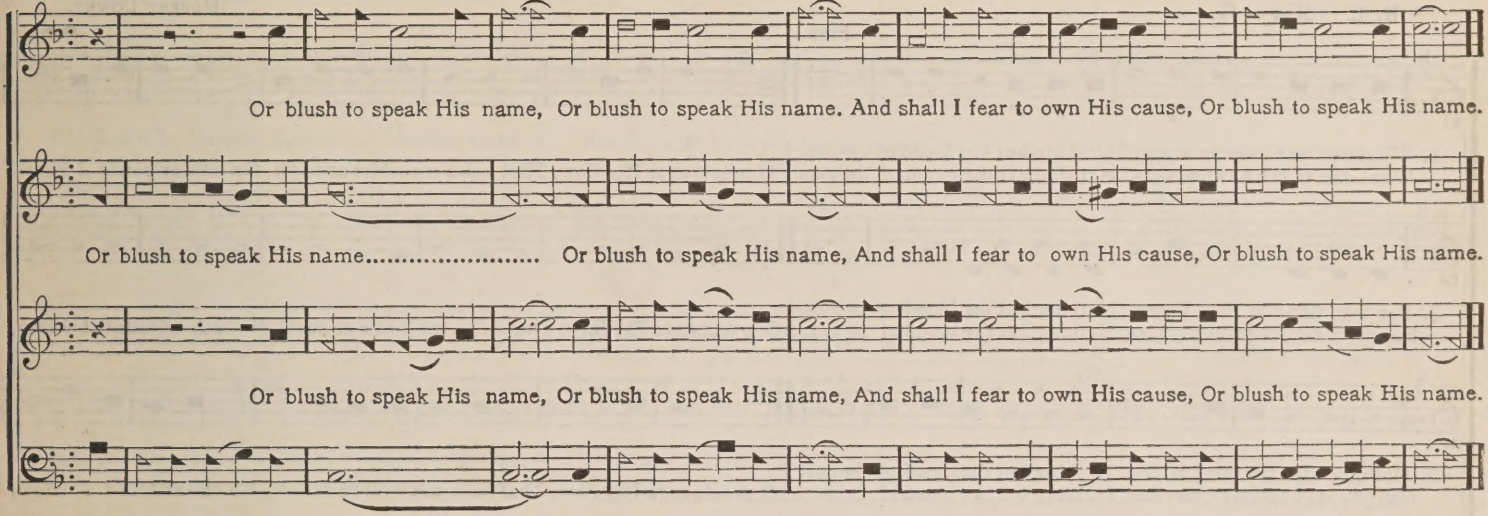
146 AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS? C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Key of F Major. "Endure hardships as a Soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 TIM. 2: 3, G. B. DANIELL, 1909.


Am I a sol dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause Or blush to speak his name.
Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause Or blush to speak his name.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.




Or blush to speak His name, Or blush to speak His name. And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name.
Or blush to speak His name..... Or blush to speak His name, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name.
Or blush to speak His name, Or blush to speak His name, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name.

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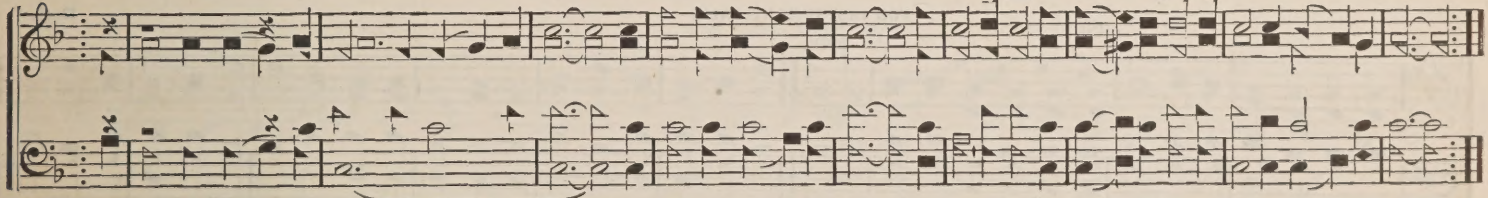


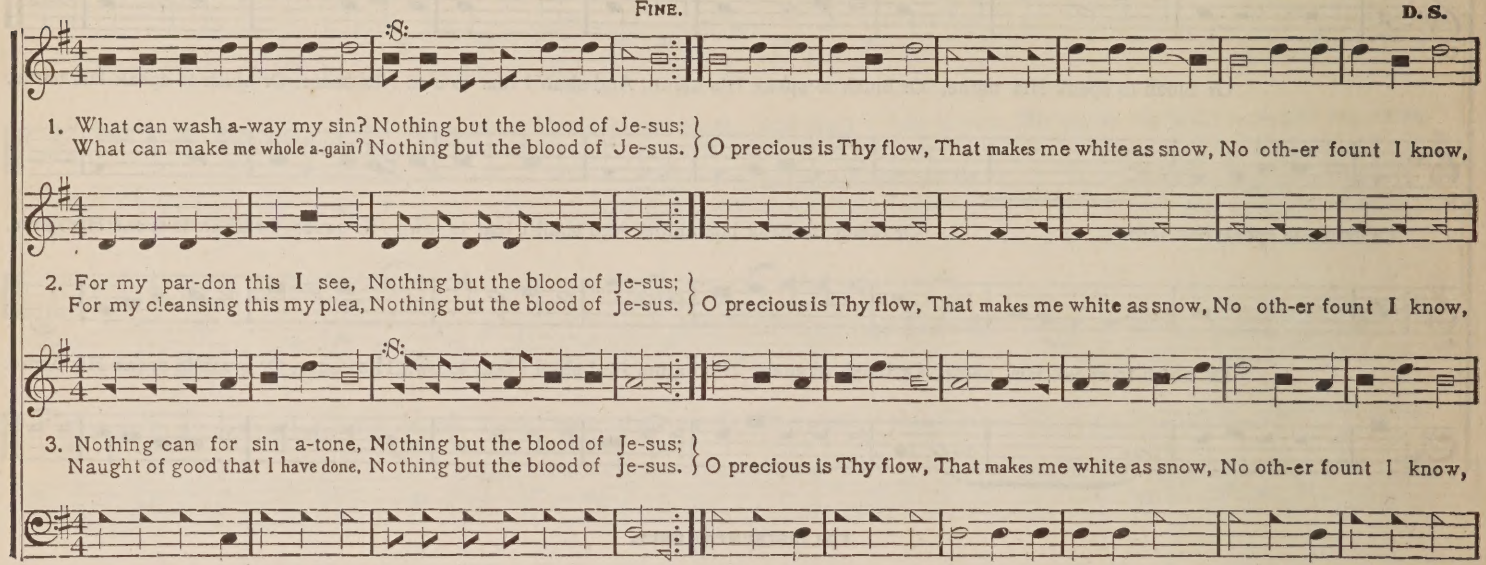
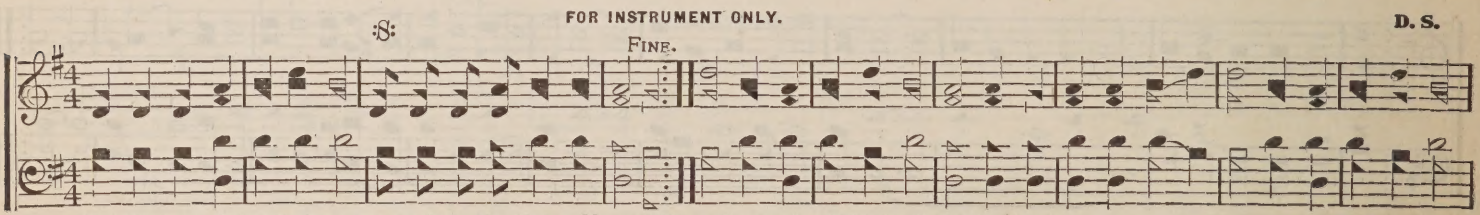
For History of this song see pege 215 in the Union Harp 1909.

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

"Unto Him that lovod us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."—Rev. 1: 5.

R. L. Key of G.

ROBERT LOWRY.

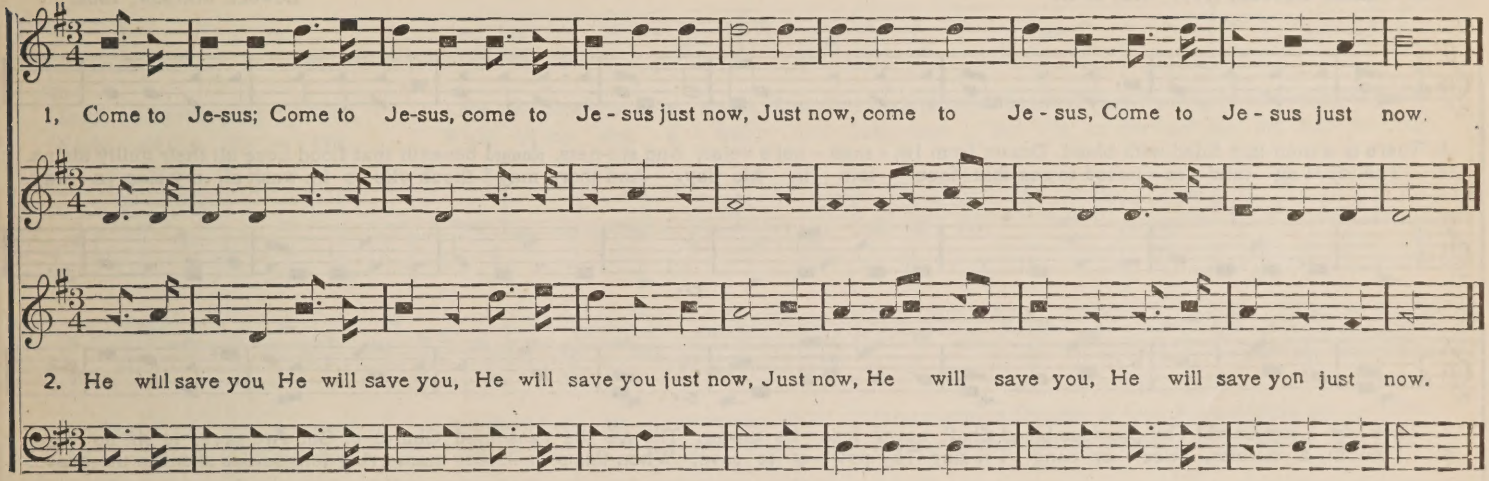

FINE.
D. S.
1. What can wash a-way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
What can make me whole a-gain? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
O precious is Thy flow, That makes me white as snow, No oth-er fount I know,
2. For my par-don this I see, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
For my cleansing this my plea, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
O precious is Thy flow, That makes me white as snow, No oth-er fount I know,
3. Nothing can for sin a-tone, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
O precious is Thy flow, That makes me white as snow, No oth-er fount I know,

For History of this Song see page 64 in the Union Harp, 1909. Copyright, 1909, by J. S. James

COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

Key of G Major.

English Melody.


1, Come to Je-sus; Come to Je-sus, come to Je - sus just now, Just now, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now, Just now, He will save you, He will save you just now.

3. He is able, etc. 4, He is willing, etc. 5. He is ready, etc. 6, He is waiting, etc. 7. He'll forgive you, etc.
8. O believe Him, etc. 9. Do not tarry, etc. 10. Don't reject Him, etc.

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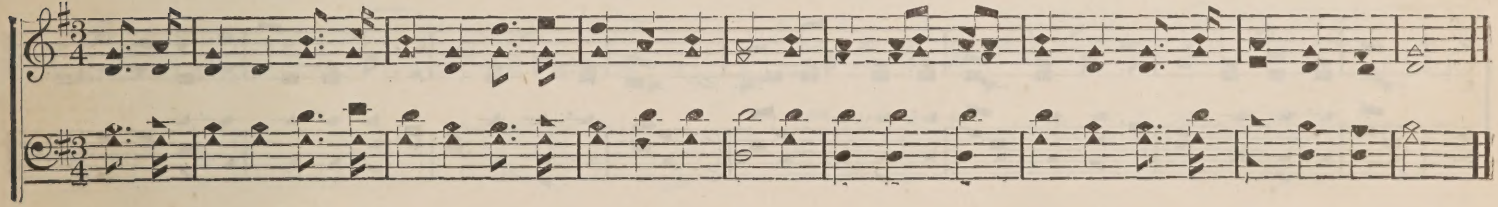
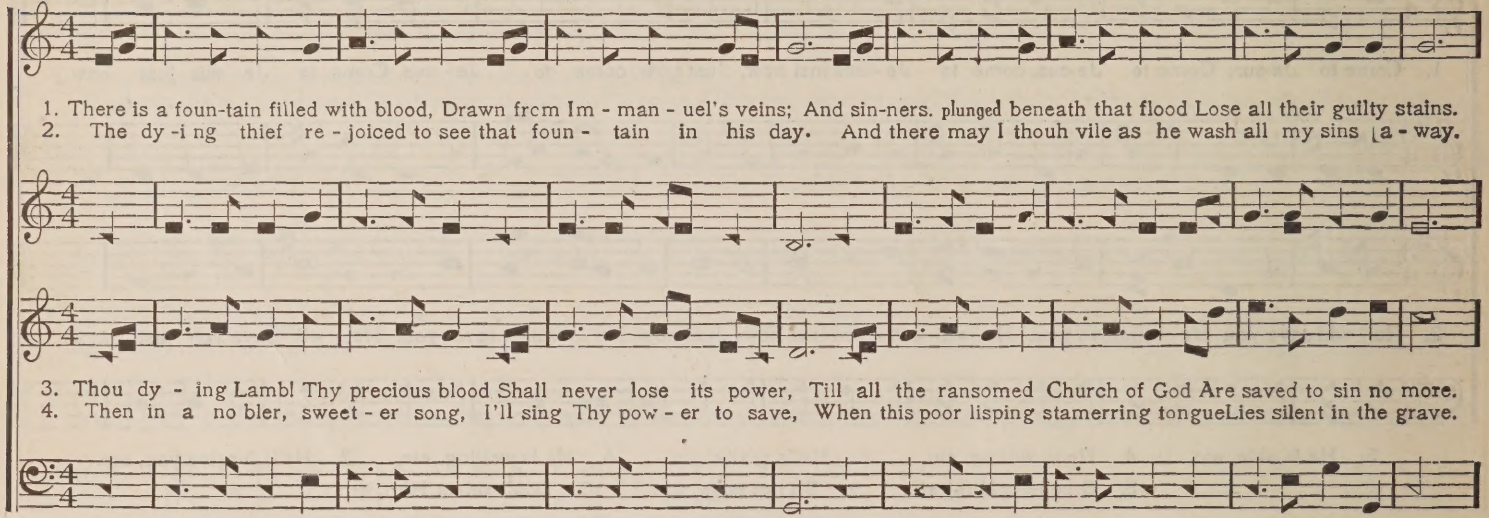
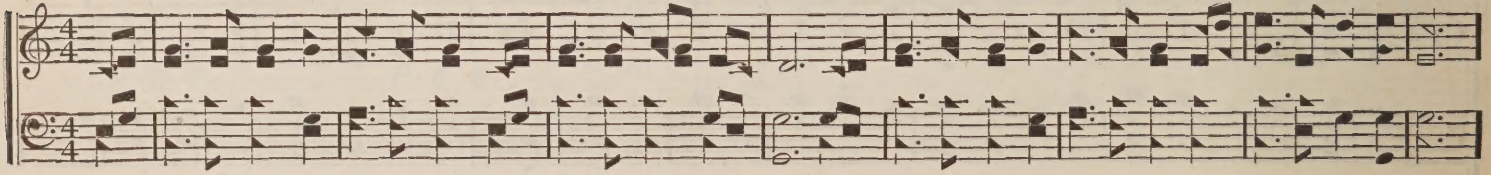

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

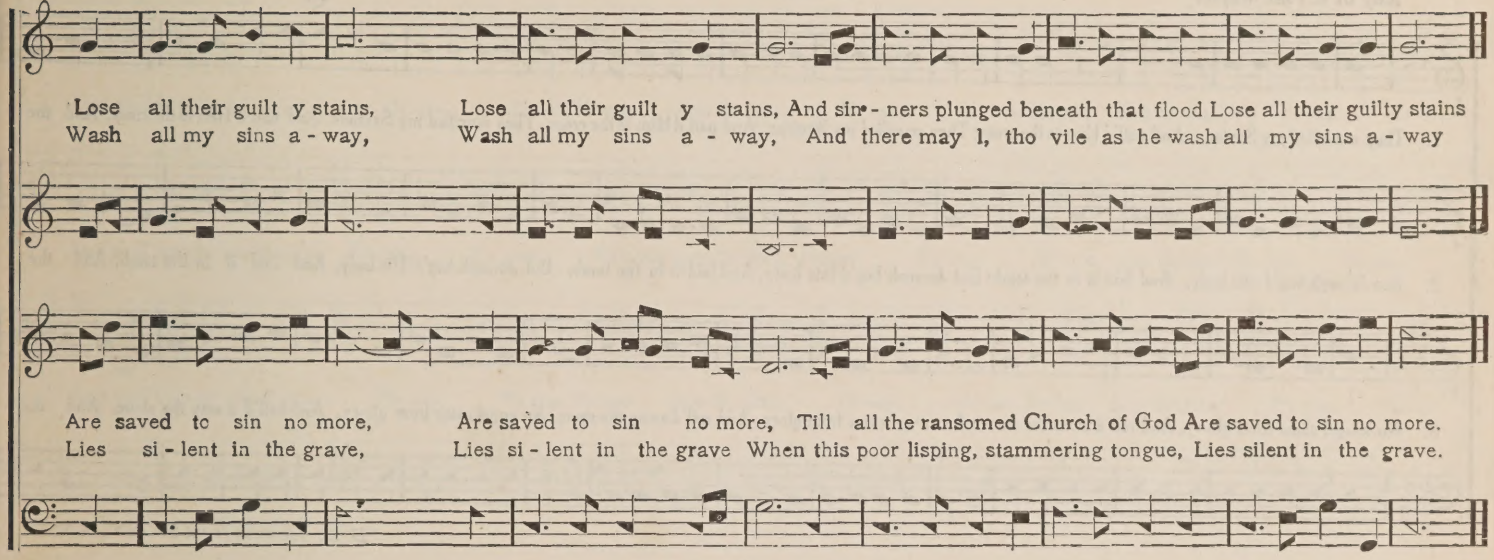
"In that day there shall be a fountain opened unto the house of David."— ZECH. 13: 1.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. Key of C. LOWELL MAYSON, 1832.


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins; And sin-ners. plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dy-i ng thief re - joiced to see that foun - tain in his day. And there may I thouh vile as he wash all my sins a - way.
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
4. Then in a no bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow - er to save, When this poor lisping stamerring tongueLies silent in the grave.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.




Lose all their guilt y stains, Lose all their guilt y stains, And sin- ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way, And there may I, tho vile as he wash all my sins a - way
Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more, Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave When this poor lisping, stammering tongue, Lies silent in the grave.

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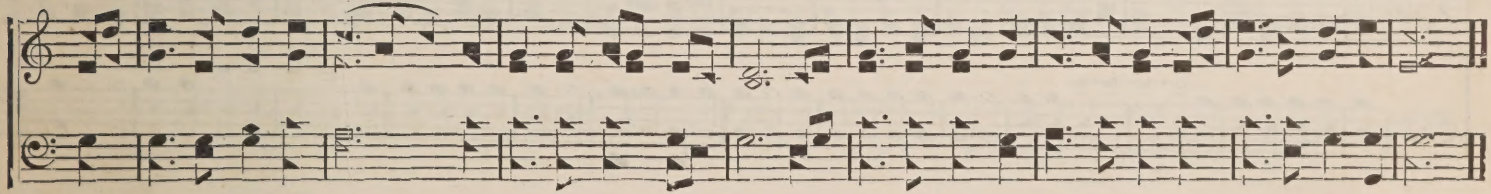
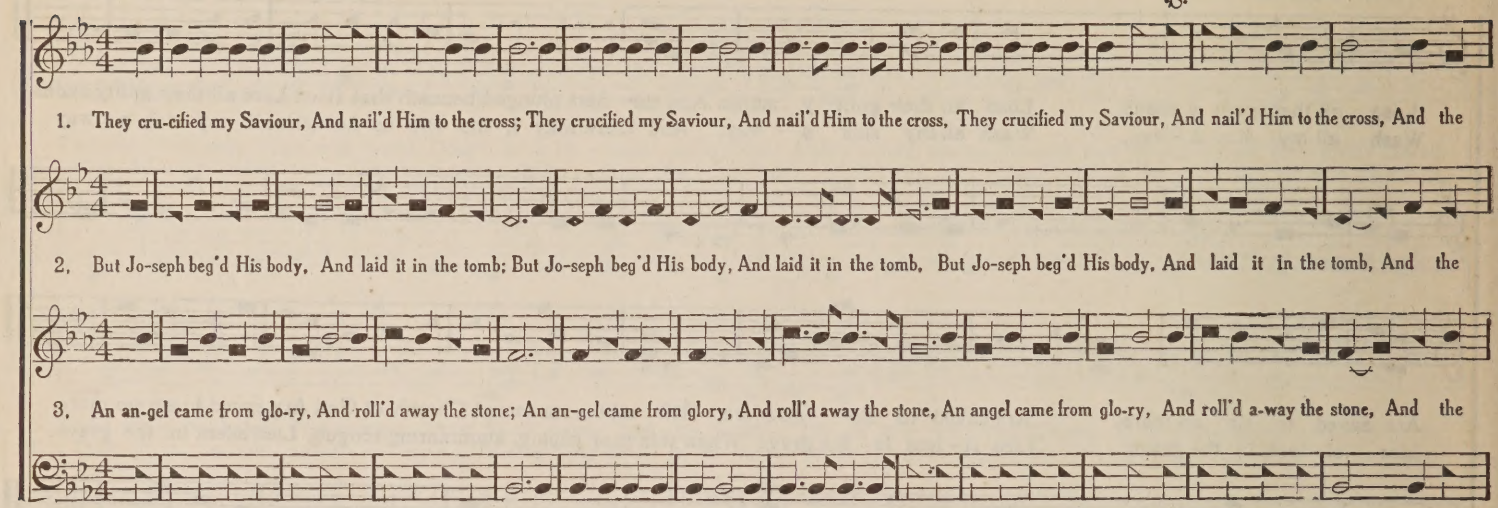


HE ROSE FROM THE DEAD.

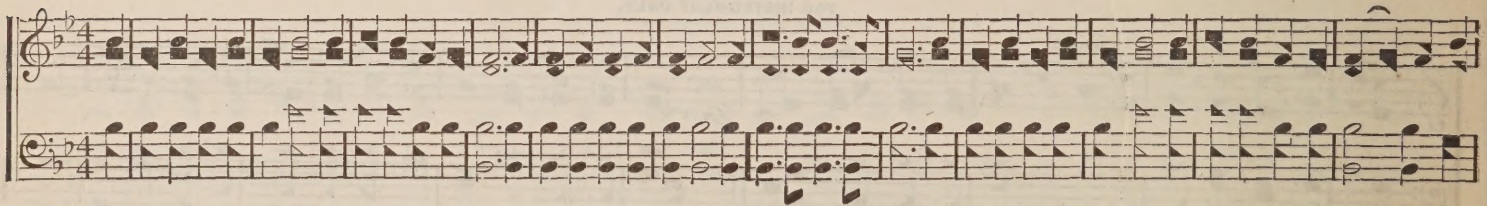
"That He is risen from the dead."—MAT. 28: 7.

Key of E Flat Major. FREEDMEN SONG. ARR. BY GEO. KING.


:S:
1. They cru-cified my Saviour, And nail'd Him to the cross; They crucified my Saviour, And nail'd Him to the cross, They crucified my Saviour, And nail'd Him to the cross, And the
2. But Jo-seph beg'd His body, And laid it in the tomb; But Jo-seph beg'd His body, And laid it in the tomb, But Jo-seph beg'd His body, And laid it in the tomb, And the
3. An an-gel came from glo-ry, And roll'd away the stone; An an-gel came from glory, And roll'd away the stone, An angel came from glo-ry, And roll'd a-way the stone, And the

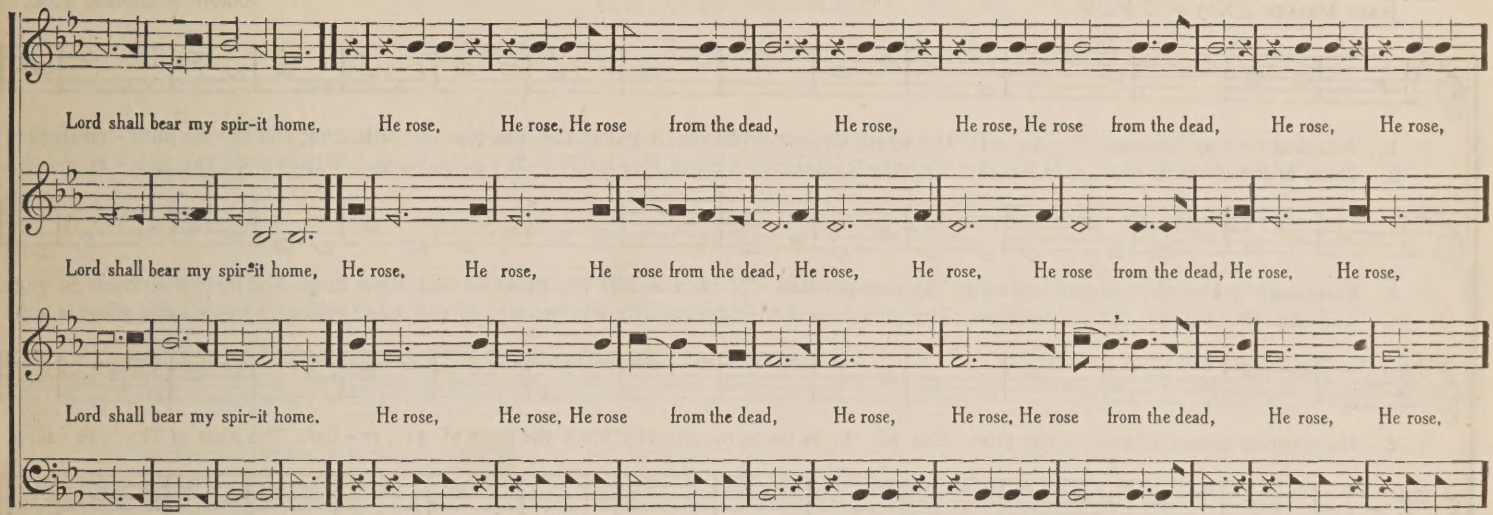
D. S.–He rose from the dead, And the

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



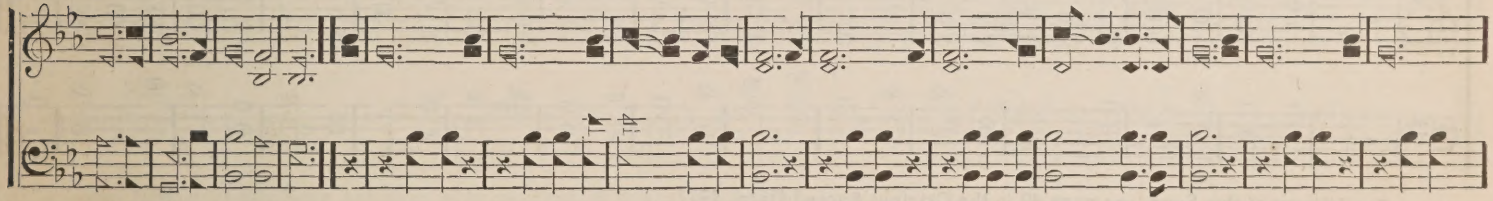
HE ROSE FROM THE DEAD. Concluded.

Fine. CHORUS: D. S.


Lord shall bear my spir-it home, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose,
Lord shall bear my spir-it home, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose,
Lord shall bear my spir-it home. He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose,

Lord shall bear my spirit home.

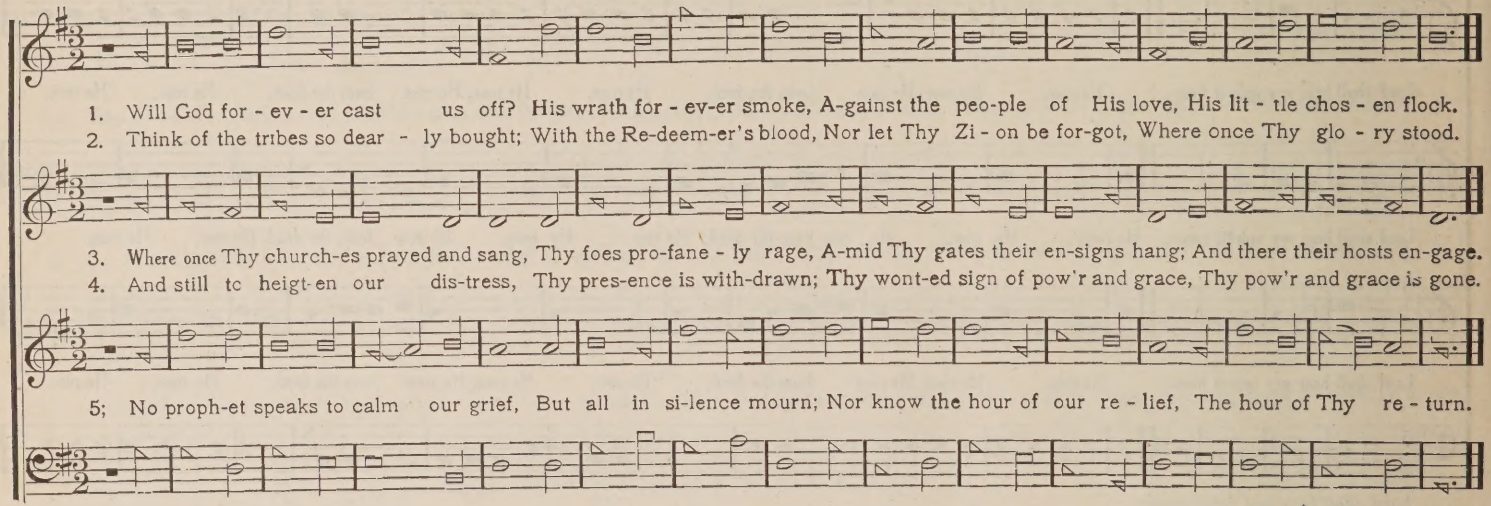
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY. D. S.



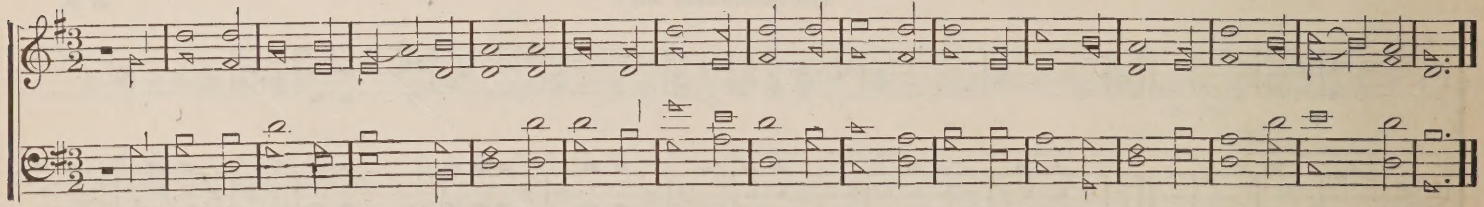
MEAR. C. M.

"What, if God, willing to show His wrath, and to make his power known.—Rom. 9: 22.

Jesse Mercer.—Key of G Major. Aaron Williams, 1760.


1. Will God for - ev - er cast us off? His wrath for - ev-er smoke, A-gainst the peo-ple of His love, His lit - tle chos - en flock.
2. Think of the tribes so dear - ly bought; With the Re-deem-er's blood, Nor let Thy Zi - on be for-got, Where once Thy glo - ry stood.
3. Where once Thy church-es prayed and sang, Thy foes pro-fane - ly rage, A-mid Thy gates their en-signs hang; And there their hosts en-gage.
4. And still to heigt-en our dis-tress, Thy pres-ence is with-drawn; Thy wont-ed sign of pow'r and grace, Thy pow'r and grace is gone.
5; No proph-et speaks to calm our grief, But all in si-lence mourn; Nor know the hour of our re - lief, The hour of Thy re - turn.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

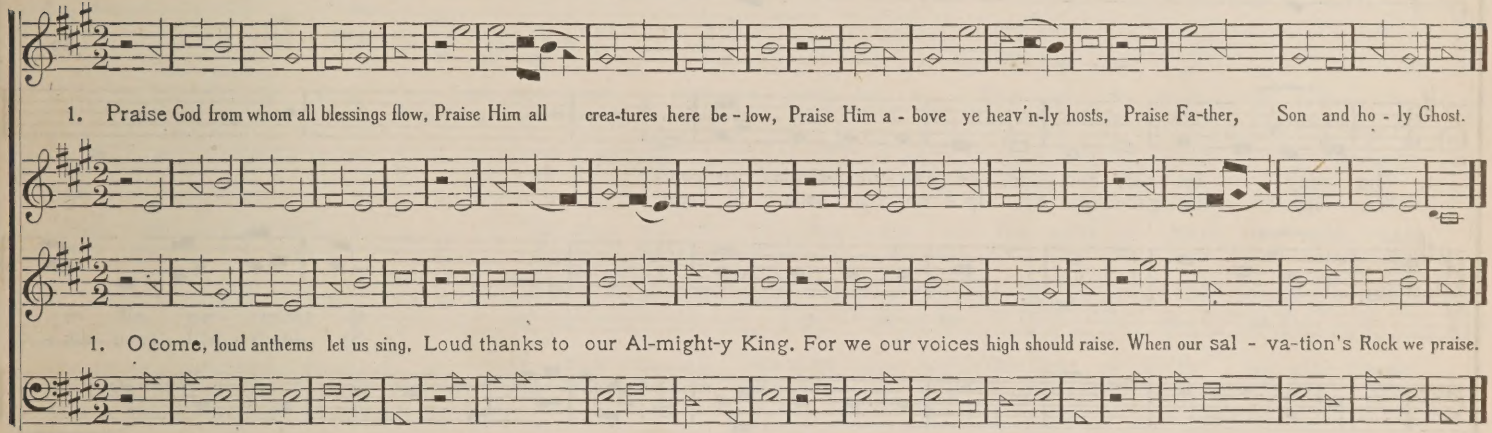


For History of this Song, see page 49 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

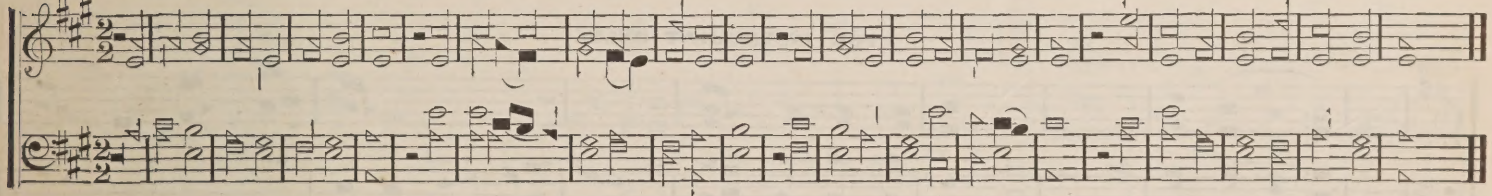
OLD HUNDRED: L. M.

"Sing O ye heavens,.....shout ye lower parts of the earth.—Isa. 44: 23.

Bishop Ken, 1661. Key of A Major. Guil. Franc, 1541.


1. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low, Praise Him a - bove ye heav'n-ly hosts, Praise Fa-ther, Son and ho - ly Ghost.
1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al-might-y King. For we our voices high should raise. When our sal - va-tion's Rock we praise.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

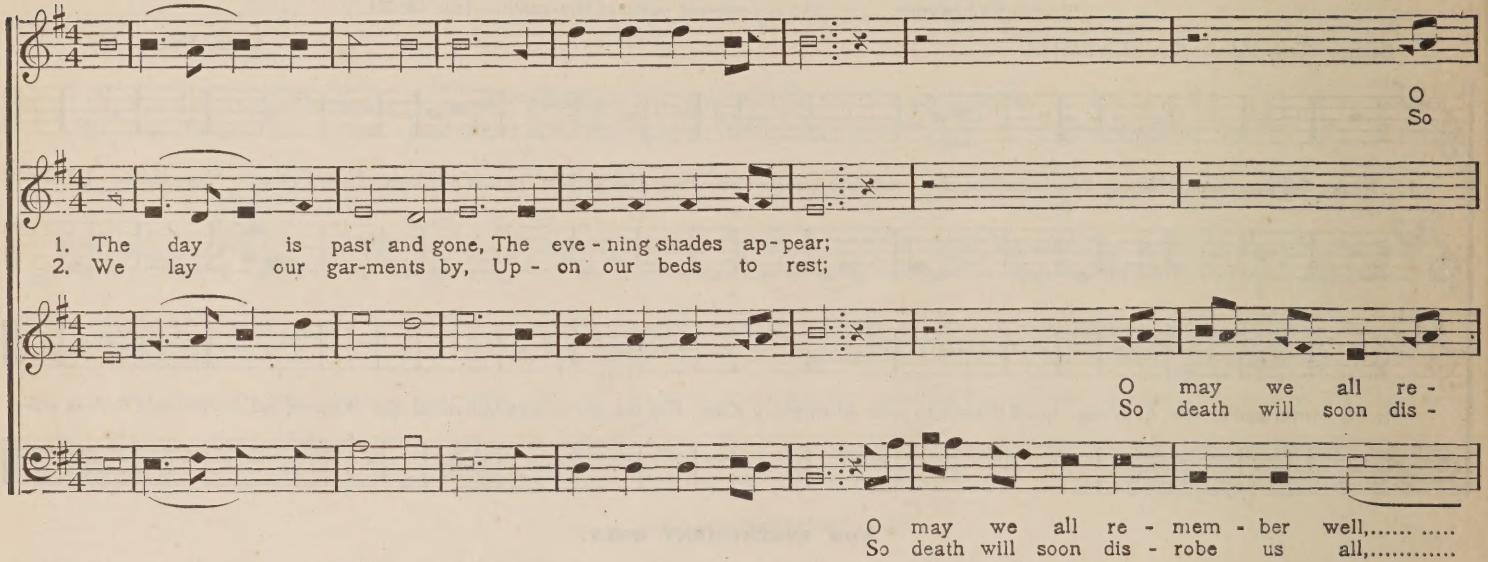


For History of this Song, see page 49 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

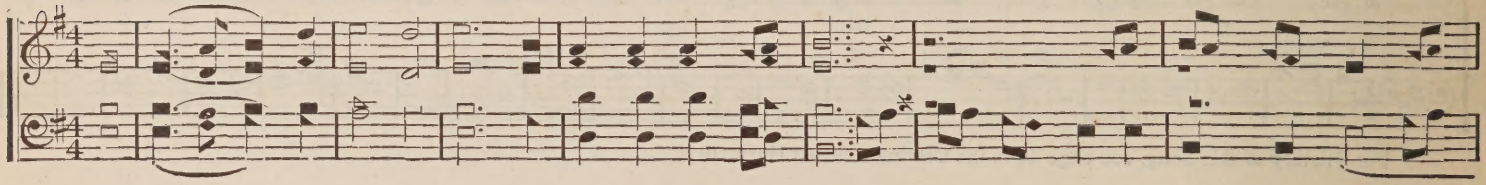
EVENING SHADE. S. M.

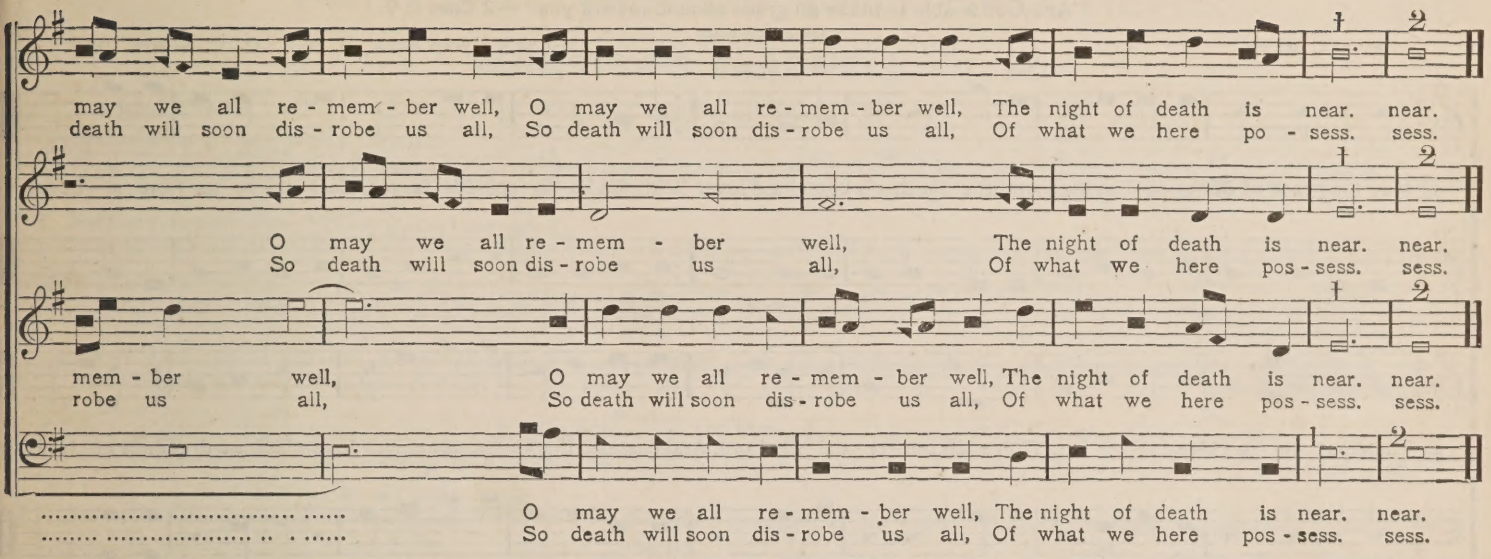
"The night cometh when no man can work."—John 9; 4.

JOHN LELAND, 1835. Key of E Minor. Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911


O
So
1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear;
2. We lay our gar-ments by, Up - on our beds to rest;
O may we all re -
So death will soon dis -
O may we all re - mem - ber well,..... .....
So death will soon dis - robe us all,.....

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY




may we all re - mem - ber well, O may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death is near. near.
death will soon dis - robe us all, So death will soon dis - robe us all, Of what we here po - sess. sess.
O may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death is near. near.
So death will soon dis - robe us all, Of what we here pos - sess. sess.
mem - ber well, O may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death is near. near.
robe us all, So death will soon dis - robe us all, Of what we here pos - sess. sess.
O may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death is near. near.
So death will soon dis - robe us all, Of what we here pos - sess. sess.

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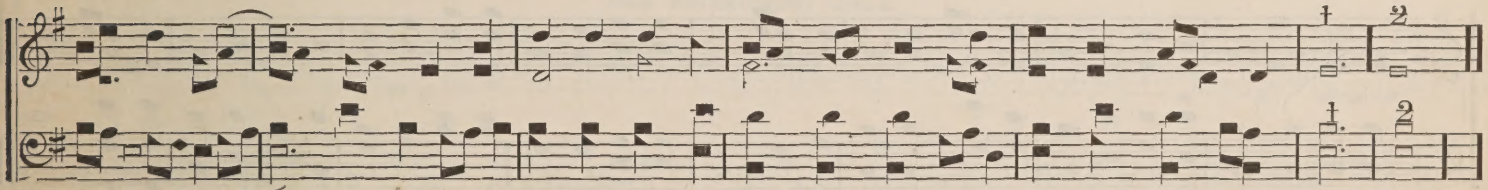


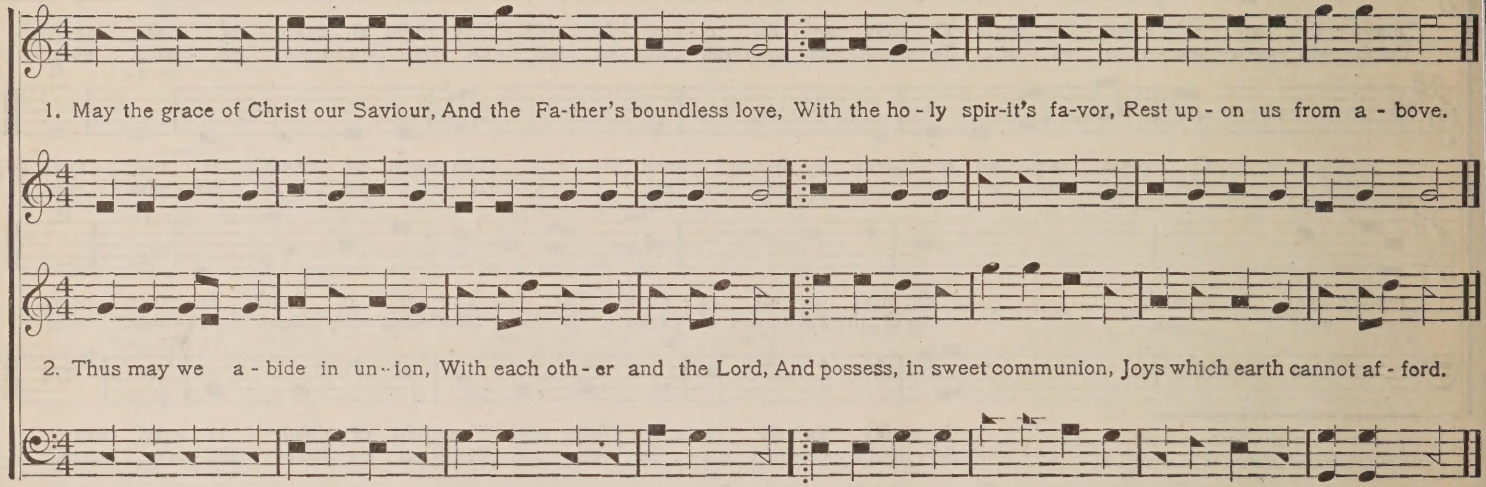
For History of this Song, see page 209 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

COLUMBIANA. 8s, 7s.

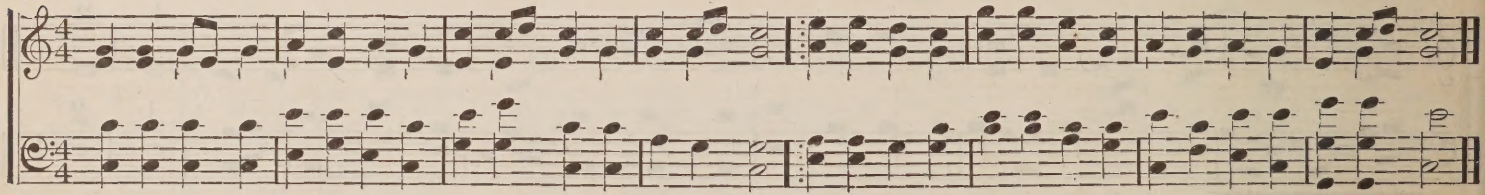
"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you."—2 Cor. 8: 9.

Key of C Major.

Buck's Hymn Book, H. 530. D. P. White, 1859.


1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Fa-ther's boundless love, With the ho - ly spir-it's fa-vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion, With each oth - er and the Lord, And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot af - ford.

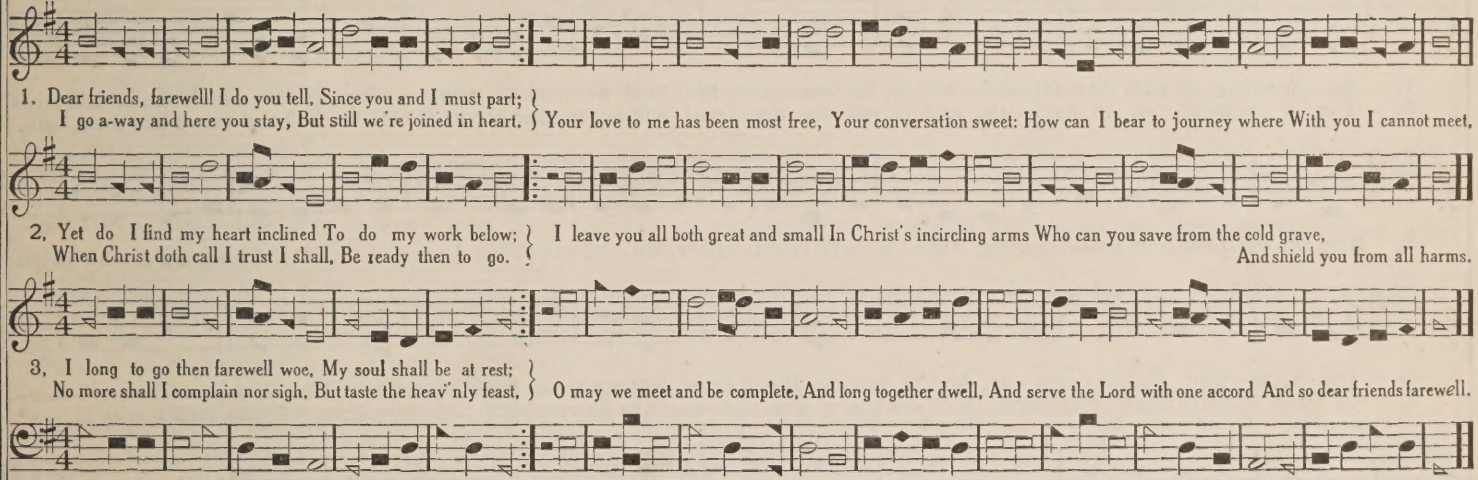
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



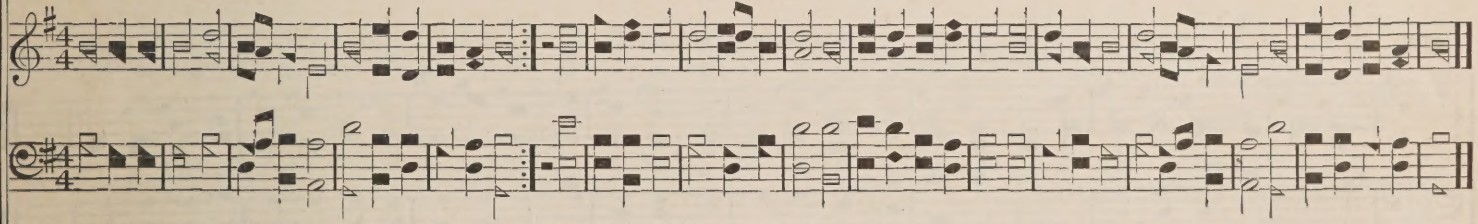
For History of this Song, see page 331 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.

MINISTER'S FAREWELL. C. M.

Key of G Major.

"A friend loveth at all times."—PROV. 17; 17,

1. Dear friends, farewell! I do you tell, Since you and I must part;
I go a-way and here you stay, But still we're joined in heart.
Your love to me has been most free, Your conversation sweet: How can I bear to journey where With you I cannot meet,
2. Yet do I find my heart inclined To do my work below;
When Christ doth call I trust I shall, Be ready then to go.
I leave you all both great and small In Christ's incircling arms Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms.
3. I long to go then farewell woe, My soul shall be at rest;
No more shall I complain nor sigh, But taste the heav'nly feast,
O may we meet and be complete, And long together dwell, And serve the Lord with one accord And so dear friends farewell.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

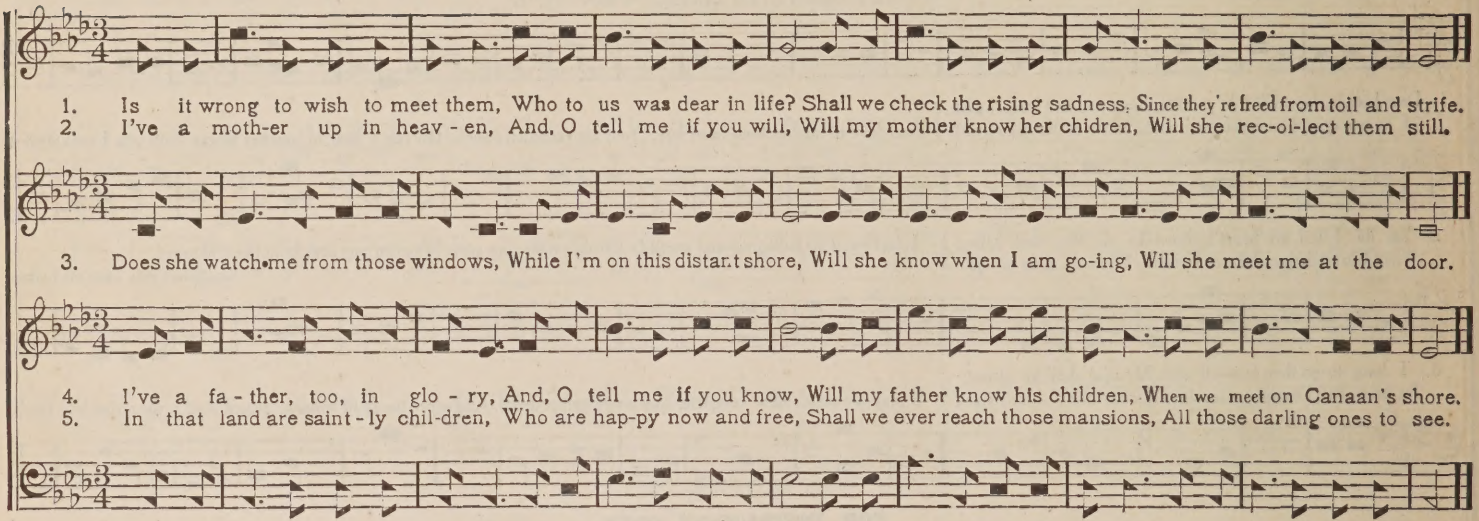


For History of this Song see page 69 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

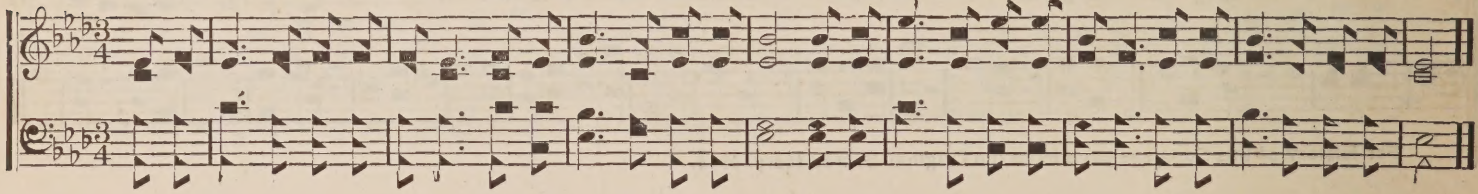
160 DEPARTED LOVED ONES. 8s & 7s.

"And they assended up to heaven in a cloud."—Rev. 11: 12.

Key of A Flat Major. Arr. by S. M. Denson, 1912.


1. Is it wrong to wish to meet them, Who to us was dear in life? Shall we check the rising sadness, Since they're freed from toil and strife.
2. I've a moth-er up in heav - en, And, O tell me if you will, Will my mother know her chidren, Will she rec-ol-lect them still.
3. Does she watch me from those windows, While I'm on this distant shore, Will she know when I am go-ing, Will she meet me at the door.
4. I've a fa - ther, too, in glo - ry, And, O tell me if you know, Will my father know his children, When we meet on Canaan's shore.
5. In that land are saint - ly chil-dren, Who are hap-py now and free, Shall we ever reach those mansions, All those darling ones to see.

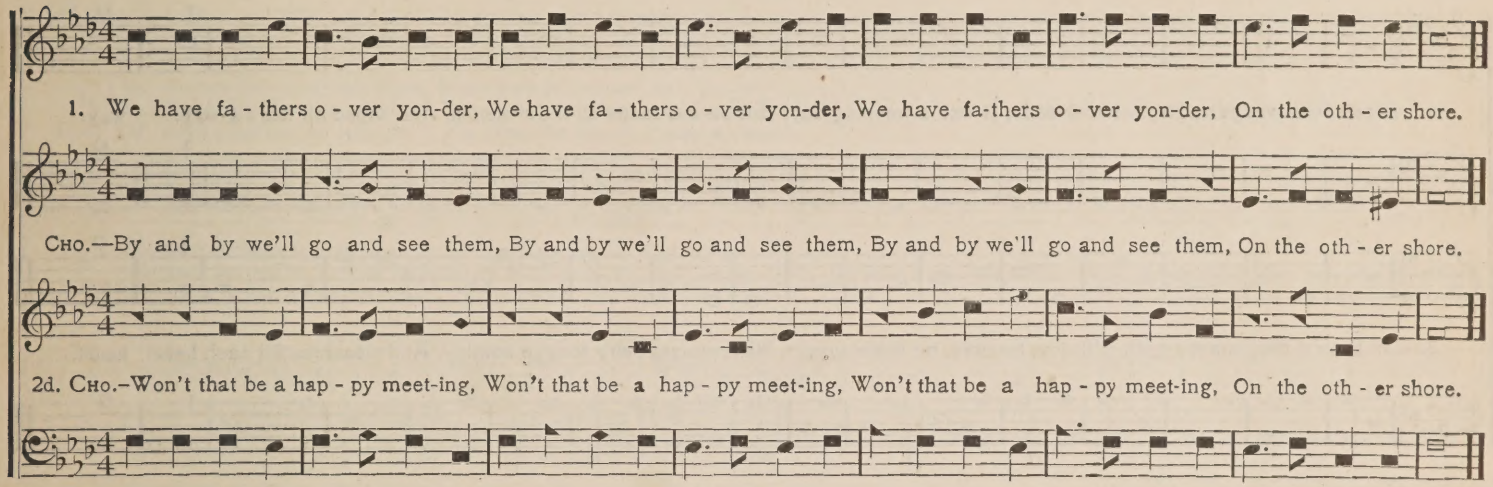
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



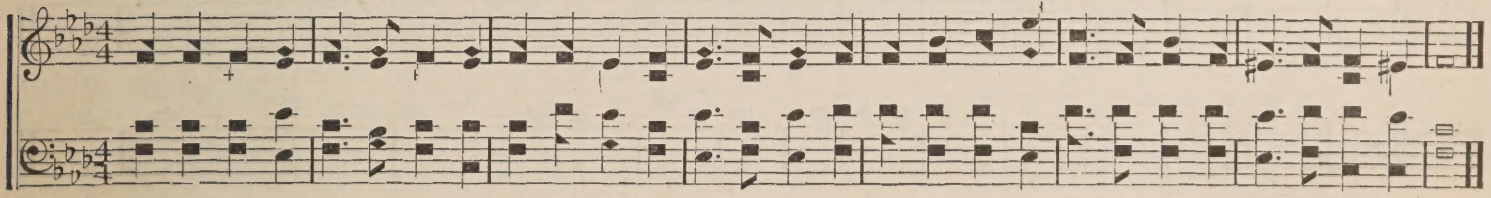
LOVED ONES OVER YONDER.

"And they assended up to heaven in a cloud."—Rev. 11; 12.

Key of F Minor. (Old Revival Song) Arr. by S. M. Denson, 1912.


1. We have fa - thers o - ver yon-der, We have fa - thers o - ver yon-der, We have fa-thers o - ver yon-der, On the oth - er shore.
Cho.—By and by we'll go and see them, By and by we'll go and see them, By and by we'll go and see them, On the oth - er shore.
2d. Cho.–Won't that be a hap - py meet-ing, Won't that be a hap - py meet-ing, Won't that be a hap - py meet-ing, On the oth - er shore.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



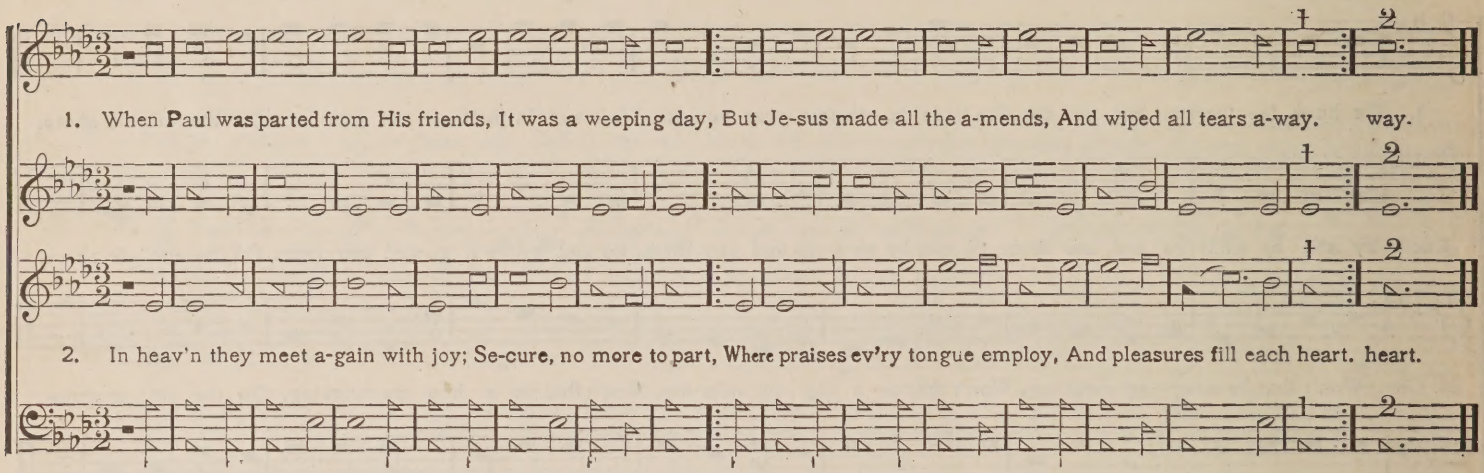
☞Use words mother, brother, sister, loved ones, etc., for additional verses.

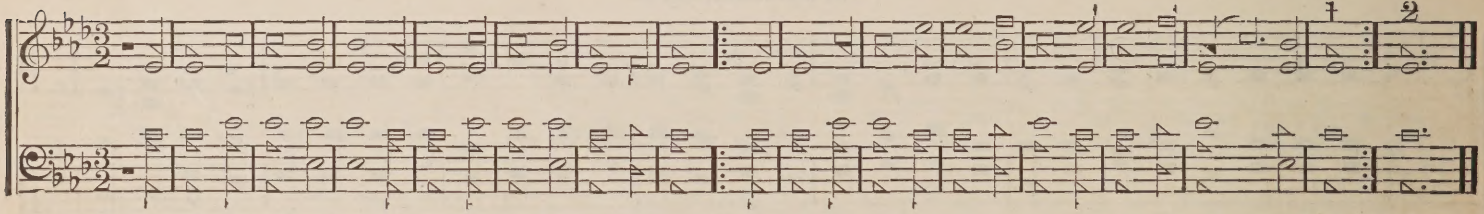
CULLMAN. C. M.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from thier eyes.—Rev. 7; 17."

S. M. D. 1908. Key of A Flat Major

S. M. Denson, 1908.


1. When Paul was parted from His friends, It was a weeping day, But Je-sus made all the a-mends, And wiped all tears a-way. way.
2. In heav'n they meet a-gain with joy; Se-cure, no more to part, Where praises ev'ry tongue employ, And pleasures fill each heart. heart.

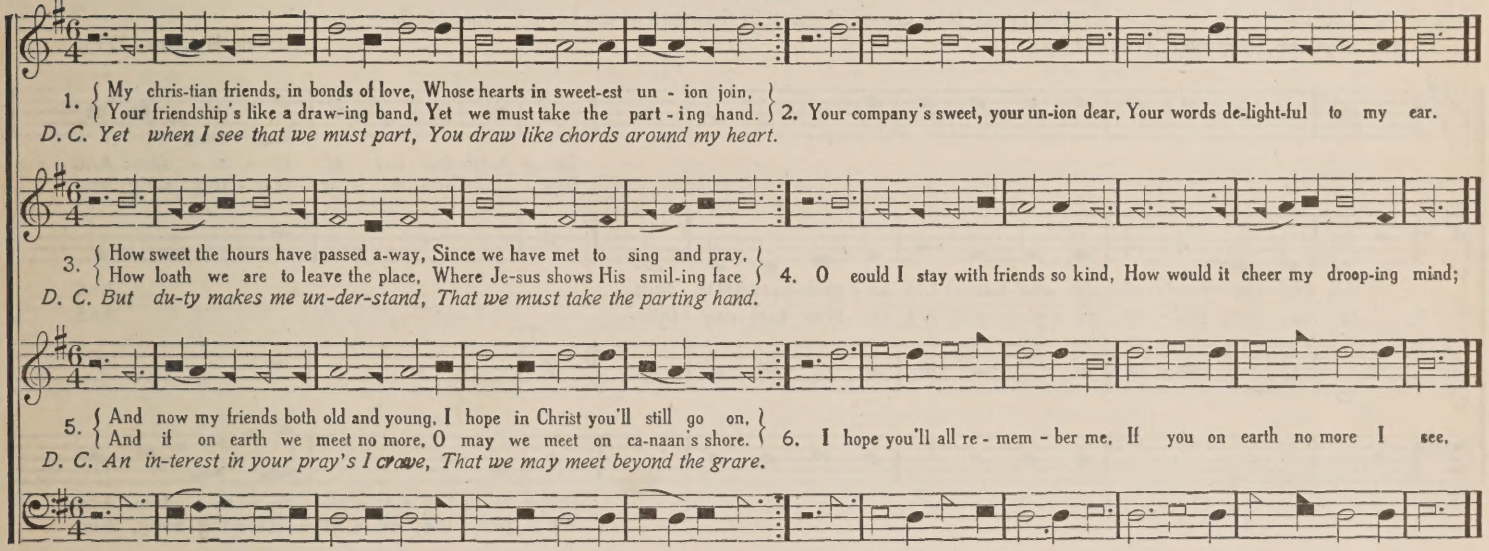
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 532 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

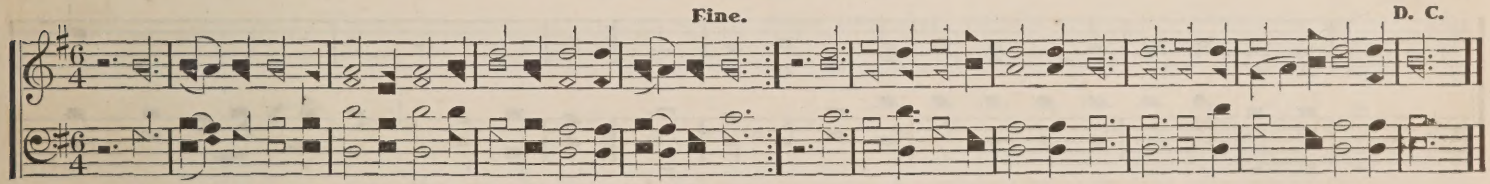
PARTING HAND. L. M. D.

"But as touching brotherly love, you need not that I write unto you."—1 THES. 4: 9.

Key of G Major.

JEREMIAH INGALLS, 1803.


Fine.
D. C.
1. My chris-tian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweet-est un - ion join,
Your friendship's like a draw-ing band, Yet we must take the part - ing hand.
2. Your company's sweet, your un-ion dear, Your words de-light-ful to my ear.
D. C. Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like chords around my heart.
3. How sweet the hours have passed a-way, Since we have met to sing and pray,
How loath we are to leave the place, Where Je-sus shows His smil-ing face
4. O could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my droop-ing mind;
D. C. But du-ty makes me un-der-stand, That we must take the parting hand.
5. And now my friends both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on,
And if on earth we meet no more, O may we meet on ca-naan's shore.
6. I hope you'll all re - mem - ber me, If you on earth no more I see,
D. C. An in-terest in your pray's I crave, That we may meet beyond the grare.

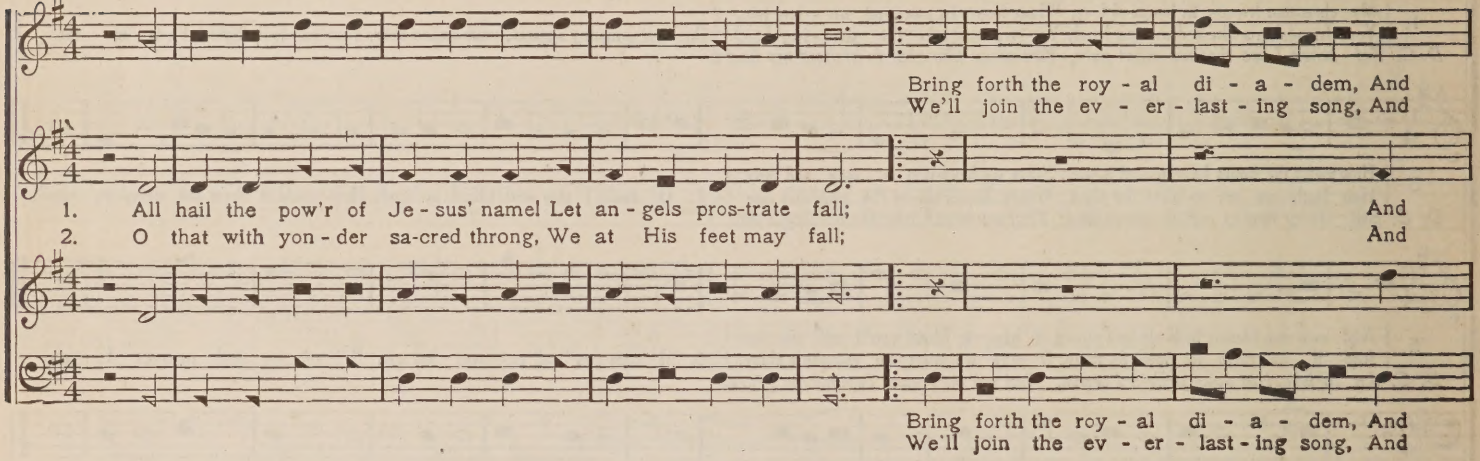
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 62 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

JESUS CROWNED LORD OF ALL.

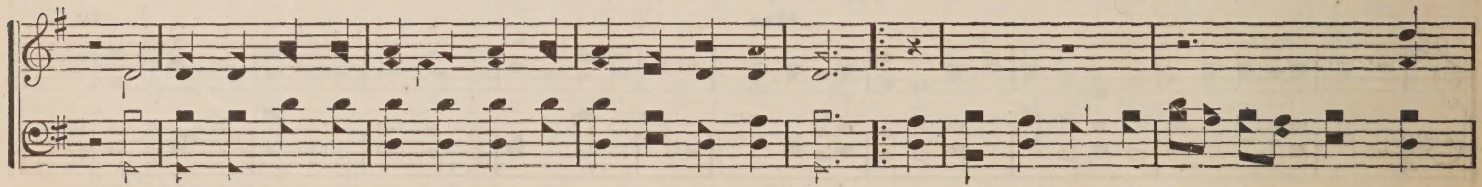
CORONATION. C. M.

"Thou shall be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord."—Isa. 62: 3.

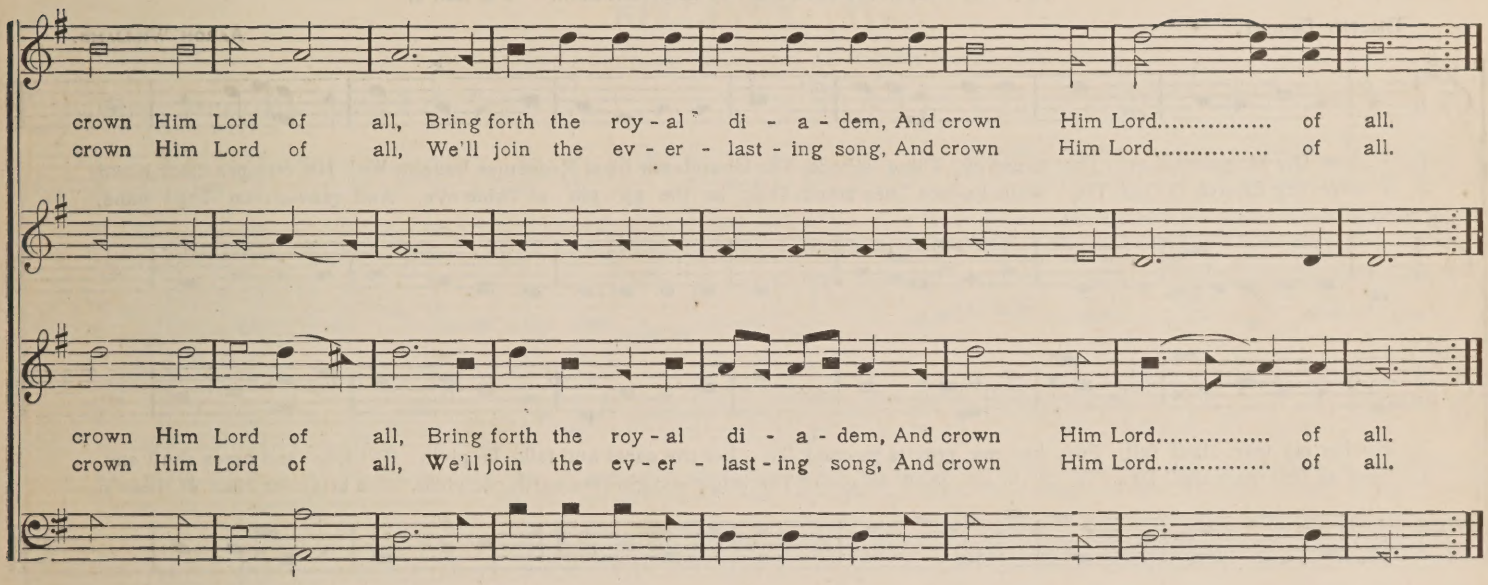
Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779. Key of G. Oliver Holden, 1793.


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall; And
2. O that with yon - der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall; And
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY



For History of this Song, see page 63 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.


crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord..... of all.

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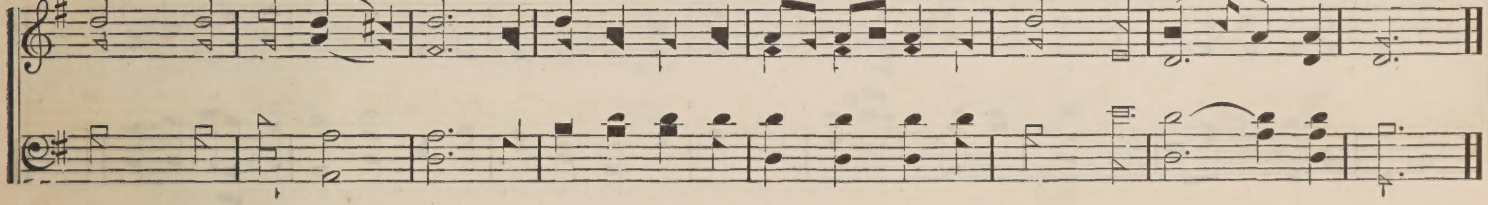
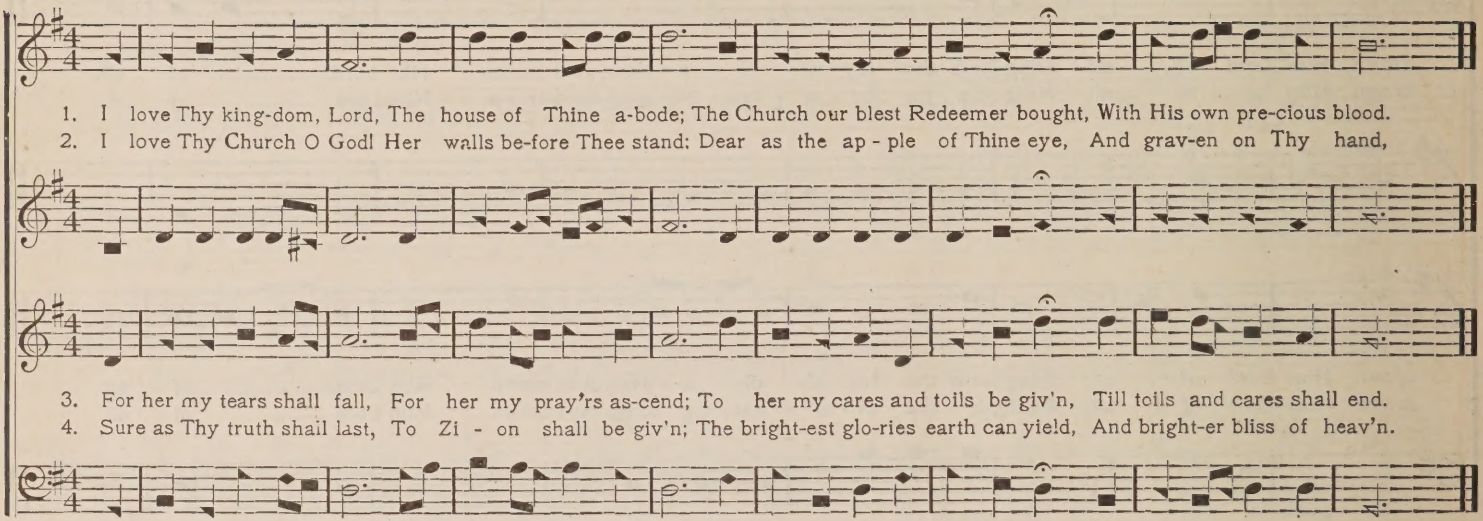


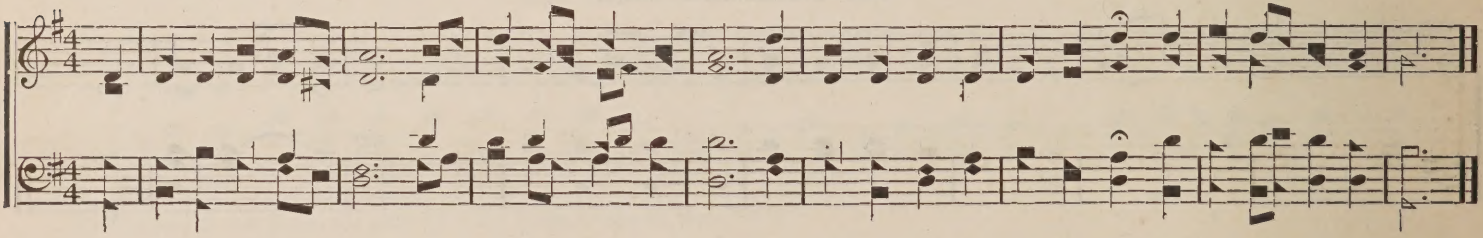
I LOVE THY KINGDOM LORD.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion."—Ps. 125; 1.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. AARON WILLIAMS.


1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode; The Church our blest Redeemer bought, With His own pre-cious blood.
2. I love Thy Church O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand: Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as-cend; To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n; The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

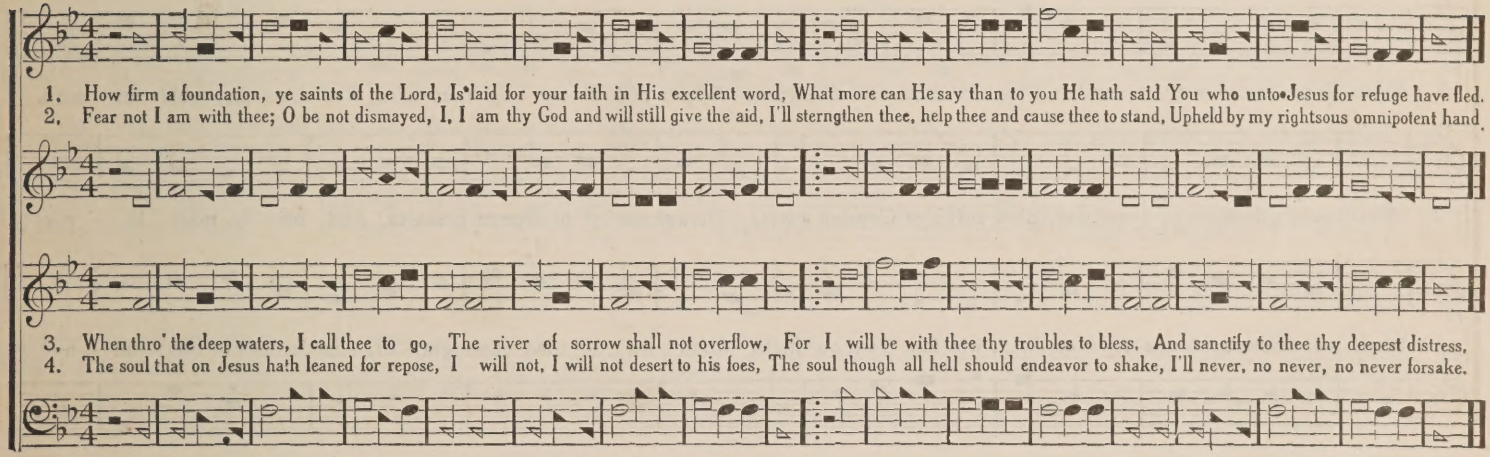
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

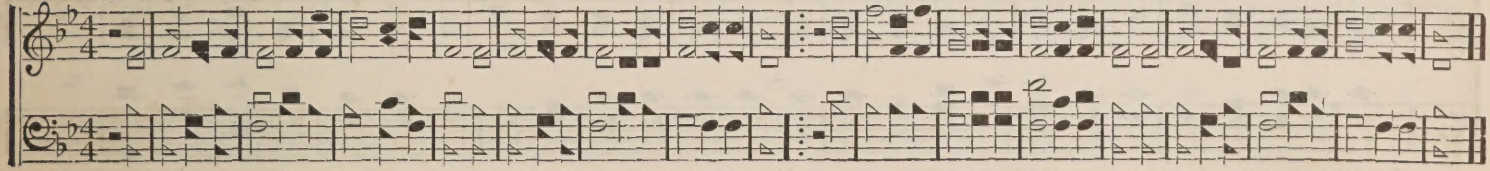


BELLEVUE. 11s.

"He hath said I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,"—Heb. 13; 5.

George Keith, 1787. Key of B Flat Major. Anne Steele. Arr. by Z. Chambers.

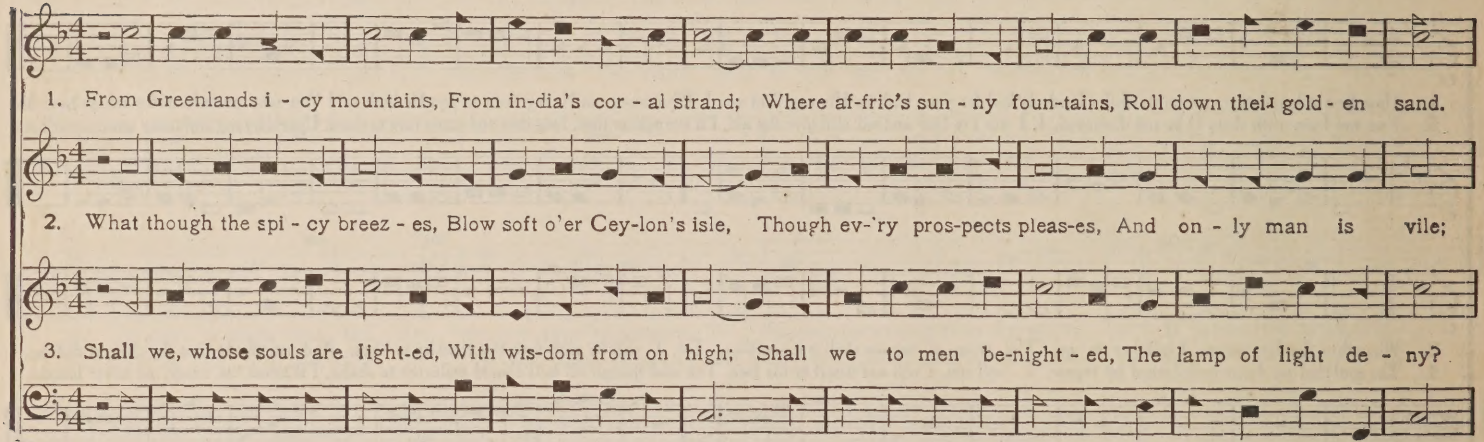

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word, What more can He say than to you He hath said You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
2. Fear not I am with thee; O be not dismayed, I, I am thy God and will still give the aid, I'll sternghen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my rightsous omnipotent hand.
3. When thro' the deep waters, I call thee to go, The river of sorrow shall not overflow, For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress,
4. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes, The soul though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For history of this song see page 72 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

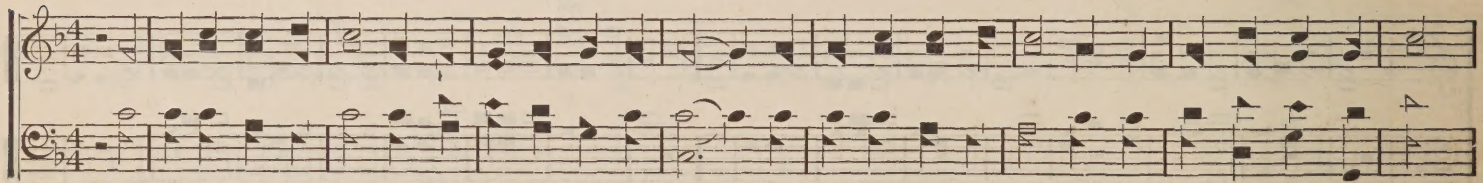
MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations."—MATT. 28: 19.

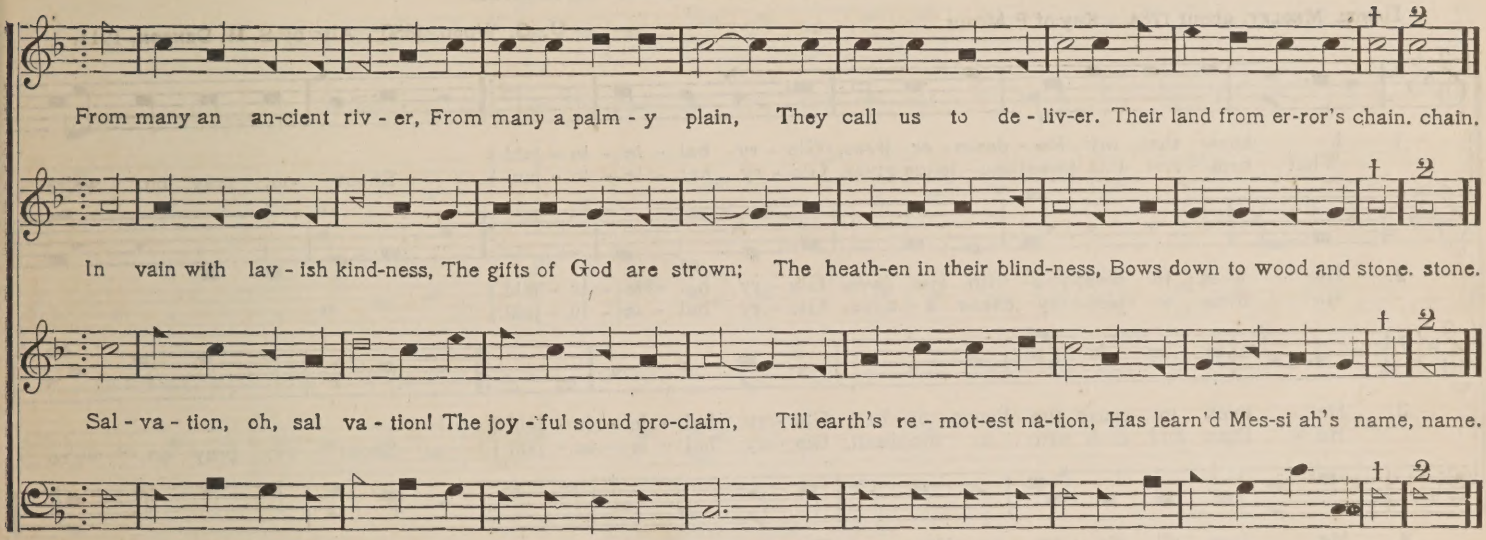
REGINALD HEBER, D. D. Treble by JAMES LANGSTON. Key of F Major. LOWELL MAYSON, 1823. Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.


1. From Greenlands i - cy mountains, From in-dia's cor - al strand; Where af-fric's sun - ny foun-tains, Roll down their gold - en sand.
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es, Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle, Though ev-'ry pros-pects pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light-ed, With wis-dom from on high; Shall we to men be-night - ed, The lamp of light de - ny?

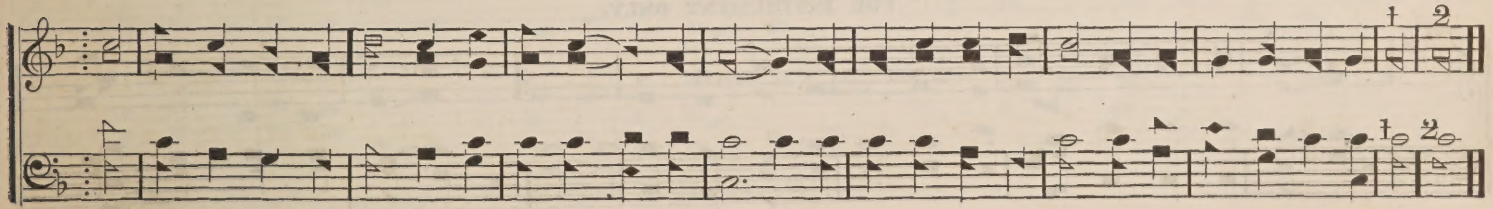
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY



For History of this Song see page 133 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.


From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv-er. Their land from er-ror's chain. chain.
In vain with lav - ish kind-ness, The gifts of God are strown; The heath-en in their blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone. stone.
Sal - va - tion, oh, sal va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's re - mot-est na-tion, Has learn'd Mes-si ah's name, name.

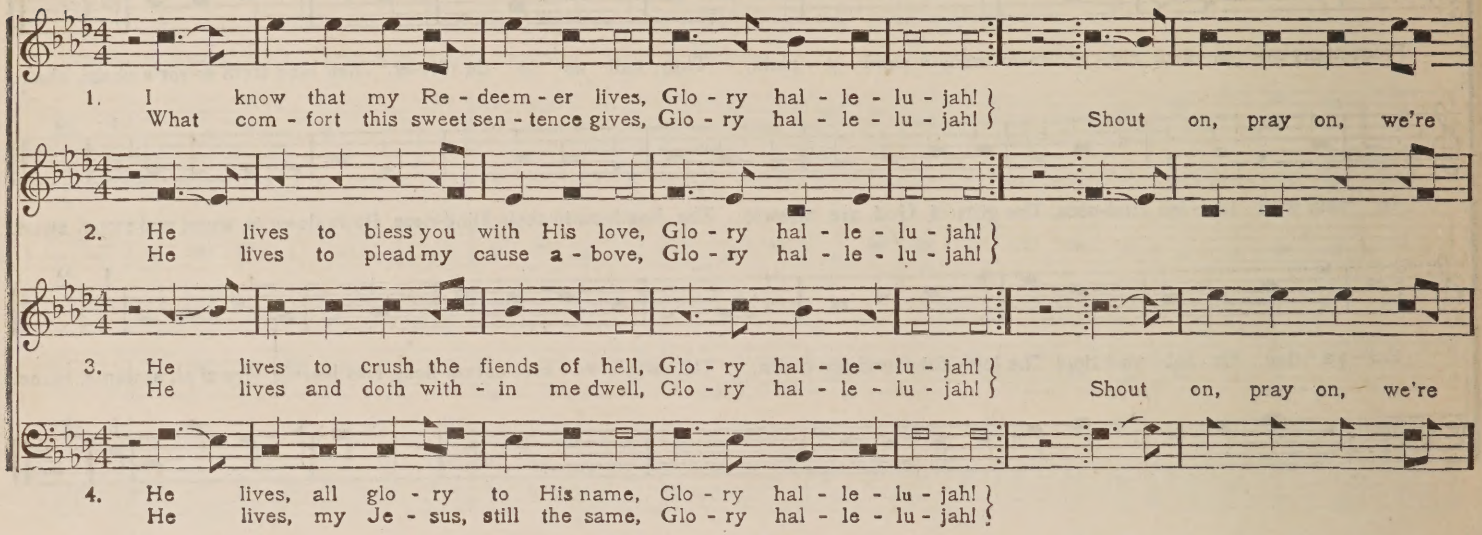
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



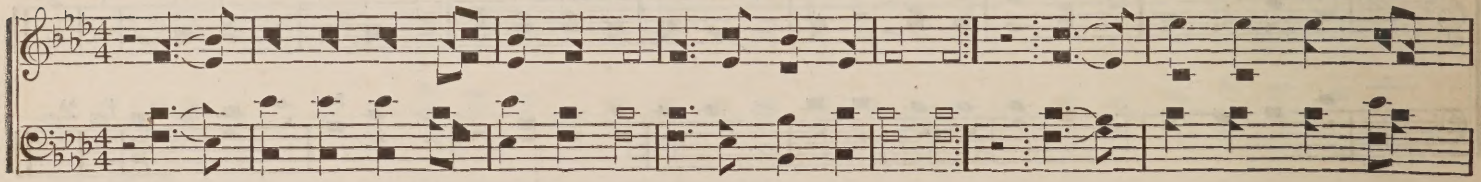
ANTIOCH. L. M.

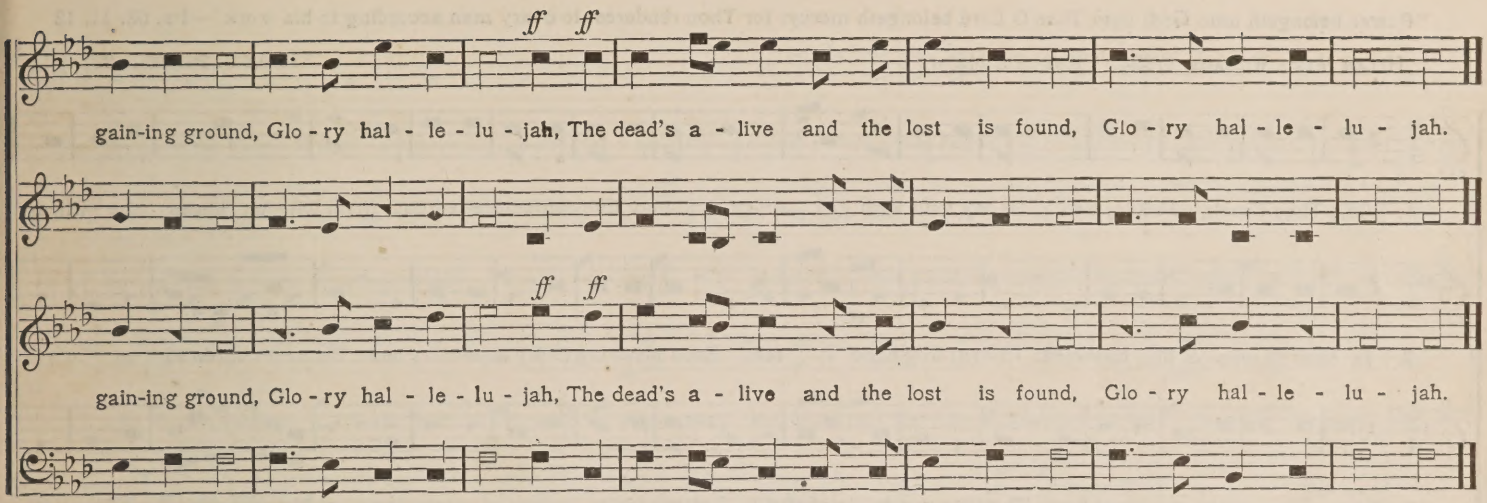
"For I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job 19: 25.

Daniel Medley. about 1784. Key of F Minor. U. G. Wood, 1850. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

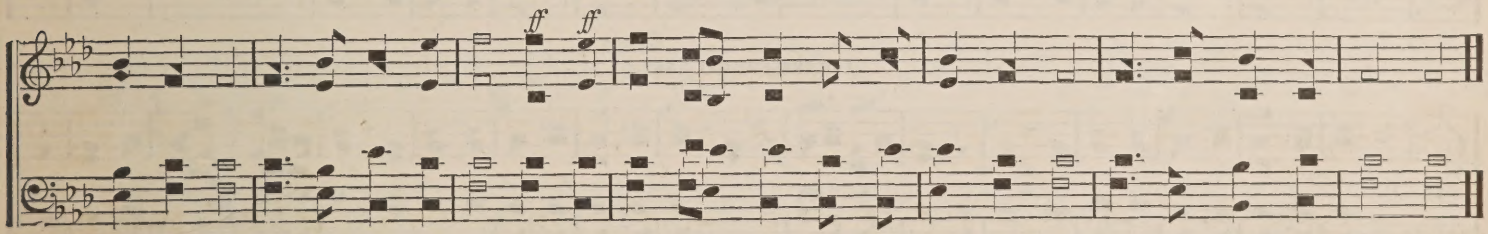

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
What com - fort this sweet sen - tence gives, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Shout on, pray on, we're
2. He lives to bless you with His love, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
He lives to plead my cause a - bove, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
3. He lives to crush the fiends of hell, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
He lives and doth with - in me dwell, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Shout on, pray on, we're
4. He lives, all glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
He lives, my Je - sus, still the same, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.




ff ff
gain-ing ground, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, The dead's a - live and the lost is found, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah.
ff ff
gain-ing ground, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, The dead's a - live and the lost is found, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

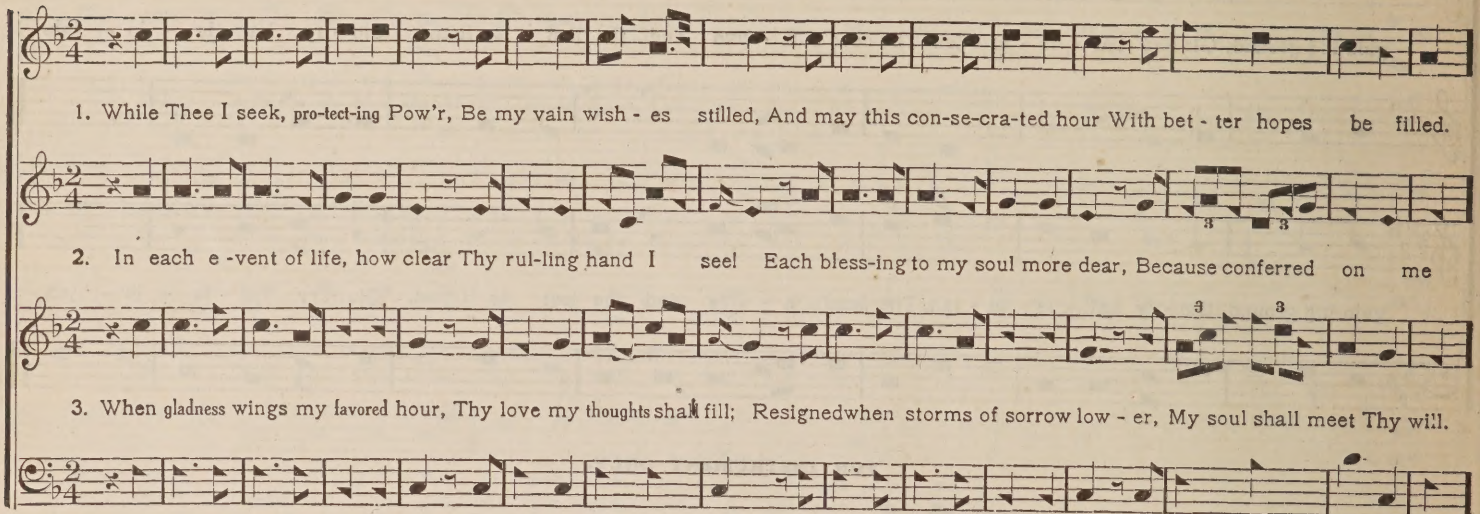


For History of this Song, see page 277 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

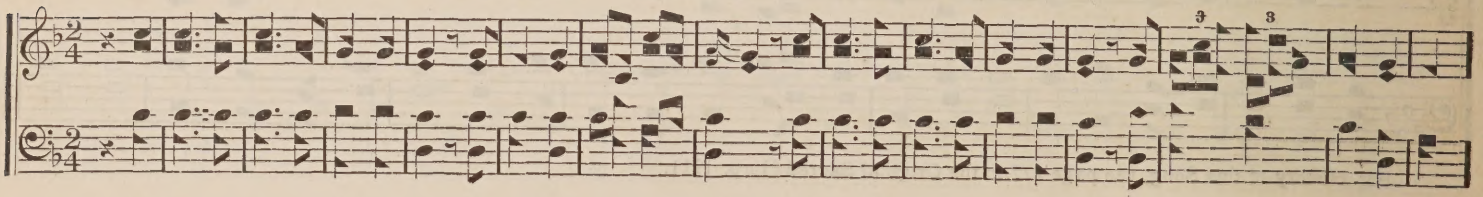
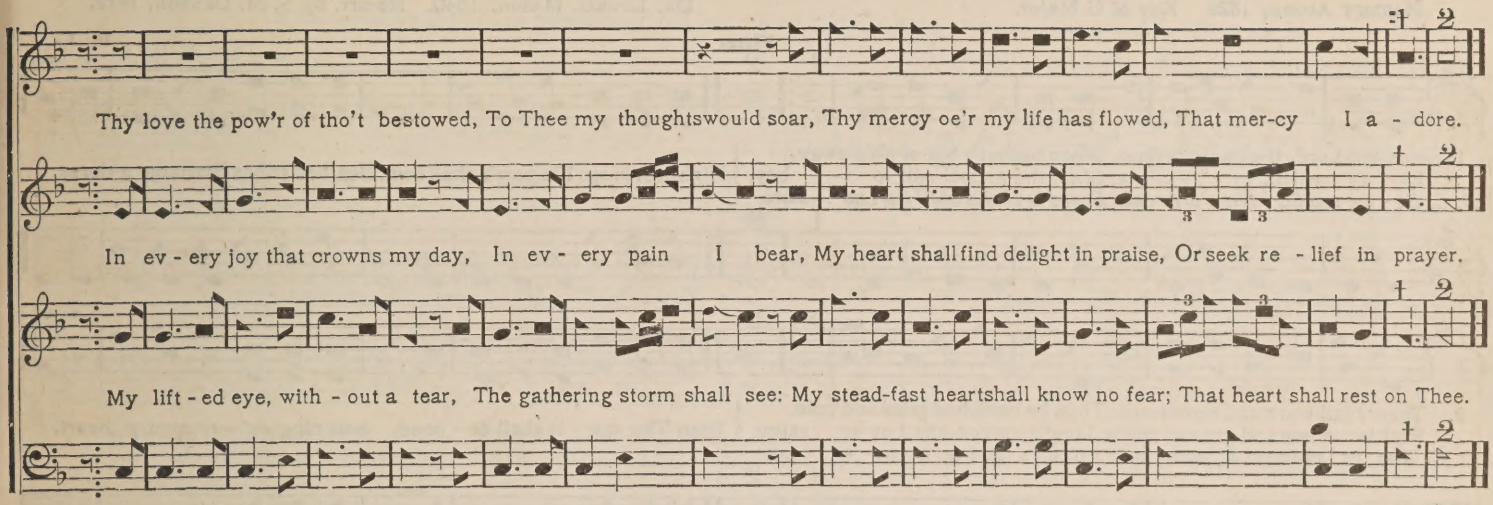
PLEYEL.S HYMN. C. M. (Second.)

"Power belongeth unto God; unto Thee O Lord belongeth mercy; for Thou renderest to every man according to his work"—Ps. 62; 11, 12

HELEN MARIA WILLAMS, 1790- Key of F Major. IGNAZ J. PLEYEL, 1831.

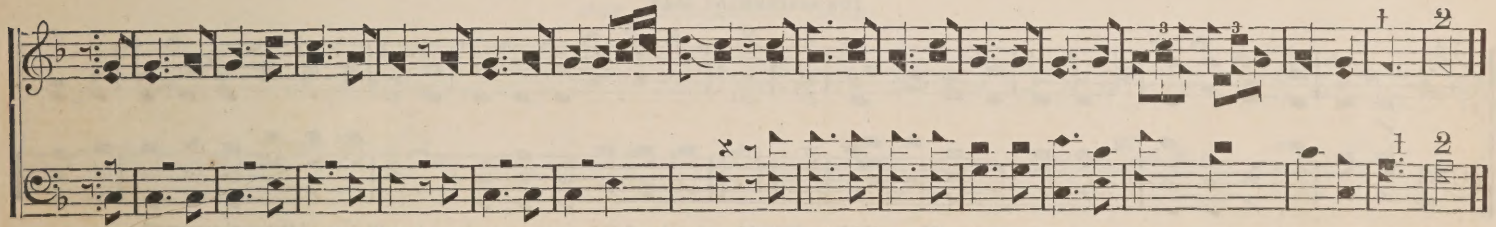

1. While Thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es stilled, And may this con-se-cra-ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
2. In each e -vent of life, how clear Thy rul-ling hand I see! Each bless-ing to my soul more dear, Because conferred on me
3. When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resignedwhen storms of sorrow low - er, My soul shall meet Thy will.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestowed, To Thee my thoughtswould soar, Thy mercy oe'r my life has flowed, That mer-cy I a - dore.
In ev - ery joy that crowns my day, In ev - ery pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.
My lift - ed eye, with - out a tear, The gathering storm shall see: My stead-fast heartshall know no fear; That heart shall rest on Thee.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



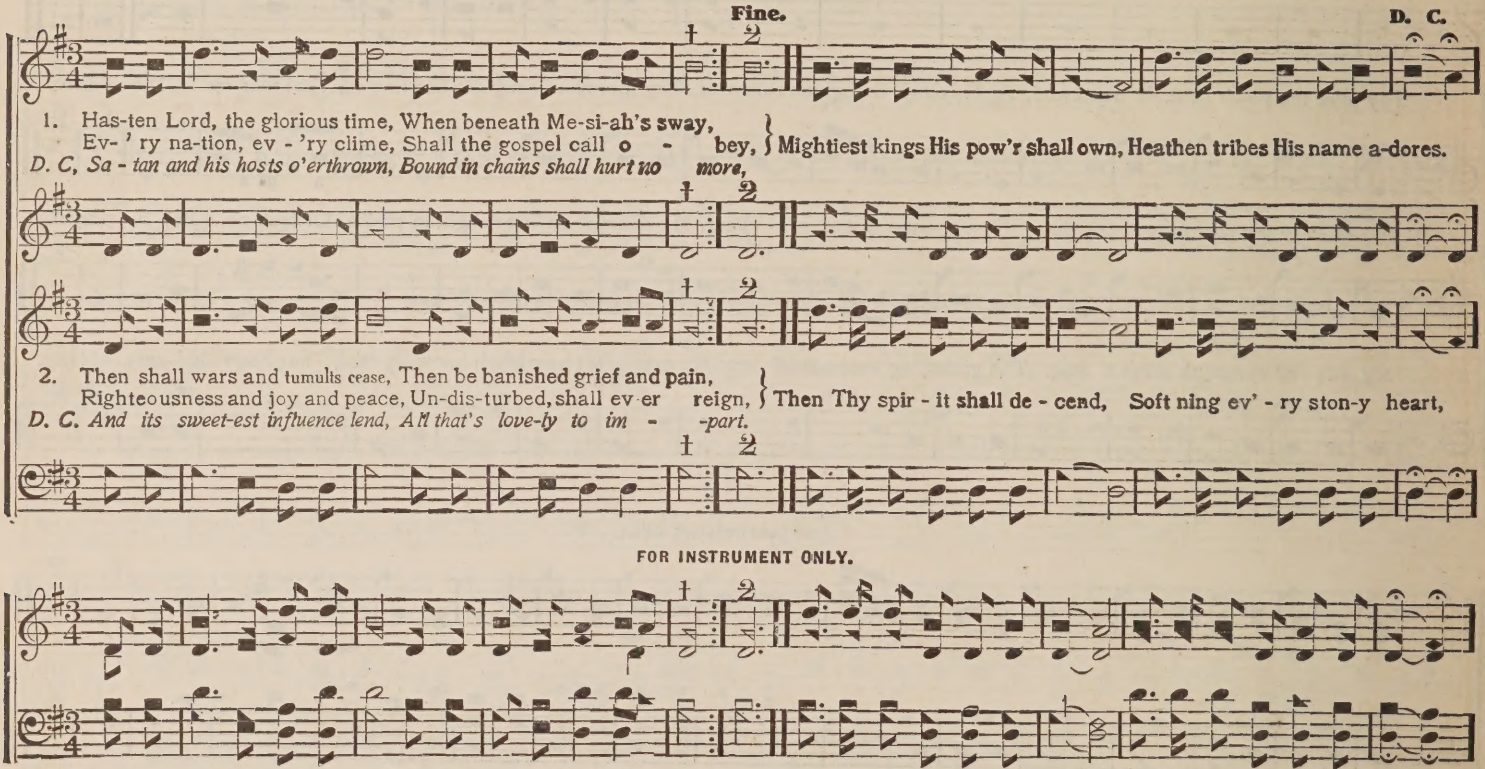
For History of this Song, see page 143 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.

ELTHAM. 7s, D.

"And every tongue shall confess to God."—Rom. 14: 11

Harriet Auber, 1829. Key of G Major.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1840. Re-arr. by S. M. Denson, 1912.

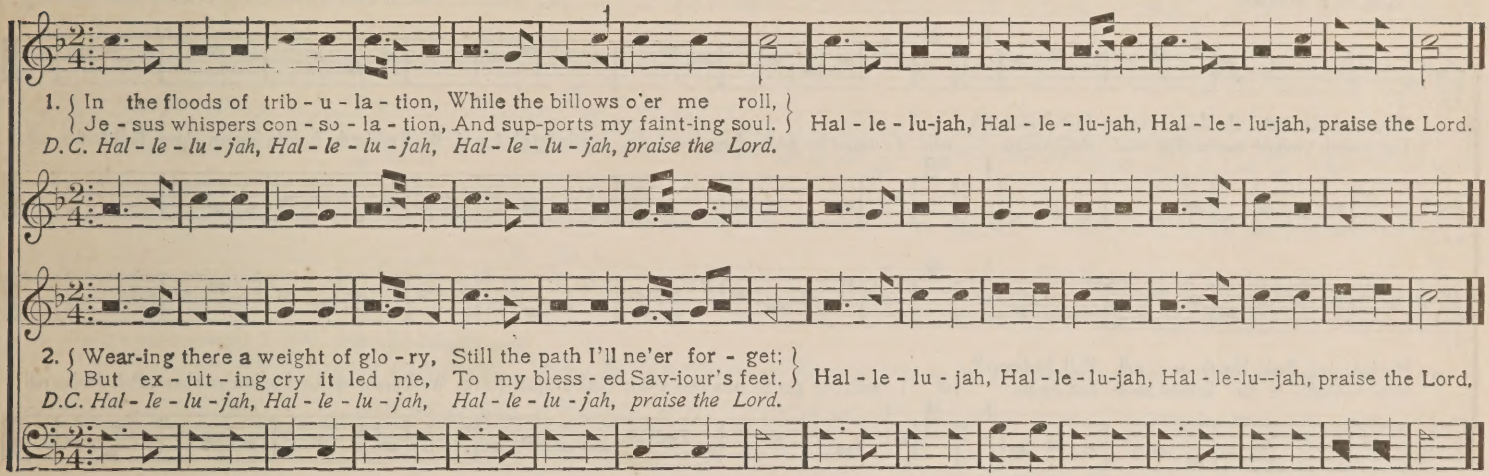

Fine.
D. C.
1. Has-ten Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Me-si-ah's sway,
Ev- ' ry na-tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gospel call o - bey,
Mightiest kings His pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes His name a-dores.
D. C, Sa - tan and his hosts o'erthrown, Bound in chains shall hurt no more,
2. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be banished grief and pain,
Righteousness and joy and peace, Un-dis-turbed, shall ev er reign,
Then Thy spir - it shall de - cend, Soft ning ev' - ry ston-y heart,
D. C. And its sweet-est influence lend, All that's love-ly to im - -part.
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this song see page 29 in the Union Harp 1909. ☞Use words of "Jesus lover of my soul" for additional verses.

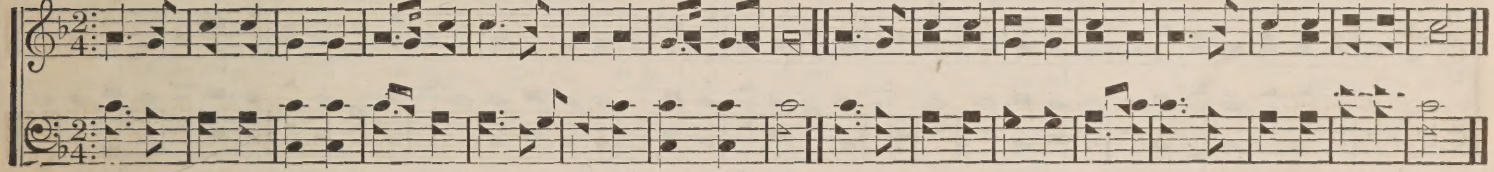
TRIALS AND TRIBUATIONS.

SWEET AFFLICTION. 8s, 7s.

"In the world ye shall have tribulations, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."—JOHN 16: 33.

J. J. R. Key of F. J, J. ROSSEAU, 1752. Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.

1. In the floods of trib - u - la - tion, While the billows o'er me roll,
Je - sus whispers con - so - la - tion, And sup-ports my faint-ing soul. Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, praise the Lord.
D.C. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
2. Wear-ing there a weight of glo - ry, Still the path I'll ne'er for - get;
But ex - ult - ing cry it led me, To my bless - ed Sav-iour's feet. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le-lu--jah, praise the Lord,
D.C. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



For History of this Song, see page 145 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

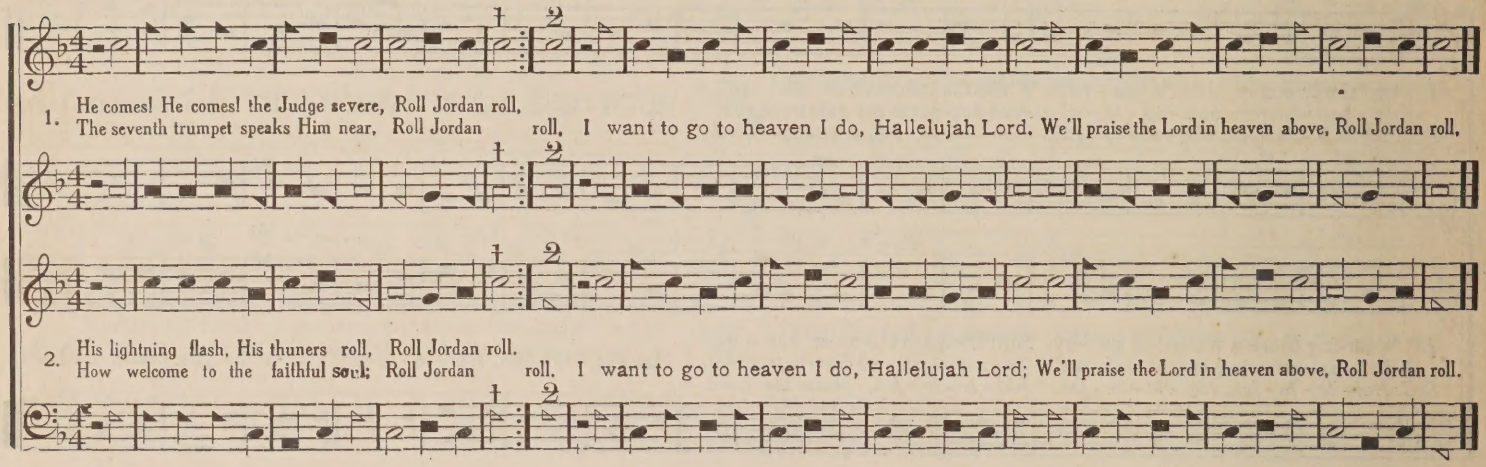
JUDGEMENT OF GOD.

ROLL JORDAN. L. M.

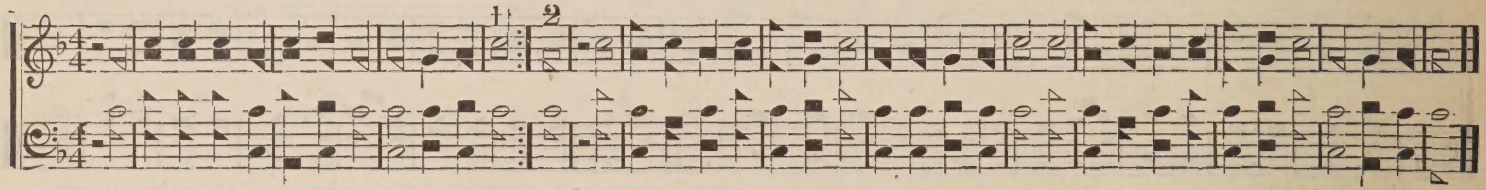
"Blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations."—JER. 51; 27.

Key of F Major.

A. W. AND JOHN G. McCURRY, 1855.


1. He comes! He comes! the Judge severe, Roll Jordan roll,
The seventh trumpet speaks Him near, Roll Jordan roll, I want to go to heaven I do, Hallelujah Lord. We'll praise the Lord in heaven above, Roll Jordan roll,
2. His lightning flash, His thuners roll, Roll Jordan roll.
How welcome to the faithful sock; Roll Jordan roll. I want to go to heaven I do, Hallelujah Lord; We'll praise the Lord in heaven above, Roll Jordan roll.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

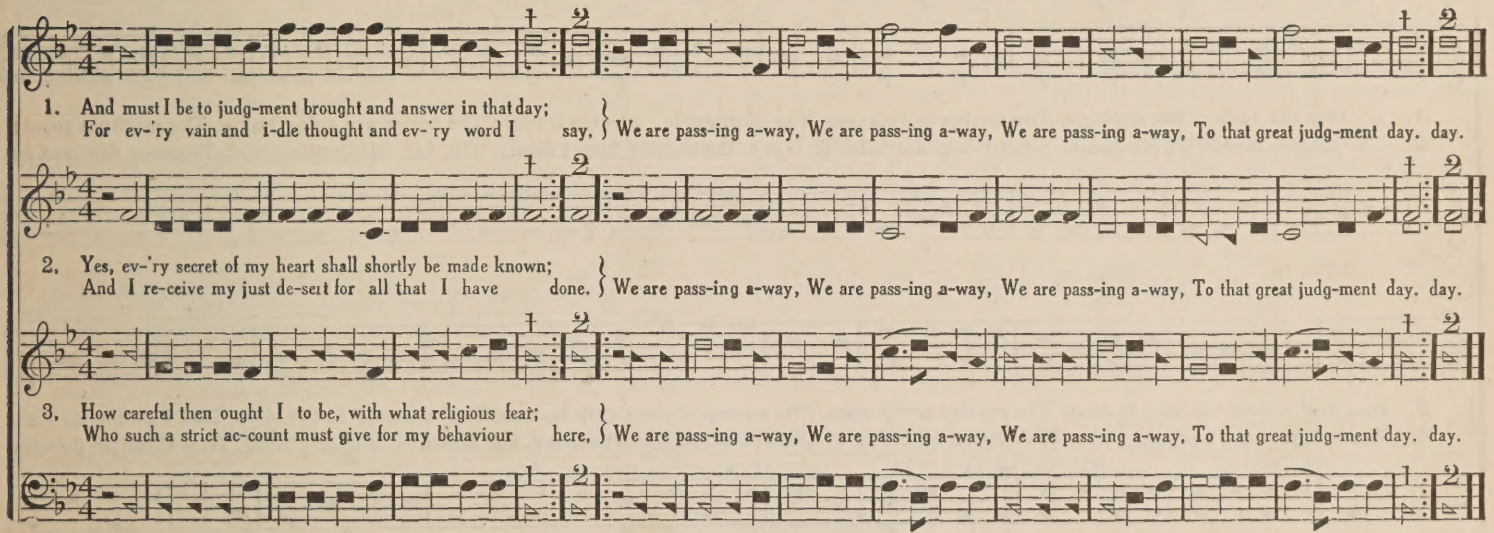


For History of this Song, see page 501 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

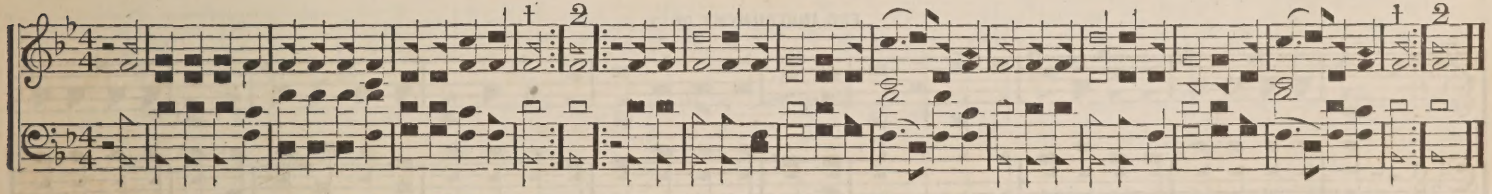
PASSING AWAY. C. M.

"It is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the judgement."—Heb. 9: 25.

Chas. Wesley, 1763. Key B Flat Major. John A. Watson, 1872. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.


1. And must I be to judg-ment brought and answer in that day;
For ev-'ry vain and i-dle thought and ev-'ry word I say,
We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, To that great judg-ment day. day.
2. Yes, ev-'ry secret of my heart shall shortly be made known;
And I re-ceive my just de-sert for all that I have done.
We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, To that great judg-ment day. day.
3. How careful then ought I to be, with what religious fear;
Who such a strict ac-count must give for my behaviour here,
We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, To that great judg-ment day. day.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



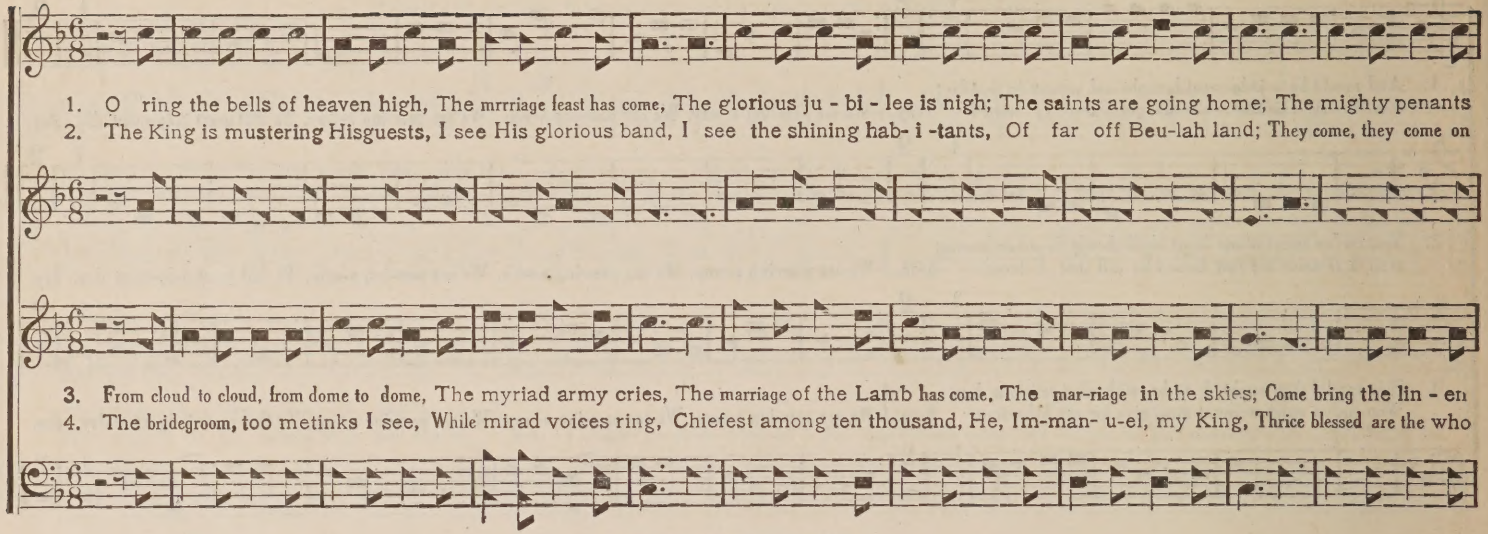
For History of this Song see page 545 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

THE MARRIAGE IN THE SKIES. C. M.

"For the marriage feast of the Lamb has come."—Rev. 19: 6, 7.

S. D., 1909. Key of F.

Mrs. Sidney Denson, wife of S. M. Denson, 1909.


1. O ring the bells of heaven high, The mrrriage feast has come, The glorious ju - bi - lee is nigh; The saints are going home; The mighty penants
2. The King is mustering Hisguests, I see His glorious band, I see the shining hab- i -tants, Of far off Beu-lah land; They come, they come on
3. From cloud to cloud, from dome to dome, The myriad army cries, The marriage of the Lamb has come, The mar-riage in the skies; Come bring the lin - en
4. The bridegroom, too metinks I see, While mirad voices ring, Chiefest among ten thousand, He, Im-man- u-el, my King, Thrice blessed are the who

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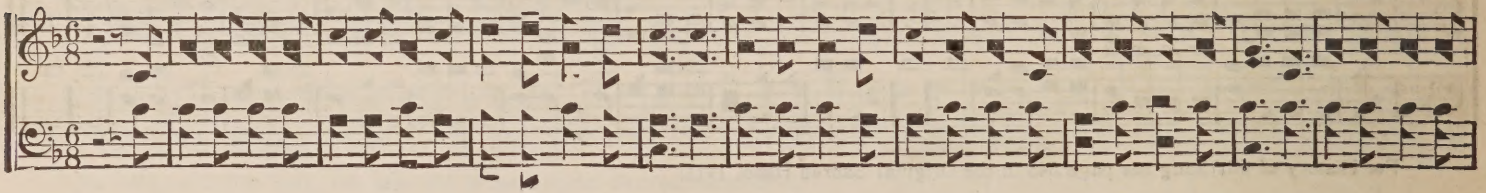
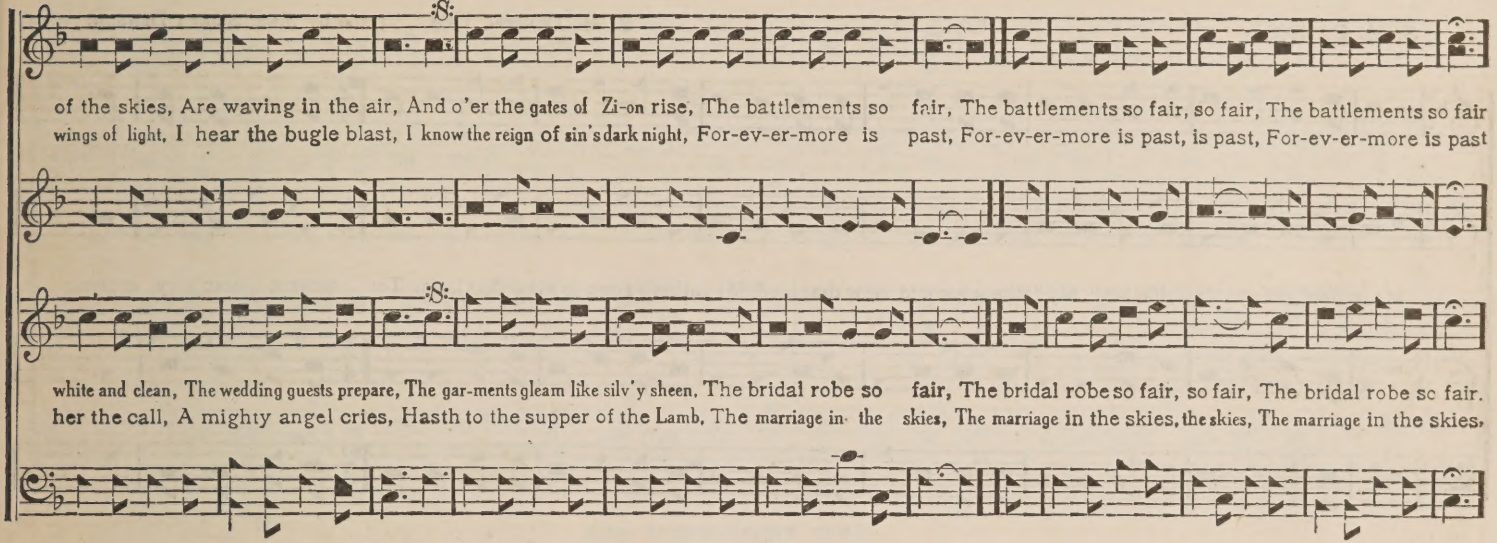


THE MARRIAGE IN THE SKIES. Concluded.

Fine. D. S.


of the skies, Are waving in the air, And o'er the gates of Zi-on rise, The battlements so fair, The battlements so fair, so fair, The battlements so fair
wings of light, I hear the bugle blast, I know the reign of sin's dark night, For-ev-er-more is past, For-ev-er-more is past, is past, For-ev-er-more is past
white and clean, The wedding guests prepare, The gar-ments gleam like silv'y sheen, The bridal robe so fair, The bridal robe so fair, so fair, The bridal robe so fair.
her the call, A mighty angel cries, Hasth to the supper of the Lamb, The marriage in the skies, The marriage in the skies, the skies, The marriage in the skies,

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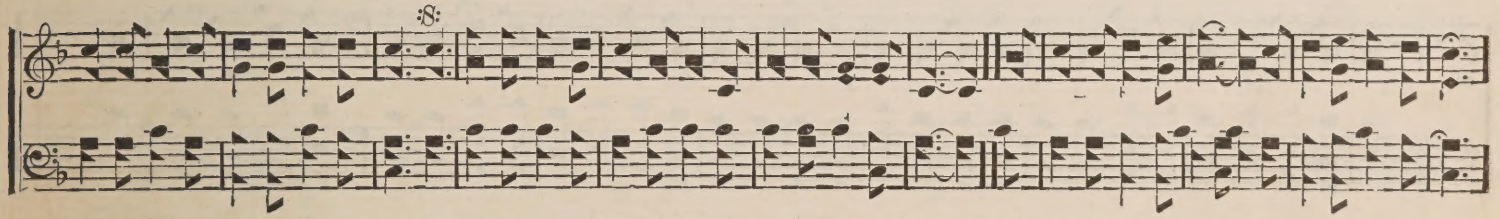


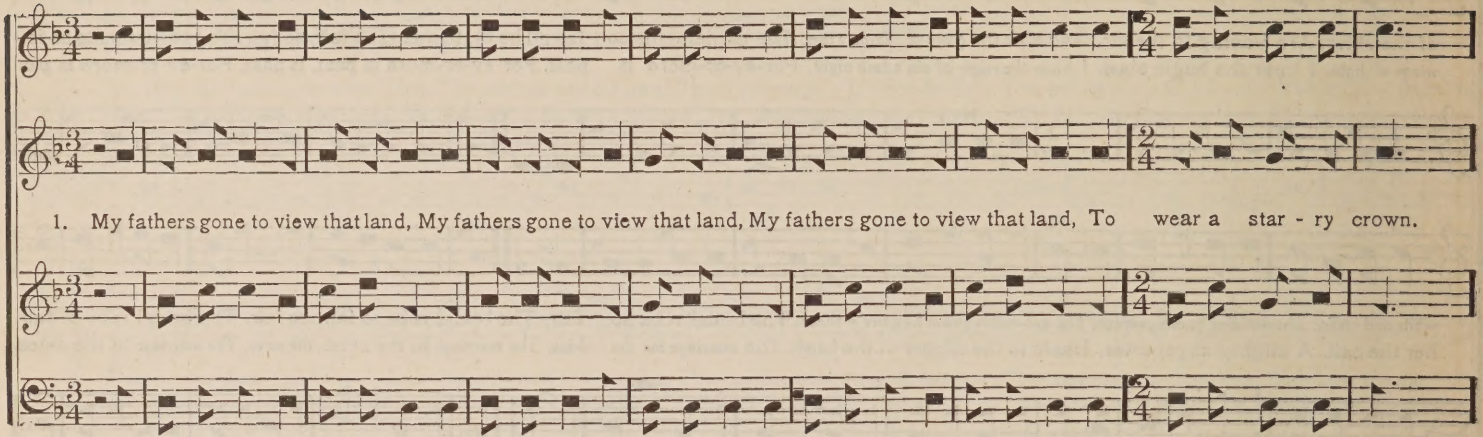
For History of this song see page 523 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.

RESURECTED. P. M.

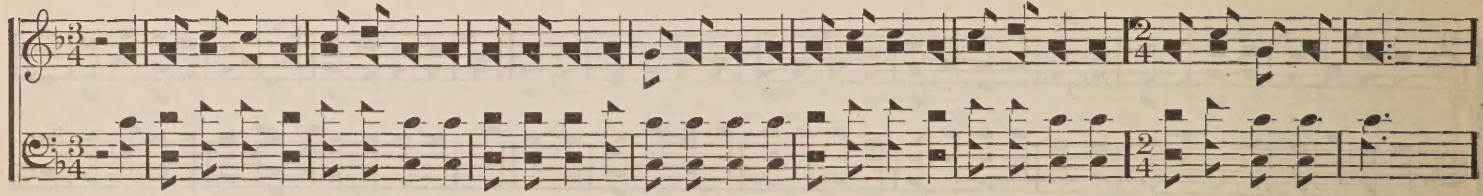
"And they assended up to heaven in a cloud."—Rev. 11: 12.

S. M. D., 1908.

S. M. Denson, 1908. Treble by Mrs, Sidney Denson.

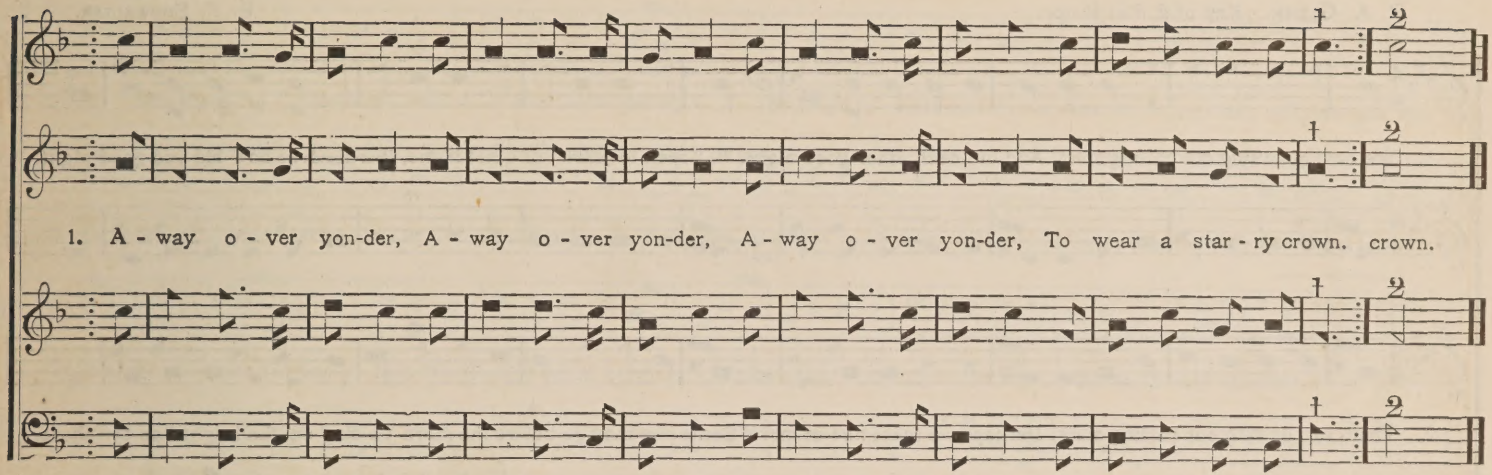

1. My fathers gone to view that land, My fathers gone to view that land, My fathers gone to view that land, To wear a star - ry crown.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



☞Use words mother, brother and sister for other verses.

CHORUS.



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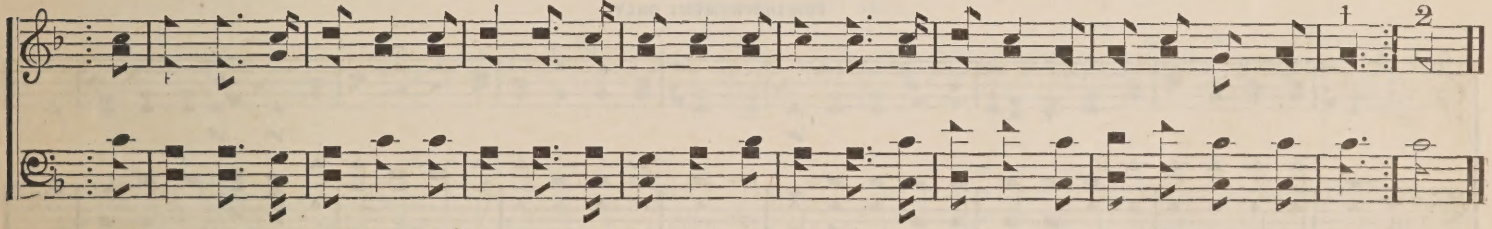
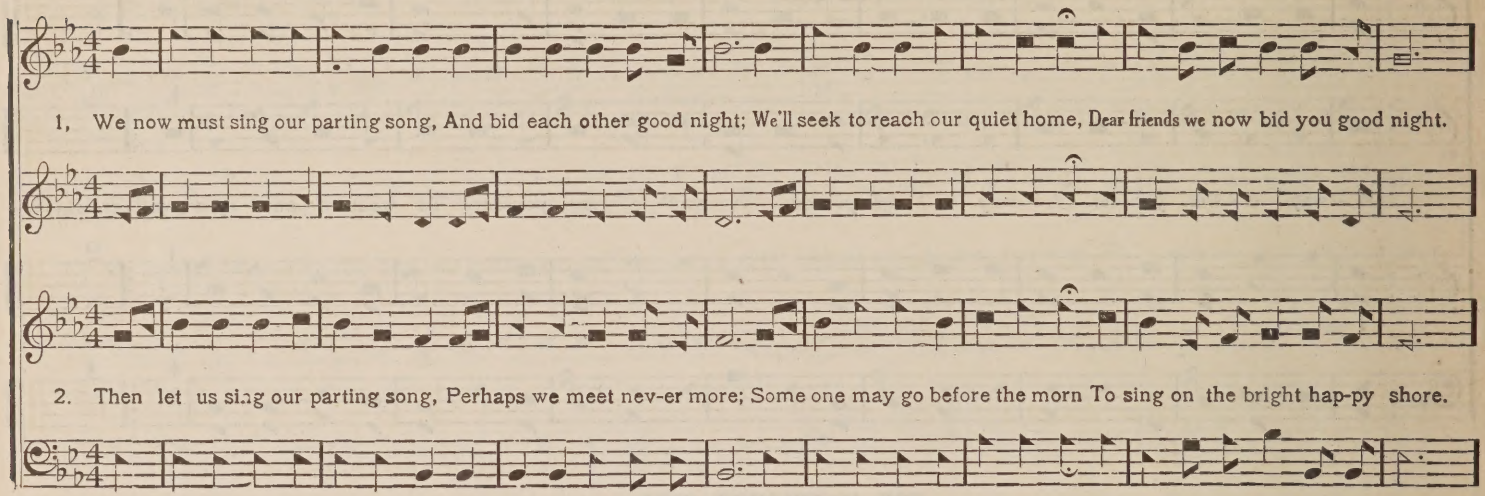


For History of this Song, see page 524 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,

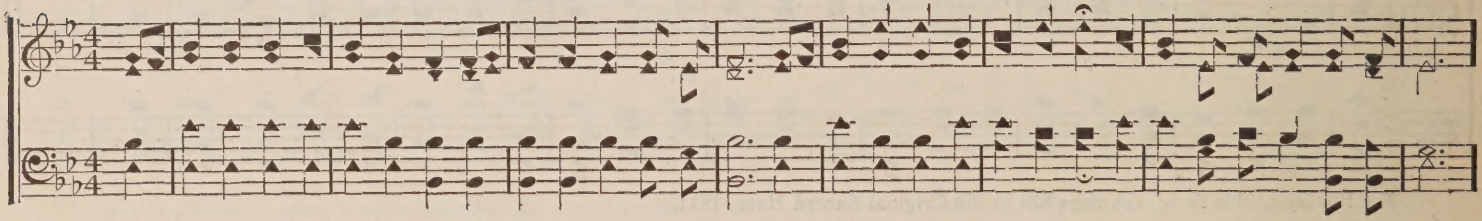
OUR PARTING SONG. 8s, 7s.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1. PET. 4: 5.

R. A. GLENN. Key of E Flat Major. B. F. SHOWALTER.

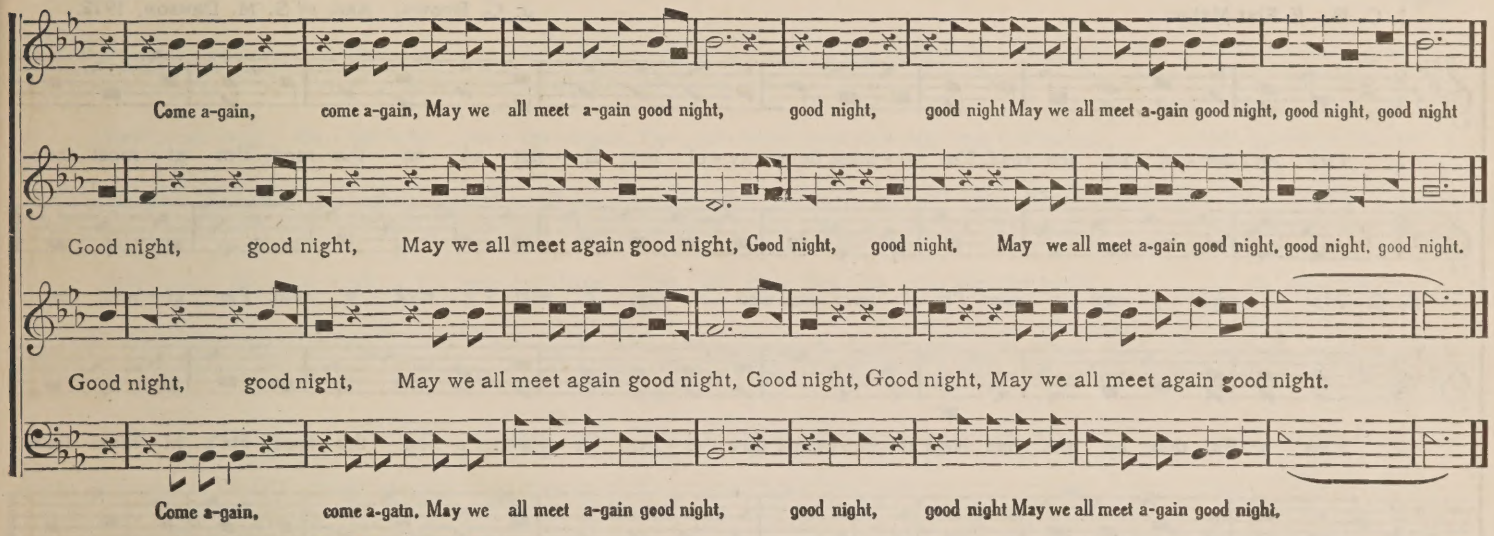

1, We now must sing our parting song, And bid each other good night; We'll seek to reach our quiet home, Dear friends we now bid you good night.
2. Then let us sing our parting song, Perhaps we meet nev-er more; Some one may go before the morn To sing on the bright hap-py shore.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



OUR PARTING SONG. Concluded.

CHORUS:


Come a-gain, come a-gain, May we all meet a-gain good night, good night, good night May we all meet a-gain good night, good night, good night
Good night, good night, May we all meet again good night, Good night, good night, May we all meet a-gain good night, good night, good night.
Good night, good night, May we all meet again good night, Good night, Good night, May we all meet again good night.
Come a-gain, come a-gain, May we all meet a-gain good night, good night, good night May we all meet a-gain good night,

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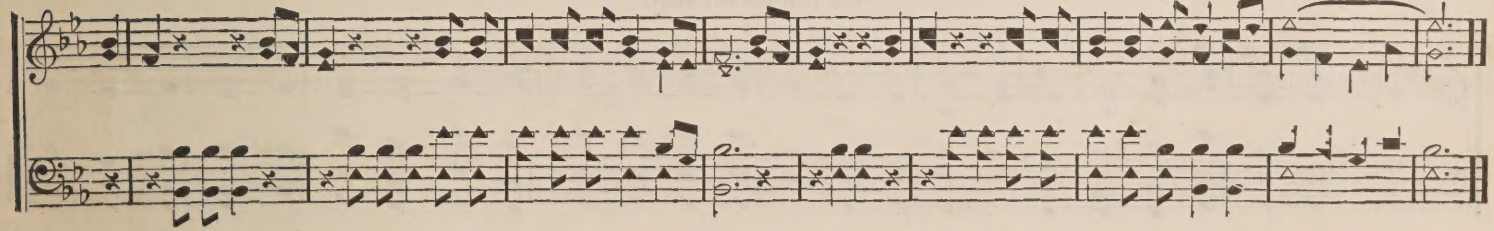
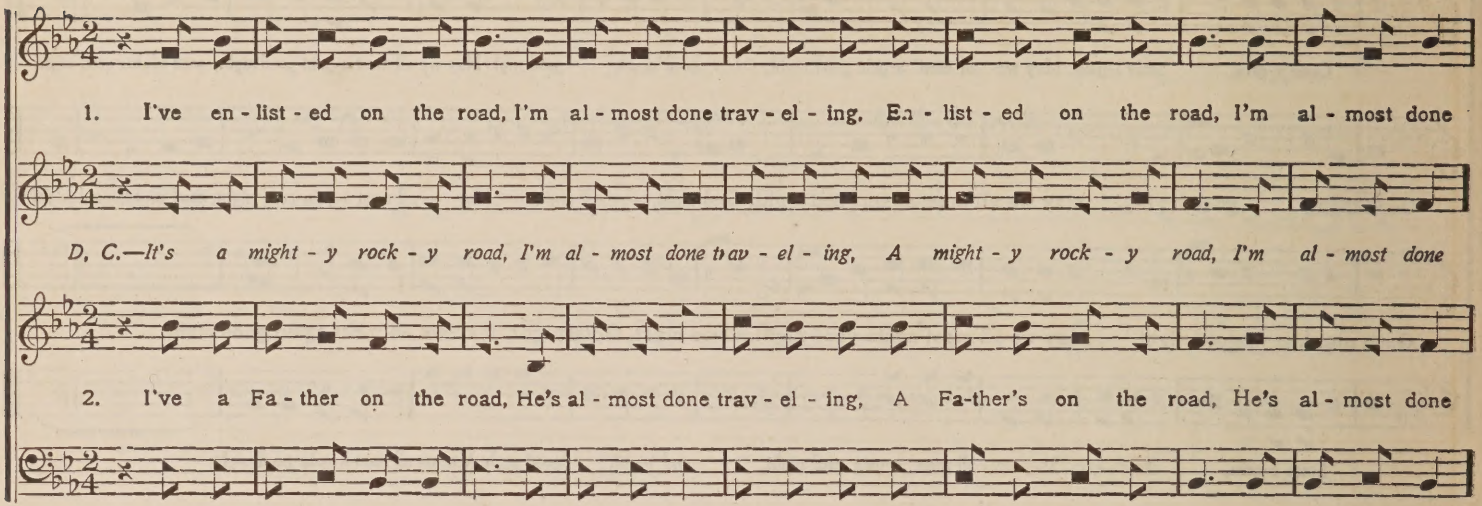
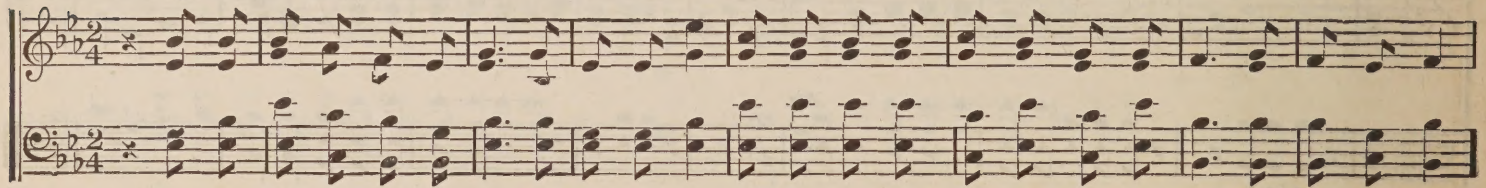

ROCKY ROAD.

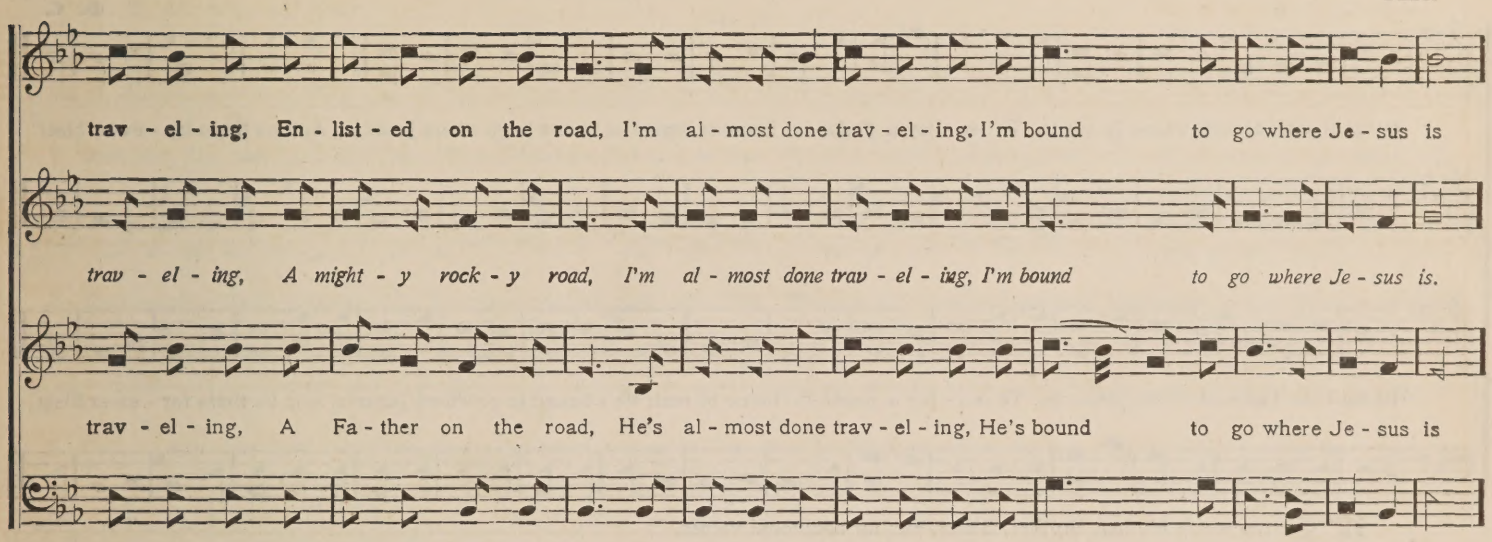
"I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."—Ps. 34: 4.

J. C. B. E Flat Major. J. C. Brown. Arr. by S. M. Denson, 1912.

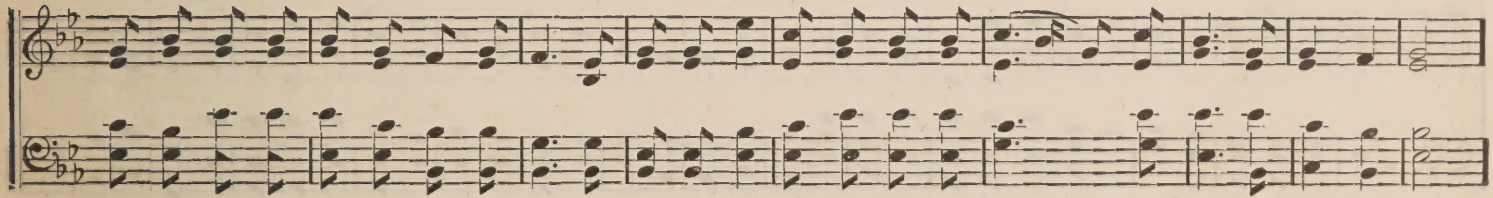

1. I've en - list - ed on the road, I'm al - most done trav - el - ing, En - list - ed on the road, I'm al - most done
D, C.—It's a might - y rock - y road, I'm al - most done trav - el - ing, A might - y rock - y road, I'm al - most done
2. I've a Fa - ther on the road, He's al - most done trav - el - ing, A Fa-ther's on the road, He's al - most done

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



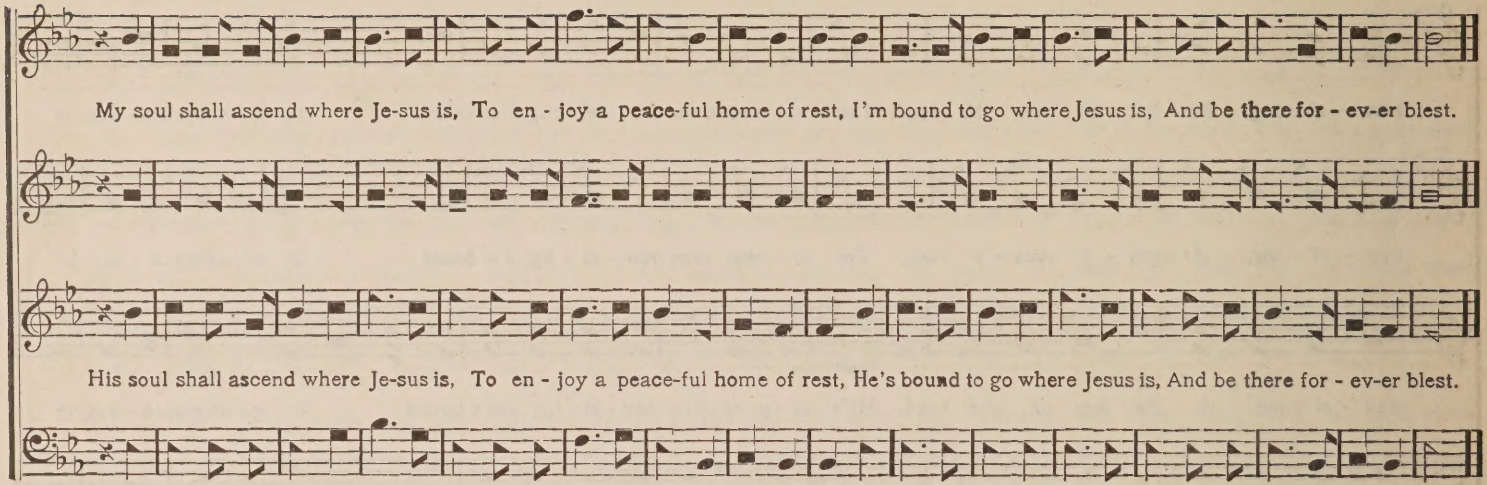

Fine.
trav - el - ing, En - list - ed on the road, I'm al - most done trav - el - ing. I'm bound to go where Je - sus is
trav - el - ing, A might - y rock - y road, I'm al - most done trav - el - ing, I'm bound to go where Je - sus is.
trav - el - ing, A Fa - ther on the road, He's al - most done trav - el - ing, He's bound to go where Je - sus is

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



ROCKY ROAD. Concluded.

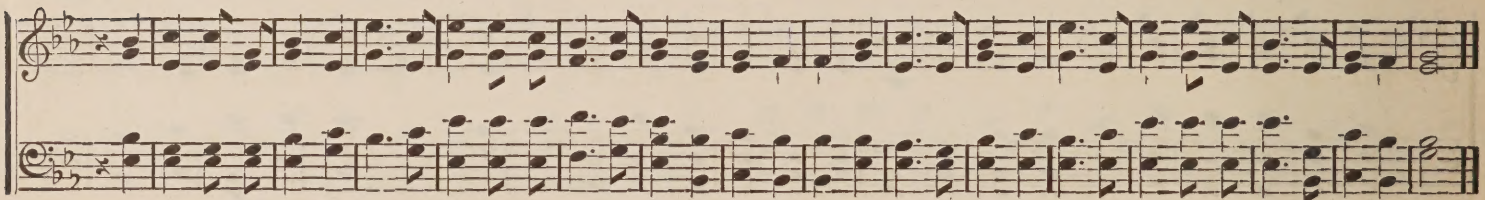
D. C.


My soul shall ascend where Je-sus is, To en - joy a peace-ful home of rest, I'm bound to go where Jesus is, And be there for - ev-er blest.
His soul shall ascend where Je-sus is, To en - joy a peace-ful home of rest, He's bound to go where Jesus is, And be there for - ev-er blest.

☞Use the words Mother, Brother, Sister, etc. for additional verses.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

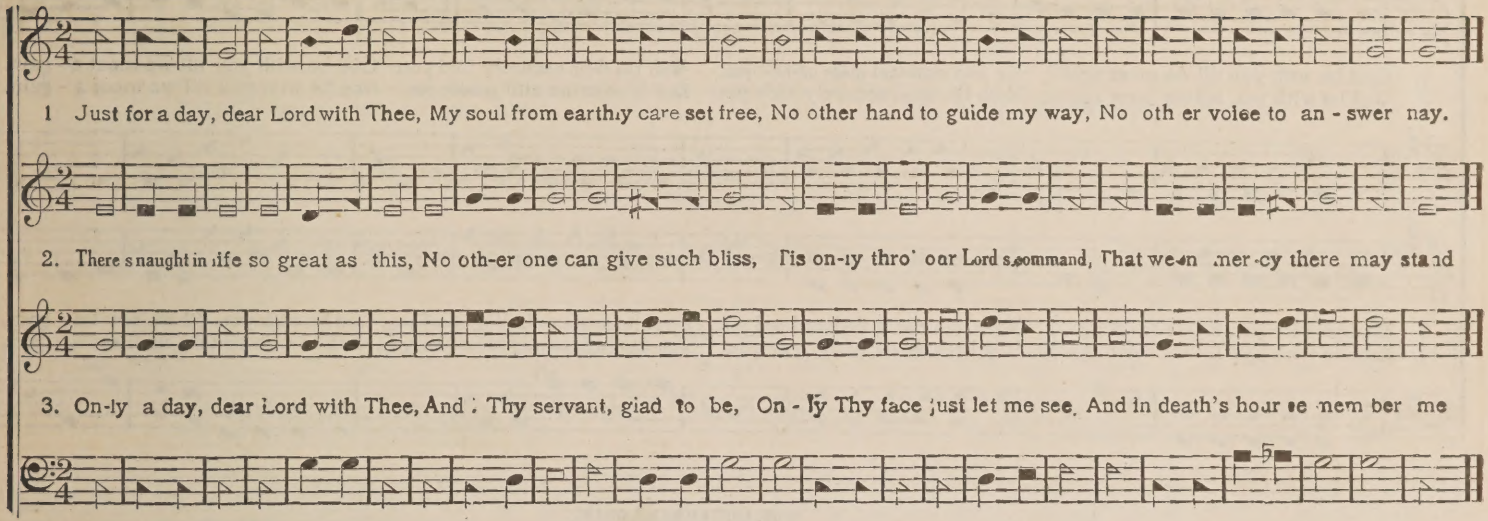
D. C.



JUST FOR A DAY. L. M.

'Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel —Ps. 73: 24.

A. R. W. Key of C Major. A. R WALTON.


1 Just for a day, dear Lord with Thee, My soul from earthly care set free, No other hand to guide my way, No oth er voice to an - swer nay.
2. There s naught in life so great as this, No oth-er one can give such bliss, Tis on-ly thro' our Lord s command, That we on mer-cy there may stand
3. On-ly a day, dear Lord with Thee, And Thy servant, glad to be, On - ly Thy face just let me see, And in death's hour re mem ber me

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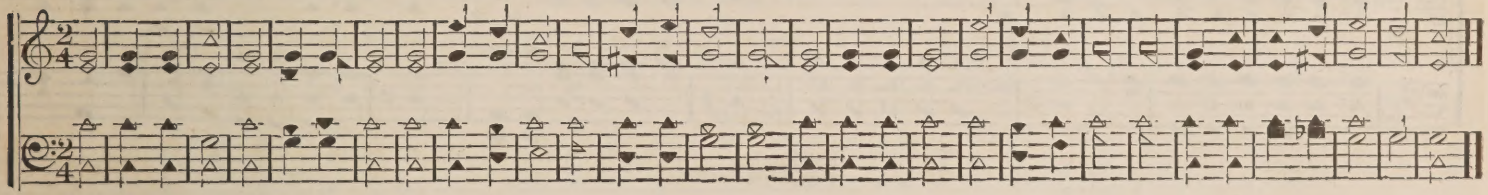
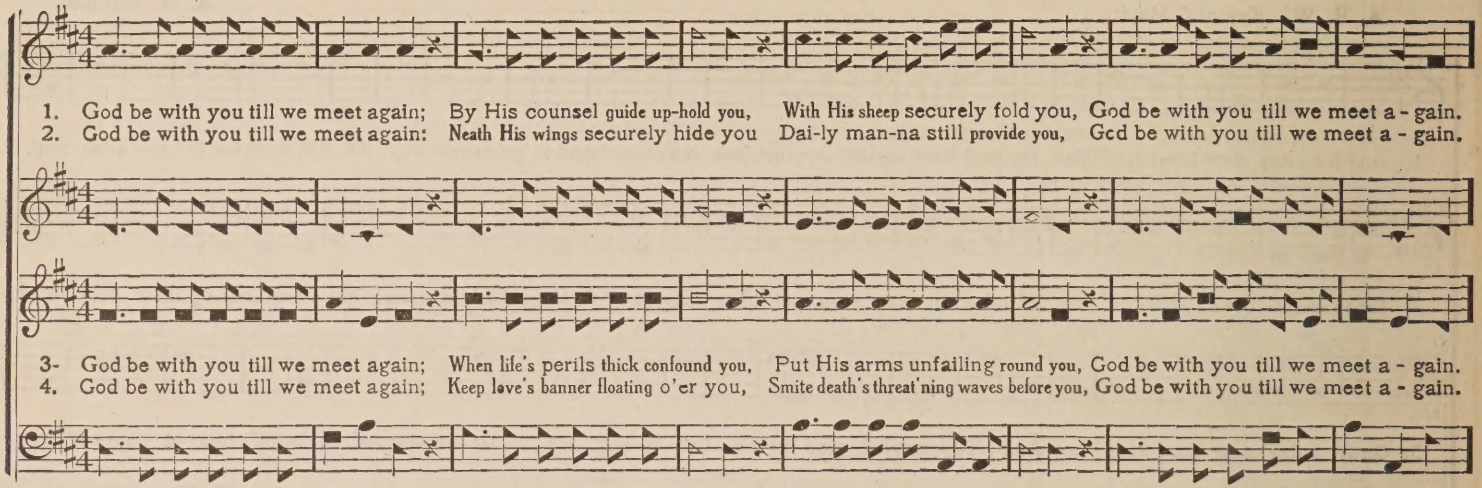


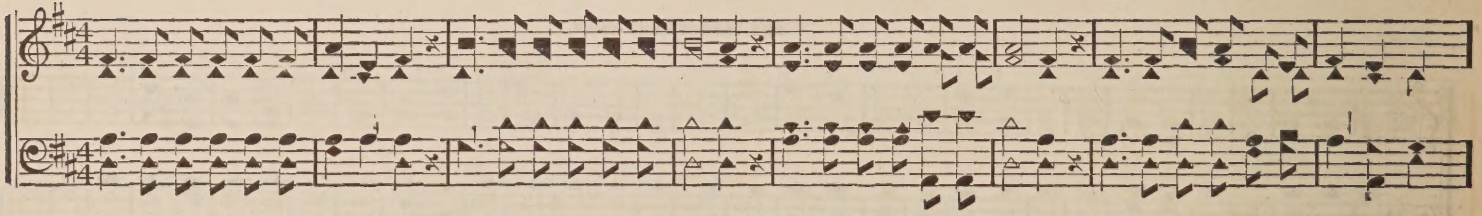
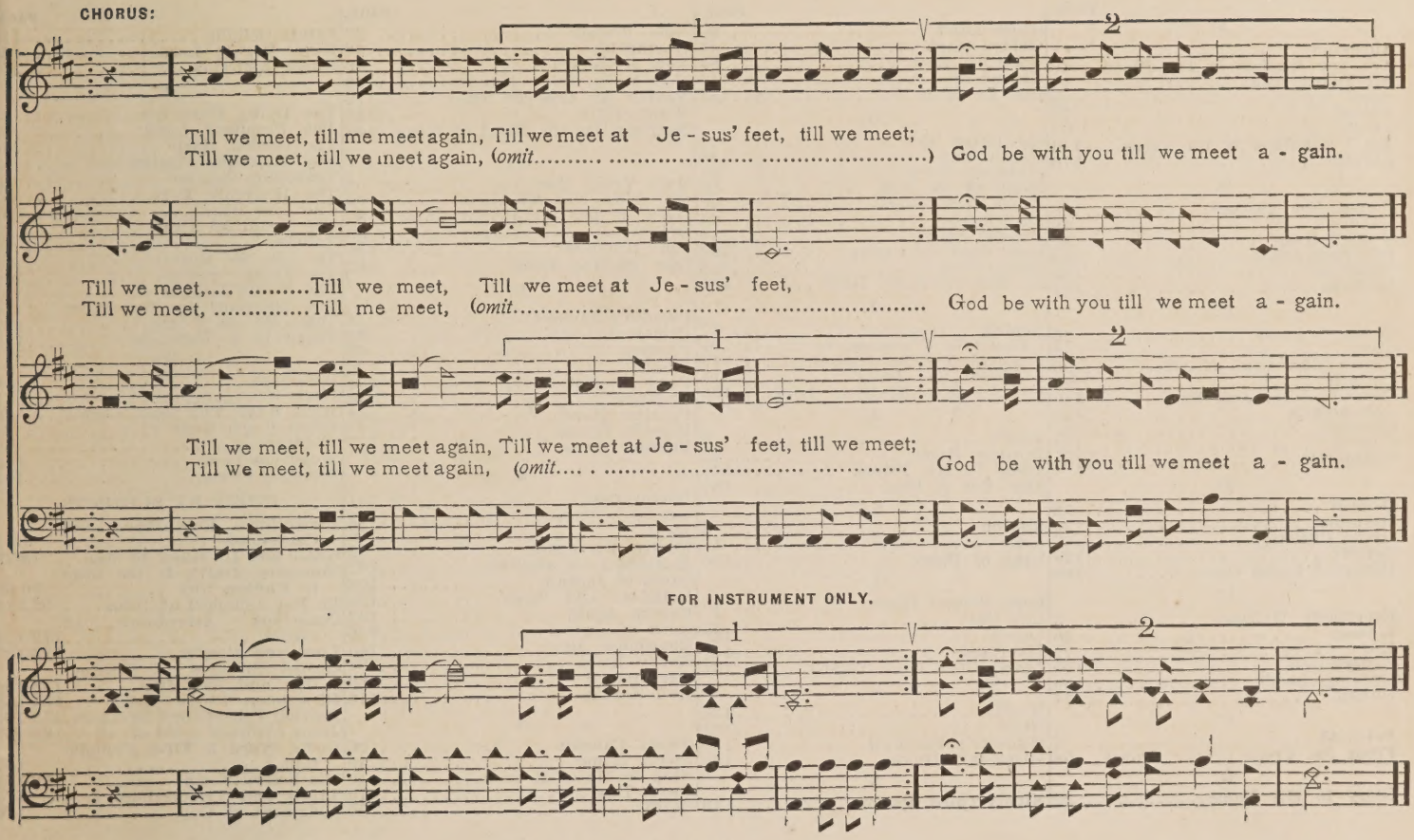
GOD BE WITH YOU.

"Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you,"—Eph. 4: 32.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D, D. Key of D Major. W. G. TOMER,


1. God be with you till we meet again; By His counsel guide up-hold you, With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
2. God be with you till we meet again: Neath His wings securely hide you Dai-ly man-na still provide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
3- God be with you till we meet again; When life's perils thick confound you, Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
4. God be with you till we meet again; Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning waves before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.



CHORUS:
1
2
Till we meet, till me meet again, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, (omit..... ....) God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet,.... .....Till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, ...Till me meet, (omit..... .... God be with you till we meet a - gain.
1
2
Till we meet, till we meet again, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, (omit.... . ... God be with you till we meet a - gain.
FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
1
2

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